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SPIES

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SPIES

BY
JOSEPH GOLLOMB

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TO

MAYO WADLER

17497

"There are no leaders to lead us to battle, and yet
without leaders we sally,
Each man reporting for duty alone, out of
sight, out of reach of his fellow.
There are no bugles to call the battalions, and yet
without bugles we rally,
From the ends of the earth to the ends of the
earth. . . ."

—KIPLING, "The Spies' March."

FOREWORD

If ours is an electric age, here is a spark of its romance, something new under the sun. In the late Great War British Admiralty spies were recording on a phonograph disk the gibberish that was coming over the air by radio from some German warships. The messages were in secret code, of course, and after the sounds had been transferred to the phonograph record the man assigned to decode it played it over and over on the machine. In vain. For once the Germans had found the undecipherable, un-decodable system of communication.

After countless efforts the British agent sank back in despair and let his phonograph motor run down, so tired he was. Suddenly he was on his feet. As the record slowed down, the gibberish caught by it was beginning to talk—plain German! Then he knew what it was he had caught. The Germans themselves had made a phonograph record of their message, then sent into the ether at such terrific speed that it was no wonder only an accident had betrayed them.

Of such and similar stuff is the spy romance of the late Great War sometimes woven. All the human color of the old spy romance of history is there too,

the hairbreadth margin between life and death for the spy; the miracles of clear and clever thinking done by him—or her—when most people would be paralyzed with fear; the plotting and trickery, the intrigue and disguise; the motives of the spy who for money and the call of the ego sends thousands to their death; and the spy who regrets that he has only one life to give for his country.

No advance in machinery or electricity will ever eliminate this human element from the spy story. But in the Great War somehow the human element in spying took on the subtlety of wireless communication, the sensitiveness of the microphone, the newness of the latest word from the science laboratories, the ruthlessness of the war "tank" and the complexity of the age itself.

Louise de Bettignies, spy for the Allies, for instance, has a 3000-word report so written that she can paste it on the lens of her spectacles, and the Germans who examine her do not see it. Mata Hari of the Oriental dance allure, dining in a Paris restaurant, uses her fan thus and so; and as a direct result a French transport of troops is sunk off the coast of Morocco. A German spy steps from an airplane into space, lands in a British camp in a British uniform and gets its officers to work feverishly for him collecting data on a projected British drive. Another German spy works such havoc on the British that they send several warships and thousands of troops to offset his spying and capture him.

Foreword

Such are some of the Great War spy stories I have selected from its history to retell in this book. And from history more remote I have taken the best of other spy stories.

Common sense if nothing else would tell me that in such a rich field of dramatic material, invention would be gilding refined gold. I have sought above all, therefore, to give the essence and the spirit of these stories, confident that they needed no touch of fiction to make gorgeous telling. If in the absence of documentary data I have made some of my spies talk, I tried to do so in the spirit of the portrait painter who seeks to catch the character of his subject where the camera could not record it—or did not. But with this unessential exception I have tried to put down what history has recorded.

To a lover of chess watching a game between two masters, the colors of the pieces, black or white, have nothing to do with their symbolic meaning: black does not mean villainy, nor white, purity. All interest for him lies in the game, its plot and complication, its drama, battle and the climax of victory or defeat. In the same way this series aims not at taking sides in the spy stories; the attitude is one of neutrality; for the purposes of this telling the Great War and history in general make only a chessboard. The whole object of the book is to present a series of the best stories the writer has been able to find in the history of espionage.

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SPIES

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE SPY

Let us see how universal spying is.

The hammerhead shark is quite competent in the perpetual warfare undersea. Like the torpedo-boat destroyer in a first-rate modern navy he has mass as well as speed and once his prey is in sight the rest follows with exceeding swiftness and dispatch. But the ocean is a vast place to hunt in and shark's prey, knowing that in the jungles of the sea one lives only so long as one is alert, are on the lookout for the bulky destroyer.

There is however a small slim gray fish that steals through the depths, its very stripes a disguise since in color and line they merge with the ripple of shadow and light down there. Even if a fish of moderate size should notice this unobtrusive visitor it might feel little cause for alarm; for the other has neither bulk nor aggression.

But let us suppose that the school of fat porpoises into whose midst the small gray fish stole unnoticed has had decent luck of late; food has been plentiful, weather delightful, and breeding undisturbed. Comfort and plenty breed fat among animals as with

humans and vigilance relaxes. The pilot fish, so named by that fairly keen observer, the deep-sea sailor, notes the state of affairs among those porpoises. As little noticed as his coming is his going.

But, sailors report, the pilot fish should not have been disregarded by the porpoises. For soon after his reconnoiter among them he is seen coming back again. And at his tail driving hard through the water is the shark to whom the pilot fish has reported.

Suddenly there is a burst of panic among the porpoises, the waters thresh and become clouded with blood. The fattest of the porpoises is now food for the hammerhead with only bits of the body, portions despised by the shark, drifting slowly down through the water. On these bits feeds the pilot fish—its pay for acting as scout and spy.

I suppose that in the beginning of fighting, brawn had things all its own way; mass seemed to be all that was necessary. The small fellow seemed doomed to be crushed by the bigger—unless he developed something to offset brawn. He did. He developed that finer, mightier armor-and-weapon, loosely called the brain.

And one of the things he learned is that a big fellow attacked from behind or by surprise loses some of the advantage of his brawn. Stealth thereupon entered into fighting—and stealth is almost synonymous with spying. It would seem therefore that spying is as closely related even to elemental warfare as the left hand is to the right. And the more modern the warfare, the more vital a part spying plays.

The Ancient History of the Spy

The story interest that spying affords—and almost invariably drama and melodrama enter into its very stuff and substance—must have existed early in human history. Even the Old Testament has its spy stories. Consider for instance that great campaign of escape, search and conquest for a new homeland, the flight from the land of Pharaoh of the multitude of Hebrew slaves under the leadership of Moses, "reader of men."

They fled, these slaves, from the fertile land of Egypt, fertile for their masters. Pursued by the cavalry of the Pharaohs, the Hebrews fled into a burning continent of sand where the sun slew, where water was as rare as good fortune; where the struggle for mere survival was agony.

But to the north was a land watered by great rivers, rich with grass and harvests; fat flocks flourished there; the earth burgeoned with flowers and fruit and life was easy. Toward this land of desire, which bordered the desert in a great crescent, ventured the weary slaves. But they were not the first to turn their eyes to the green north. Other desert races had won ease there, but they had not come by it easily. And they knew that to keep what they had won they would have to, so to say, till the soil with one hand and protect it with the other.

The approach of the Hebrews meant war. And war, as we have seen, means in part spying. Let the Old Testament tell the story.

"And the Lord spake unto Moses saying,

"Send thou men, that they may search the land of Canaan. . . .

"And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan and said unto them, . . . go up into the mountain:

"And see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many;

"And what the land is that they dwell in, whether it be good or bad; and what cities they be that they dwell in, whether in tents or in strongholds;

"And what the land is, whether it be fat or lean, whether there be wood therein or not. And be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land. Now the time was the time of the first ripe grapes.

"So they went up, and searched the land from the wilderness of Zin unto Rehob, as men come to Hamath.

"And they ascended by the south and came unto Hebron . . .

"And they came unto the brook of Eshcol, and cut down from thence a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two upon a staff; and they brought of the pomegranates, and of the figs. . . .

"And they returned from searching of the land after forty days.

"And they went and came to Moses and to Aaron and to all the congregation of the children of Israel, unto the wilderness of Paran, to Kadesh; and brought back word unto them and unto all the congregation and showed them the fruit of the land.

"And they told him and said, We came unto the land

whither thou sentest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it.

"Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land, and the cities are walled, and very great: and moreover we saw the children of Anak there. . . .

"And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants: and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight.

"And all the congregation lifted up their voice, and cried; and the people wept that night.

"And all the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron; and the whole congregation said unto them, Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt! or would God we had died in this wilderness!

"And wherefore hath the Lord brought us unto this land, to fall by the sword, that our wives and our children should be a prey? were it not better for us to return into Egypt?

"And they said one to another, Let us make a captain, and let us return into Egypt."

It was because of what the spies reported, therefore, that there followed the struggle of the leader against a disheartened army.

Coming nearer to our own time we find spy stories in the campaigns of the Carthaginians, the Greeks, the Romans and some of the Asiatics in their wars against each other. Sometimes spying took strange forms indeed and picturesque enough. Hannibal, for instance, perched with an army on a mountainside was plan-

ning to attack an enemy camp below under cover of darkness. He wanted to see what the state of preparedness was in that camp. To send individual spies would not be enough. He wanted illumination on a great scale.

Whereupon he staged perhaps the most spectacular episode in the whole history of spying. He sent word to those in charge of the cattle for his army to marshal several hundred of the beasts on the slope of the mountain. To their horns were tied uprights of resinous pine. Fire was set to the torches, and down the mountainside and into the enemy camp charged the herd of clubbed and goaded oxen.

The darkness on which the enemy had depended for protection became a plunging tangle of torchlight that struck panic into the exposed camp and lighted the way for one of those triumphs which have sent the name of Hannibal down in history.

Perhaps the first commander to make spying a systematic study was Mithridates, King of Pontus. He came to his throne at the age of fourteen. But there was already in the boy the long vision of the born general. He set his eyes upon Asia Minor. It did not belong to him. It was held by more than a score of different tribes, speaking different languages and dialects. Each of these nations would have to be conquered, and each presented a different problem. These problems would have to be studied at first hand and different tactics devised by the man who dreamed of conquest over them.

That man was still, as I have said, but a youth of fourteen. But he gave his throne into the charge of regents and, disguised as a caravan boy, Mithridates went forth.

For seven whole years he wandered throughout Asia Minor. In each land he learned its speech, its customs and its topography, its approaches and its defenses. For seven long years through adolescence and early manhood the young ruler excellently played the spy; now a camel boy, now a merchant's assistant; in turn he assumed a hundred disguises and played each rôle so well and learned each of twenty-five languages and dialects so perfectly that never once was his real mission suspected by those among whom he lived.

On his twenty-first birthday, Mithridates returned to Pontus. Washing off the stains of his travels and adventures he ascended his throne, put on the panoply of a king and summoned his council of war.

Then his armies moved. And through Asia Minor swept a tidal wave of conquest that terrified the various nations which had thought themselves safe from invasion by the boy king of Pontus. The strangers seemed to know every route and approach, every weakness and stronghold, every racial trait that worked to their advantage. One after another the nations of Asia Minor fell into the hands of the youth who knew how to prepare a war of conquest with seven years of spying.

Not less interesting than major exploits are isolated moments, such as the episode in the story of Cornelius

Lelius, whom Scipio Africanus sent with a staff of high military officials to Syphax, King of Numidia. It was supposed to be an ambassadorial mission; its purpose was officially the drawing up of a friendly treaty between the two nations; in reality it was a spying expedition.

According to an agreement between Rome and Numidia there were to be no military men in that mission. But one day a general in the Numidian camp stopped one of the Romans and stared hard at him.

"Are you not Manlius, the Roman with whom I studied in Corinth? And did you not enter the Roman army and become a high officer therein?"

He put these questions rather as accusations for he was practically sure of the man he recognized. Lelius, the chief of the Roman spies, was standing near by. He knew that the situation was delicate. The Numidian general would report his discovery. Without a moment's hesitation, Lelius picked up a whip and struck his own man across the face.

"Dog of a slave!" he cried in a towering rage. "How dare you wear garments of so high a rank that you are mistaken for some one greater than the low menial that you are!"

The Numidian general was startled. No one would dare strike a Roman officer of the rank and temper of Manlius as Lelius struck this man. He watched for the flare-up to be expected from Manlius.

But the smitten man only cringed. And the Numidian general lost confidence in his discovery.

A trick similar to that played by Lelius was carried out even more dramatically by Tarquin the Proud in his campaign against the Gabii. He had been besieging without success their capital when he decided that a trick and a spy might accomplish what armed force had not been able to do. The besiegers were close under the beleaguered walls from which the besieged could look down and see the faces of their enemies.

There fell a lull in the attack on the city and eyes on the fortified walls looked to see what that lull might signify. Suddenly from the tent of Tarquin the Proud a young man came stumbling. He was bleeding from cuts made by a whip wielded by Tarquin himself.

Those on the walls were electrified when they recognized the bleeding youth as Sextus, Tarquin's youngest son. The youth fled to the barricaded gates of the enemy's city as if no enemy could be so cruel to him as his own father.

The gate was thrown open and slammed again as Sextus fell fainting at the feet of the Gabii chiefs. They had not hesitated to let him in, for the son of Tarquin must prove a valuable prisoner.

And valuable he proved. For with his first breath when he recovered consciousness he vowed revenge against his father.

"Trust my hatred!" he cried.

It took a lot of proof to convince the Gabii. But Sextus made doubt increasingly difficult. He told them of weaknesses in the ring of siege about the city, and

they proved to be real weaknesses. He told the Gabii when to strike and his advice proved good.

The Gabii chiefs went to Sextus for more information and got it. Finally when there was no longer any distrust in their minds they listened to his proposal for a great sally and attack on the besiegers. He begged to be allowed to take part, no matter how modest, in the attack against his own father. He was given a small command.

And it was the force under him that seemed to contribute most to the victory that smashed the siege and sent Tarquin the Proud flying before the jubilant Gabii.

Within the city that night Sextus had his great hour. His heart was full, he said, with his deep draught of revenge. And the Gabii capped his great hour by elevating him high among their commanders.

Within a month he rose to supreme command. For in that month he had done more against the armies of his father than all the other commanders of the Gabii.

Then a messenger went in secret from the new commander-in-chief of the Gabii to Tarquin the Proud, whom he found walking in his garden.

"Your son asks, 'What do you want me to do?' " the messenger reported.

Tarquin had a walking stick in his hand. With a sweep of his right arm he slashed at some poppies at the side of the garden path.

"This!" he said.

Forty-eight hours later the heads of all the genuine

Gabii chiefs were cut off by the executioners commanded by Sextus.

Istiaeus, the Milesian, was the head of a spying mission at the court of King Darius of Persia. But although he was supposed to be only a friendly visitor the Persians rather suspected his real mission. Under the guise of hospitality the Persians surrounded the Milesian with a small army of guards so that it seemed impossible for Istiaeus to send any secret messages back to his people.

It was imperative, however, that he should send a secret message, a conclusion based on his findings at the court of Darius. It was a message that could be summed up in four words. But how to send those four words past the army of guards which surrounded Istiaeus?

The difficulty was not in sending a messenger through. Istiaeus had been instructed by his people that important messages must be sent in writing. And the Persians, knowing this, would be sure to search minutely any messenger sent home by Istiaeus.

In the train of servants that had come with Istiaeus was a youth endowed with a great shock of hair on his head. One day the youth complained of the heat to his Persian guards.

"How foolish of me to wear this heavy covering of hair!" he said. "I perish with the heat as it is. I shall shave my head."

Which he did. The Persians saw nothing to remark or suspect when the youth appeared with his head

smoothly shaved. But that same day the Persian guard learned that he had "fallen ill." Istiaeus appeared greatly troubled. In the hearing of the Persian guards he ordered the youth taken to his own bedchamber and cared for there until he should recover.

The Persians respected the privacy of the envoys' chamber and none but Milesians entered the room. Two months later the servant was reported as "recovered from his illness."

The recovery seemed to be only partial, however. The fine shock of hair had come back thicker than ever; but the servant was sent home to Milesia to "convalesce."

On his departure the Persians stripped him to the skin to see that he carried no messages with him and searched every bit of his garments. Finding no missive the Persians let the man proceed.

In Milesia the messenger went straight to the council of state that was summoned on his arrival. Here before the eyes of the Milesian chiefs the young man had his head shaved again. And on his bare scalp were seen traced in the handwriting of Istiaeus these four words:

"Incite Ionians to revolt."

Another trick was played by Leonidas, leader of an army of invasion against the Persians. The Persian stronghold was on a height overlooking a thickly wooded plain.

It must be remembered throughout these stories of espionage in ancient times that military leaders had

little to work with in the way of speedy communication; for no news could travel faster than fleet-footed runners, horsemen, or at best carrier pigeons and swallows.

Leonidas sent his spies into the wooded plain with a curious assignment. They were to seek out places for the operation of a trick. But instead of seeking locations that would not be seen by the enemy on the heights the spies were, on the contrary, to select locations as close as possible to towns and villages visible to the Persian army headquarters overlooking them.

The spies returned, each reporting a selected location. To each spy Leonidas assigned twenty men with axes. Each squad headed by a spy then went back to the wooded spot selected by him.

That night a Persian sentry perched on a mountain top sent word that the village nearest the enemy seemed to be on fire. A little later two other fires showed through the night.

"The enemy is on the march!" the Persians decided.

But they were not greatly disturbed, for the wooded regions were protected by a strong army through which Leonidas would have to fight his way.

Nevertheless a feeling of uneasiness grew among the watchers. For steadily one fire after another appeared; each nearer the Persian stronghold; each about where an important and strongly protected town was located.

Finally, just before dawn five great fires broke out at the very edge of the forest below where the Persian chiefs were watching.

It could mean but one thing, these more than a score of fires glaring and twisting in the night. The enemy must have swept through the stretch of wooded country on horseback, so swift was the advance; and with overwhelming numbers that must have cut the defending force to pieces.

And the first light of day showed Leonidas dashing from the woods at the head of horsemen and charging for the heights. Panic seized the Persians. If Leonidas' army was able to conquer the army in the valley with such speed, it would be suicide to try to stop it.

It took only a single assault and Leonidas sent the Persians flying down the other side of their recent stronghold.

It would have interested the Persian high command to see the reality behind the picture the night had shown them. For instead of towns and villages on fire there were only masses of trees that had been chopped down by Leonidas' axmen, each bonfire only a—bonfire.

And the Persian towns and villages were still intact and still protected by Persian soldiers, jeering at what they thought was a futile attempt to smoke them out.

But down from the heights, which the lowland Persians thought were occupied by their main army, there swooped Leonidas and his cavalry. The jeering stopped. If the main army was fallen to the might of Leonidas what chance was there for a lesser body?

But how had Leonidas reached the heights without first conquering the lowland?

They did not know that while the fiery camouflage was being set Leonidas and his cavalry were stealing past them.

By sundown that same day, however, there was enough blare of trumpets in Leonidas' camp. The Persians in the woods had fled. Spies had done what the army could not have achieved.

The trick played on the Persians by Leonidas was complicated and amplified by Pelopidas, who marched against two Magnesian cities. His force was equal to the task of capturing one of the cities, but not both; indeed, it would be all he could do to capture one—by force.

Pelopidas pondered long and ransacked his bag of tricks for the proper one to his purpose. However, it was a case of one wily enemy against another and Pelopidas began to feel his enemy was perhaps more wily than he; for every trick he tried resulted only in frustration.

Then one of his captains came to him.

"There is a spy among us, a Magnesian!" he said.

"Which is he?"

"That peddler of fruit," the captain said. "Shall we cut his throat?"

Pelopidas watched the spy out of the corner of his eye. A crafty look came into his swarthy face.

"By no means!" he said softly. "On the contrary,

let him have the freedom of the camp to see and hear to the utmost!"

That afternoon the spy was interested to note the departure of half of Pelopidas' force in the direction of one of the Magnesian towns. Nothing was easier than to learn the objective of the expedition; indeed the whole camp buzzed with it. An attempt was to be made to capture one of the Magnesian towns under cover of the night.

The spy had two "helpers" in his "fruit-peddling." One of them slipped out of the camp to ride to the threatened town and give it warning of the approaching attack. The other assistant the spy kept with him.

The mountainous country afforded vistas for a score of miles in every direction. During the night the camp of Pelopidas was roused to great excitement by seeing fire go up from the woods in which one of the Magnesian towns nestled.

And at dawn there galloped up to the camp a group of messengers.

"Pelopidas, we've captured the city!"

The eyes of Pelopidas lighted up.

"Then go back and tell my men that we attack Aelus from the north to-night. Let them attack from the south at the same time!"

The "fruit peddler" and his "helper" left camp without delay. Horses were waiting for them in a thicket. Once on their backs the two Magnesians threw caution to the winds and broke their horses' hearts to reach Aelus in time to warn it of the joint attack.

All the previous night and through the day the Magnesians in that city had seen smoke and fire in the direction of their neighboring town. What could it mean?

Then they saw careering toward them two clouds of dust. The gates were flung open to receive the horsemen. The "fruit peddler" and his "helper" fell off their horses and the horses themselves dropped shuddering to the ground. With their first free breath the messengers cried:

"Orkos is taken and is burning! To-night Pelopidas attacks from the north at the moment that the captors of Orkos strike from the south!"

"Then our city is lost!" decided the Magnesians. "Let us at least save ourselves!"

That night Pelopidas won Aelus with his trick.

And on the following day he stormed by brute force the supposedly already captured city of Orkos.

The trick of using an enemy's spy as a sort of boomerang against the enemy is an old one. But it is eternal. Perhaps to Gyllipus, of the army sent by Syracuse against Athens, must be given the palm for the wiliest use of this device not only against the enemy, but against his own allies. He had a minor position among the commanders. His ambition was supreme command.

A score of officers had prior claims to leadership in that army. But a crafty brain and a complete lack of scruples were his assets. Also the fact that he knew there was an Athenian spy in camp. Him he permit-

ted to remain unmolested and unsuspected by anyone but himself.

One afternoon the score of commanders of the Syracusan army met in a council of war. One after another the leaders proposed their own plans for a move against the Athenian forces. The atmosphere in that council, from a military point of view, was not a healthy one. There was no supreme commander. Everyone about that council table was ambitious. Everyone, too, was capable of dishonesty, dishonesty towards his fellow officers; and each suspected the others.

Gyllipus had matured a proposal to launch the attack against the Athenians by capturing a certain hill under cover of the night. He had a persuasive tongue and was master of the art of "selling" himself, in to-day's phrase. It is perhaps an excellent phrase to use of him.

He "sold" his plan to the council. Then he proceeded to sell it to the enemy. He had the Athenian spy brought to his tent that afternoon.

"We are alone, you and I," he said. "I know you are a spy——"

The man blanched.

"But don't be afraid." The tone was admirable. "I am your friend. This camp of filthy schemers is no place for a real soldier. I am through with this vile crew! Go to your general. Tell him that the council has decided to storm the heights to the northeast under cover of dark. Tell your general to prepare an ambush. And when these fools have been cut down and

captured I shall expect my reward as friend of the Athenians!"

The spy went. That night when the first of the Syracusan forces tried to capture the heights as planned they found the enemy more than prepared. Indeed it was Gyllipus who seemed to save the whole expedition from disaster by foresight apparently miraculous.

Another council of war was held in the Syracusan camp early next morning. Gyllipus rose to speak.

"There are traitors about this council table!" he said bitterly. "Traitors who sent word to the enemy of my proposal of yesterday!"

A betrayal of the plan there had plainly been; and each captain looked at his neighbor. Only one man seemed logically clear of the suspicion—the man whose plan had been betrayed. Furthermore, he was also the man who had done most to save the betrayal from bringing utter ruin on the expedition.

There was but one thing to do in the circumstances and they did it. Gyllipus was elected to supreme command.

Meanwhile, with the connivance of the new general, the Athenian spy was again in the Syracuse camp. Again he was allowed to roam unmolested. But this time Gyllipus reported his presence to his fellow-generals.

"He does not know I suspect him," he told the council. "I will let it get to his ears that we have been badly shattered and will embark on our galleys for home!"

It was Gyllipus himself who privately communicated this plan to the Athenian spy. And two days later the Athenians saw the Syracusan galleys depart.

"There can be scarcely enough of them to man the ships!" the Athenians decided. "This is our chance to capture their fleet!"

Eagerly the Athenians hurried their troops on board their fleet and set out in hot pursuit after the Syracusan galleys. It was a long chase and a fruitless one; for the Syracusans had the start and maintained the lead.

It was true that on board the Syracusan galleys there were scarcely enough to man the ships. For the wily Gyllipus had kept his main force hidden on land until he saw the Athenian troops depart.

Then when Athens had only a handful to defend it Gyllipus struck in force and Athens fell.

Secret codes and ciphers were the language of spies in ancient times as they are to-day and will be so long as spies must send messages in secret. I offer the following instance for a place in the history of ingenious secret communication.

Carthaginians were encamped on a plain in a siege of a Sicilian city that looked down upon them from a high hill. The siege was long and arduous. The city would have to be starved out; or it would have to be carried by a series of attacks and countermoves on the part of the besiegers, each at some psychological moment.

To achieve this, however, the Carthaginians would

have to know the important changes in circumstance within the city. But not even a vessel could have slipped out of that city unobserved, so closely did the besieged keep watch. It was out of the question, therefore, to send reports out of the city by means of messengers.

Nevertheless the Carthaginians sent a spy into the city. In the guise of an old veteran of former Sicilian wars the spy went about the city and saw everything. He made no attempt to leave or send anyone with his messages.

He had a little house high up on the city's slope where he lived by himself. He cooked his own meals over a smoky fire and kept eccentric hours.

Soon after his arrival those in charge of the defense of the city began to worry. It seemed as if the enemy knew everything about them. If a secret expedition for wheat was sent out of the city at night over a little-known mountain path, the Carthaginians were there at the precise time necessary to capture it. If troops were shifted from the north side of the defenses to the south in the hope of a sally against the enemy, the enemy was waiting for them at exactly the point of attack. If a trick was launched to divert the Carthaginians to the north while a relief train tried to enter the city by the south, the Carthaginians seemed amply warned of it.

And all this time the Carthaginian spy only cooked his meals over the smoky fire. He did not linger long over his cooking; just enough to send a puff of smoke

up the chimney. The smoke never varied in duration. Nevertheless the Carthaginians on the plain translated it into a comprehensive cipher.

It was not until the city had fallen that the victims learned how they had been betrayed. The only luggage the spy had brought into the city was a huge hourglass. It stood in a corner of his cottage just as many another hourglass stood in neighboring cottages.

But on the glass cones which held the fine sand whose coursing from the upper cone to the lower marked the passing of time, there were minute scratches. Another hourglass of exactly the same size was carefully watched in the Carthaginian camp. On its glass were the same minute marks as those on the spy's hourglass.

When the spy wished to signal "south," "attack," "wheat running low," "night foray" or any one of a score of other prearranged phrases, he waited until the sand in his hourglass reached the scratch that would indicate that phrase on the cone. The instant it did so he began cooking his meal. A column of smoke went up from his chimney.

In the Carthaginian camp those who watched looked at the counterpart hourglass the instant the smoke showed. The scratch on their hourglass then told them what the spy was signaling.

SPIES AND INDIANS

Until recently not only the small boy and his tomboy sister, but also many of their elders thrilled to the romance of Indian scouts, whether redskin or white. For we shall always thrill to tales of how much hardship the body and the spirit can endure and how keen can be human senses and the mind. Subtly these stories flatter us with the sense of kinship of our own bodies and faculties to those of heroes.

But the late unlamented Great War with its wholesale machine-made slaughter did much to rob the human body of dignity. High explosives shredded whole companies with a single shell. Then, too, human eyes and judgment were replaced by infallible automatons of steel; microphones that listened a hundred times more sensitively than the keenest ear; artillery that found its mark without having to look; copper filament that caught messages from the other side of the globe, word that came not with the speed of running feet, but in the time it takes to draw a breath.

Against the competing tales of infernos of shrieking steel what chance of being heard remained for stories in which the breaking of a twig startled wild deer, of a time when the arrow was a formidable weapon, in which the scent of wood-fire or a footprint in loam conveyed warnings?

Spies and Indians

But now that the hideous clamor of war has a little died down perhaps we can recover some of the elemental savor of the true tales of scout and Indian and their invigorating blend of the stealth and subtlety of intrigue with the freshness and fierceness of primitive life.

The dictionary reminds us that a scout approaches the enemy lines for information, but does not enter them, whereas the spy works from the inside. This will indicate why in stories of Indian fighting we hear of more scouts than spies. Obviously, a white man inside Indian lines or an Indian in the white camp would have but little hope of remaining undiscovered. About the best that either Indian or white man could hope to achieve was to crawl unseen as near to the enemy camp as possible, lie hidden, and with what eyes, ears and wits could gather carry out some of the function of spying.

In the exploit of Job Kattenanit, an Indian, however, we have a true spy story. And with his spying went a little classic of physical endurance.

This was at a time when the now proud city of Boston had still to keep a sharp lookout against Indians. King Philip, a shrewd Indian chief, was waging war against the encroaching whites; and war between red man and white was no more merciful than war is to-day and certainly it was more elemental. If you killed your enemy—and one did not always bother taking prisoners—you scalped him; nor was all the scalping done by the Indians.

Clinging to the coast were the white towns; the rest of the continent was Indian. And to the whites behind the wooden stockades of their settlements it must have seemed more than once that a whole continent of enemies must be marshaling in camps no more than two or three days' march distant.

What does he next prepare?
Whence will he move to attack?
. . . . . .
Does he feint or strike in force?
Will he charge or ambuscade?
What is it checks his course?
Is he beaten or only delayed?
How long will the lull endure?
Is he retreating? Why?
Crawl to his camp and make sure—
That is the work for a spy!

Though Kipling wrote these lines of the modern spy, these very questions must have agitated the white in Boston and Lancaster when an ominous silence was all that came from the camps of the gathering Indians. It became imperative to get some answer to these questions and to get it in time.

Imprisoned on Deer Isle in Boston Harbor, awaiting trial along with eleven other Indians for the murder of seven white men was Job Kattenanit. He was one of those men who get caught in the turmoil and clash that ensues when one civilization meets and tries to overwhelm another.

He was a full-breed Indian who by some curious

touch of affinity had become converted to the doctrine of Christ. So devout did he become that he and some others who had become converted were nicknamed the Praying Indians.

Then by another turn of fate he was, as I have said, imprisoned on the charge of murder. How much proof there was to support the charge it is difficult at this late day to decide. But some light on the character is surely shed by what happened next.

He had already fought out within himself the question of where his loyalty lay, with his fellow red men or with the whites. He was on the side of those whose God at least taught not massacre but brotherly love. Whatever we to-day may think of how little there is to choose between the humanity of whites at war and that of savages, the point is that Job believed his loyalty lay with the whites. And he knew that unless the whites learned what fate was being prepared for them by the Indians, the colonists would be massacred.

So he offered to act as spy within the Indian camp.

Major Gookin looked the Indian over. He was a tall, sinewy, deep-chested, slim-waisted Indian with the piercing black eyes of his race. There was nothing in all this to distinguish Job from any other Indian; and it was a commonplace among whites that an Indian was not to be trusted.

But in Job's face there was besides his native dignity an expression of sorrowing that was striking. It was the look of one who grieves over "man's inhumanity to man."

"All right," said Major Gookin. "I'll trust you, Job."

Another of the Praying Indians, James Quannapohit, stepped to the side of Job. "I want to go with him," he offered. Major Gookin looked at Job. Would he stand sponsor for the other?

Job accepted James as his team-mate.

The two Indians left Boston in a blinding snowstorm to go on foot to the nearest camp of the enemy. When they got there their clothes, their faces and their bodies looked as if they had gone through an ordeal. They were taken before Mantampe, the chief of the Nipmuck Indians.

He scrutinized them as they told their story. Job did the talking. He told of being arrested with eleven other Indians on the charge of murdering seven white men; of imprisonment and escape. The sincerity of the man and the wealth of detail in his story finally compelled confidence and the two Indians were allowed the freedom of the camp.

It was James, however, who found greater favor in the eyes of the Indian chief. In this way James learned that a council of chiefs was called by King Philip in preparation for a general attack in force on Lancaster and Boston.

"I'll take you to the council," Mantampe told James.

James tried to look pleased. In reality he was far from feeling delight. For were King Philip to lay eyes on him it would be all over with James.

In the night he told this in whispers to Job.

"I must fly," he said. "You must come too. For they will think of you whatever they decide about me."

There was no gainsaying all this and Job had to decide between saving his skin, his mission unfulfilled, or staying on after James had fled. Job decided to stay.

James made good his escape, but Job was seized and brought up to Chief Mantampe.

"Why did James go?" Mantampe demanded.

"He had fought against King Philip and was afraid you would discover it," Job said.

The chief's eyes glittered. "Then you and he came here as enemies!"

Not a muscle in face or body flinched as Job said quietly,

"James told me you would think so and urged me to fly with him. I am here."

And the very simplicity of his statement had its weight. Guilty men protest more.

Job was believed and from then on had no difficulty in gathering information.

What he learned disturbed him. In two days the Indian forces would make a juncture with King Philip and a swift descent and attack on Lancaster would follow, and little would be the chance for escape of any white man, woman or child in that town.

If Job was to save them, he would have to leave at once and cover eighty miles of snow-covered wilderness to Boston in time to enable reinforcements to reach Lancaster.

To make matters harder for him, a blinding snowstorm came out of the northeast, icy blasts that cut to the bone, froze the very breath and made it an affliction to keep the eyes open.

It was out of the question with merely human eyes to see one's way through such a night. Job waited for the gray of dawn. Then wrapping his blanket about him he trudged through the camp with no attempt at concealment until he reached the sentry line on the outskirts.

Here he dropped and burrowed through the snow in a little gully until he had stolen past the sentries and was out in the open country.

Now there was nothing left but make speed as best he could. For once his departure was discovered the Indians had only to follow his trail in the snow. The whole question was, how much start would he have?

Half an hour after he had begun his trotting, slipping, sliding in the direction of Boston, his anxious ears reported trouble. His departure had been discovered. No one would now misunderstand. And it was not long before Job knew that the pick of the tribe's runners were after him.

Job had to the full the Indian's heritage of splendid body and endurance. But behind him were champions of speed; and before long he knew they were gaining on him.

Could he afford the burden of his blanket? It was a hard choice. The blanket hampered his running.

But even if he escaped the runners could he without his blanket keep from freezing to death?

He decided to hold on to his blanket. On he plunged through the deep snow with the light growing and momentarily allying itself to his pursuers. Before him sloped a rise of land which he must cross. It not only added a cruel burden to his muscles but also made a white sheet against which he stood out in vivid colors.

Past his head flew something that vanished in the snow ahead of him. Job knew it was an arrow. He did not look back, grudging even the slight effort that would take. But now the startled realization of how close they were upon him made him involuntarily turn.

And at that instant an arrow pierced his blanket just about the region of his heart. Job pitched on his face and partly rolled over. The arrow like some stray feather raised its shaft in the air and remained thus uplifted, wavering only to the movement of agonized breathing.

Three young bucks whose running no blankets had hampered came up and watched the movement of that arrow. Momentarily it grew quieter. Then it moved no more.

Indians waste no emotions and few words on their enemy dead. The arrow had spoken for them. Although he had undoubtedly been an enemy, this man's scalp was not considered worth the taking.

Leaving to snow and storm the burial of their victim the bucks went back to camp.

It was fortunate for Job that the bucks had turned their faces campward as soon as they did, for he could not have held his breath in any longer. His face was in the snow but one eye cautiously opened and watched the Indians in the distance.

Not until they had topped the opposite side of the valley and disappeared down the other slope did Job dare to try a sitting posture. The blood about the arrow wound was already freezing on the blanket. Job knew that luck had been with him. Not only the thickness of the blanket but also a metal ornament had helped to keep the arrow from penetrating to his heart.

Yet he dare not pull the arrow out; exhaustion from a serious flow of blood would follow. So he pressed his hand over his heart to help keep the arrow in place and once more with his face toward Boston resumed his heavy trudge up the slope; through the snow; over a trackless wilderness, in the teeth of one snowstorm after another, through treacherous drifts; finally, with night coming on, every step a burden to the flesh, every breath an agony.

No more enemies lay ahead of him—except the climax of a New England winter and his weakened condition. There would be no more melodrama on that painful journey. And there is little left to record except that by a miracle of physical endurance under the lash of whatever spirit was moving Job Kattenanit, he finally sank at the door of Major Gookin's house and with his last strength pounded on the panels of his door.

The Indians swept down on Lancaster and partly burned it. But those who survived remained a living monument to Job Kattenanit, spy.

Just as on the screen of the cinema one scene fades into another, let us for a moment look at an Ohio factory town, with its belching industrial chimneys, its streets clamorous with trolley cars and autos, its façades of brick stores and office buildings.

Then let us look back to that very spot as it appeared a mere century or two before. The same period would not change unrecognizably any city of the Old World. But in this place, where a moment ago we saw traffic police and streets congested with autos, we now see virgin prairie, shaggy copses of hazel, lines of willows marking the wandering courses of streams. And the scene has brooding over it the hush and stealth that go with a lull in war between Indian and white man. We will not concern ourselves with that war as a whole, but with a single episode.

Not far from where the Hocking River flows into the broad Ohio stood a mere stockade behind the walls of which a small body of white settlers gravely speculated as to when, by what route, and in what numbers the next Indian attack would descend upon them.

They knew that the Indians were encamped in a hilly country on the Hocking three days' march from them. The whites could not afford simply to sit, wait and speculate. They had to know what was brewing in that Indian camp. Which was like the problem

in the child's story, how could the mice in it put a bell on the cat?

Two men, M'Clelland and White, finally volunteered for scout duty. They were perfect specimens of the pioneering whites of the time, nurtured in a wilderness and hardened by years of warfare against the Indians. That meant bodies as hardy as human flesh can become and senses and wits sharpened by daily life-and-death dependence upon them.

It was October, but thanks to the mildness of an Indian summer, the two men could wear comparatively light clothing and thereby save their strength for the more necessary burden of food, since of course one doesn't count on shooting game when the task is to spy on Indians.

The two scouts selected Mount Pleasant as the point of vantage from which to study the movements in the Indian encampment on the river bank below. This abrupt promontory was shaggily wooded up to its very peak except on one slope which was bald and exposed to view from near-by crags.

Our two scouts under cover of the night literally crawled to the top of Mount Pleasant and there set up their watch. During the day they hid inside drifts of fallen leaves or flat against the flank of some prostrate giant of a tree. There they lay scarcely daring to breathe whenever an Indian out hunting wandered their way. These were anxious moments for the two scouts; and not wholly uninteresting in possibilities for the stray hunters.

Then when they dared, the scouts would lift their heads cautiously and resume their watch on the Indian village below. What they saw did not cheer them. Every day arrived new parties of Indians in war regalia to swell the numbers of those already practicing with tomahawk, bow and arrow and musket. Daily that village reminded the two scouts how much in jeopardy lay the white settlement at the mouth of the Hocking.

It must have been an ordeal in itself for those two rugged frontiersmen to lie almost motionless all the day and stir only little at night. For food, they nibbled on the little store of jerked beef and dry cornbread they had brought.

Their water supply, two small canteens, gave out the first day of their vigil. Thereafter they had to depend upon what pools of rainwater they found among the rocks. Then several days of sun dried up their source of supply. If ever men prayed for rain, White and M'Clelland did. But no rain came.

Below them there was plenty of water in the river. The trouble was, of course, that the Indian village was down there too.

It was a trouble, however, that would have to be faced. Early one morning, while White remained on watch on the peak of Mount Pleasant, M'Clelland tied the two canteens about his waist and crept down the mountain toward the river bank. Some yards from the river he lay for a time peering through underbrush.

His ears caught the gurgle of a spring on the other side of a thicket. It was a welcome sound, for it meant that he could get water without exposing himself on the river. An inch at a time he worked his body through the underbrush until he came on a brook where it formed a little pool several feet deep.

But at the pool were two Indian women with their backs to him plaiting withes. M'Clelland started with the shock of the discovery and under him a twig snapped.

With the sensitiveness of those who live in the wilderness, the two women turned and saw him. A whoop from one of them would reach the village. Not only the lives of White and himself hung on what he would do, but also without doubt the lives in the stockade down the river.

M'Clelland had no time for considerations of gallantry. With all the spring in his sinewy body he hurled himself on the two women, caught them by their braids and plunged their heads into the pool.

His right hand had no trouble in keeping the head of an elderly squaw under the water until he felt the agonized body go limp.

But from the lips of the other broke two words before the water cut off speech.

"For God's——!"

Startled at hearing his own language, M'Clelland, while keeping his right hand at its grim task took a chance and jerked the other woman back from the pool. The deep tan on the girl's face had not the

copper hue of the Indian; the eyes were blue; the features were decidedly of white origin.

Sharply he watched her.

"I'm white!" she whispered. "Prisoner for ten years. My people were killed—only Neil escaped. Don't leave me here!"

"And she?"

"A squaw," she said softly.

M'Clelland filled the two canteens, gave them to her to carry. They had slowly, laboriously crept a quarter of a mile up the mountainside when a shrill whoop came echoing. From the Indian village came answering whoops. White, on top of Mount Pleasant, saw commotion and a rush of Indians to some spot near the bank of the river.

At the same time he heard the cautious catbird call which told him that M'Clelland was back. He was astonished to see his partner preceded by a figure in Indian garb. Such was White's tension that he might have shot the stranger had not M'Clelland behind her motioned that it was all right.

The general situation, of course, was far from being all right. The body of the drowned squaw had been discovered. The white girl was missed by the Indians. The hillside was soon alive with warriors crawling through the undergrowth. Clearly it was to Mount Pleasant that the Indians looked for their quarry.

M'Clelland turned to the girl. "Go back to them. Tell them I took you prisoner but that you escaped!"

She pleaded that she did not want to go back to

the Indians. But M'Clelland dismissed her with a curt, "We have nothing better to offer you!" On the peak of the mountain a clutter of bowlders and fallen logs made a little natural fortress behind which two men could sell their lives at some cost to those who should come. M'Clelland and White made a dash for it and gained it.

Over their barricade of rocks and logs they commanded the short, sharp ridge that led from the mountain proper to their fastness. Along this ridge the Indians could come but one or two at a time, so narrow it was. The serious part, however, was that they *could* come.

And soon the first of the Indians was glimpsed wriggling along that ridge on hands and knees, trailing his rifle. As cautiously emerging from the woods were other Indians in the wake of the first.

Only at intervals and for fleeting glimpses did the first of the Indians reveal himself as he crept from one shelter of rock to another. But two flintlock muskets were pointed along that ridge and from one of them the smoke spouted.

The Indian had clung to the edge of a declivity on the side away from the scouts. The bullet might have been a heavy bowlder for the effect it had on the man it hit. Down the side of the ridge the body slid, rolled and plunged, gathering momentum until a thicket of shrubbery at the edge of the woods caught and held it.

From Indian hiding places came cries of fury. Two men took the place of the fallen one on that ridge—

but with little better luck. One of them fell limply over a tree trunk and remained motionless. The other was only wounded and could be seen desperately trying to crawl back to his fellows in the woods. The white scouts could easily have finished him.

They had no bullets to waste. The fate of the first three Indians for the time being discouraged approach from that quarter. But White, glancing behind him, saw the new phase the fight was taking on.

Behind them the mountain fell sharply away. But across a ravine was a split-off rock, from which a man could shoot at the scouts at his ease and be protected from return fire. It commanded their little fort, exposed on that side, much as they commanded the razorback ridge.

To get to that rock, however, a man would have to leap from a ledge across a cleft some eight or ten feet wide and about thirty feet deep. It was not a hazardous affair, that leap. For whatever fire the two scouts should direct upon it would simply waste precious lead on a shield of stone.

The Indians were not long in spying the situation. A young buck, rifle in one hand, took a running start for the leap across. The performance began well.

But from the woods partly down the hillside came the sound of a musket. A puff of smoke crawled lazily from a thicket. And the splendid young body of the buck struck the opposite ledge with his chest instead of lighting on his toes. For a frenzied few moments he

clawed for a hold; then he dropped like a plummet to the bottom of the cleft.

The two scouts looked at each other in astonishment and from all over the mountainside came cries that told the whites how shocked with surprise the Indians were themselves.

A dozen bullets went crashing into the thicket from which the mysterious puff of smoke had come. Ten minutes later the Indians charged that spot. But it yielded them nothing.

A second Indian attempted the leap across to the split-off. And once more whites and Indians were electrified to see the mystery repeated.

This time the shot came from the woods at some distance from the first. The mystery about this new development was all the more impressive because it was in broad daylight that it took place.

To the two white men who knew themselves doomed the mystery seemed of but minor interest. It was the Indians to whom the correct solution was a serious matter. Until they found out what allies the trapped scouts had along the wooded mountainside, it would be throwing lives away to resume attack along the same lines as before.

The Indians gathered for a consultation. The mystery occupied them until nightfall and a council was called in the village. Meanwhile the foot of the mountain was heavily picketed by Indian sentries on every side but that leading into the village itself.

Night came down, overcast and disagreeable with

flaws of gusty rain. There was nothing for the two men to do but cheerlessly wait for the morning while keeping their ears open for a possible night attack. Below them they could see the gleam of the council fire and they knew that their fate was being decided there.

The two men now had rainwater enough to last them for some time, but the thought cheered them but little. The water in their canteens seemed likely to outlast their need of it.

Then between two gusts of wind there sounded near them the cautious cry of a catbird. It was not a usual call for that time of the night; and it *was* the call which the two scouts had adopted as signal to each other. The two men waited for a repetition of the call. When next it came it was much nearer but also softer.

Both men had their muskets pointed in that direction. Sleepily came the call again, this time only yards away.

Then a whisper reached them.

M'Clelland exhaled a sigh of relief. "It's the girl!"

She crept up to them dragging a bundle.

"Put these on!" she said.

The two men had to depend on their sense of touch to discover what "these" were. They found them to be squaws' garments.

I doubt if either of the frontiersmen felt the slightest amusement at himself as he dressed in the dark and tried his best to fit a masculine frame inside the clothing of an Indian woman.

While they changed clothing the girl told them what had happened. When M'Clelland had sent her away that afternoon she found at the edge of the woods the first Indian youth the scouts had shot.

She was still undecided as to whether she should go back to the Indian village, but decided to prowl about a little in the hope of helping the two doomed men if she could.

It was then that she saw the move on the part of the Indians to possess the split-off rock. It was she who had fired the three shots that frustrated the effort; and by running away, so to say, from her own smoke she gave the impression, intentionally, that there was more than one gun fighting on the side of the scouts.

She led the two men, now rehearsing the hobbling walk of squaws, down the mountain straight into the village. A sentry grunted a challenge. The girl replied, and the three continued on their way.

They passed within twenty feet of the council fire and heard what was being discussed.

The three passed out of the village on the other side. Then from the darkness behind a tree a young buck stepped and confronted them. The girl tried to give him a satisfactory answer. For some reason she was having trouble in doing so. He turned to question the two others.

But all he got was a hunting knife deep between his ribs.

He was the last outpost. But the three had to strain every ounce of strength to make speed.

Then the two men found fallen trees by the river, lashed them together and, with improvised paddles, the three floated down to the mouth of the Hocking —with but slight margin of safety ahead of the pursuit.

But the margin was enough to save the early citizens of what is to-day a factory town.

To millions of city-bred people there is tang in the play of brute forces that makes up the body and spirit of wilderness tales. But the very quality of primitive body-to-body fighting puts a sense of distance between us and them. It is when into these stories of warfare between Indians and whites there enters the element of craft and subterfuge, disguise and a duel of wits that we to-day, who increasingly have to depend on our wits for survival, begin to suspect that our age has no monopoly on subtlety and intrigue. And few scout stories illustrate this better than the duel of wits between Lieutenant Morgan and a group of Chippewa chiefs.

The whites and the Indians were at war and a corps of French and American scouts were encamped on a plain in the heart of the Chippewa country. Colonel St. Clair, their commander, had more courage than discretion or he would not have chosen that particular plain for his camp. It was ringed about by forest so dense that Indians could creep up within a few yards of the plain and still be unseen. And those woods did not lack Indians as soon as the presence of Colonel St. Clair's camp was discovered.

Soon the woods about that plain became a nightly concern for the whites—for as yet the Indians dared not attack St. Clair by day. At one point the plain made a sharp, narrow salient into the woods, a sort of peninsula almost entirely surrounded by peril for any white who should venture there.

Colonel St. Clair should have considered that wedge a part of the forest so far as hazard was concerned. Characteristically, however, to him that salient meant a chance to post a scout or sentry who would have a vantage point from which to spy on what might be going on in the forest.

On the first night they pitched camp he posted a scout at the very tip of the wedge. When, in the morning they came to relieve the scout, they found him sprawled on the ground with a Chippewa arrow through his head.

Colonel St. Clair, so far from being warned by this, decided there was all the more reason why a lookout should be posted at that point. A second scout therefore took up the post that night.

He survived the first night; but on the second morning he too was found dead at his post, an arrow in his back.

And a third scout went the way of the two others. Then St. Clair's men began to murmur at his insistence on having the salient used as a lookout. He yielded only to the extent that this time two men were posted together.

It was with anxiety that the relief body of scouts

approached next morning. The two men who had taken the dangerous post were found at that post—dead.

Always a Chippewa arrow told of the death that must have overtaken the white scouts without warning. For their instructions had been that at the slightest sound from the woods the sentries were to fire and warn the camp. But not a sound had reached the camp.

Even Colonel St. Clair was now convinced, for he announced that no more men would be jeopardized in that salient.

But a man stepped forward, a lanky rifleman from Virginia. His name was Morgan and the one thing he knew was the American Indian. Morgan, as casting directors would say to-day, was not the type for the hero of a thrilling exploit. He had a competent body but it rambled and ranged as if each limb had the loosest relation to the others. He was, for all the toughness of his sinews, rather fat about his jowls. His nose was so long it looked grotesque; his eyebrows were crooked to the point of comicality. There was a deep furrow over his right eye, a souvenir of Indian fighting, that should have looked impressive; instead it only added to his homeliness. And over it all he had a worried expression, which, however, does not seem to have expressed the man in the least. For what he said to Colonel St. Clair was:

"Colonel, suppose you let me see what I can see to-night in that corner of the woods."

The Colonel's eyes glowed. Here was a man after his own heart, a fool who would not learn from disaster.

"I'm asking no man to risk his life on that post, you understand," he said. "If anything happens to you I wash my hands of responsibility."

Morgan nodded. He did not go out to his dangerous post until night had fallen. Morgan had with him a greatcoat and a cap of beaver-skin. Also he had brought along a stick, as well as his gun.

At the edge of the wood was a pine tree which had been struck by lightning. Morgan climbed up into the crotch of this tree and did things with his overcoat, fur cap and the stick. Then he climbed down again and crawled off into the underbrush without a sound. Some dozen yards away from the tree he raised his head, got his gun ready and waited.

Endless patience to lie like a log was an important part of a scout's ability in those days. It was hours before Morgan heard anything but the silence of midwinter woods.

Then came a grunt and not too cautious sounds of something approaching through the snow-covered underbrush. From the woods and into the narrow wedge of plain there issued something that Morgan took to be a bear. It walked out of the woods quite boldly not far from the tree with which Morgan had occupied himself.

Game did not interest Morgan for the moment; and even if bear steak were tempting Morgan would not

have used his rifle, for obvious reasons. Nevertheless he strained his eyes to follow the visitor's movement. The bear seemed little concerned about the danger of being seen. When he emerged into the open Morgan studied the shambling walk, the weaving side-to-side movement of the head, the way the visitor stopped to snuff the air; these were familiar enough sights to the woodsman.

What was not so familiar was a bit of lighter coloring about the paws.

The bear passed within several feet of where Morgan lay hidden and went off. Some time later Morgan crawled forward until he came on the track the animal had made in the snow. With his fingers—it was too dark to see—he felt delicately the outline of the imprint in the snow, much as a blind man fingers an object.

The track the bear's paws had left in the snow did not conform to what Morgan knew of bears. It felt more like the print of an Indian's moccasin.

Morgan was now patience itself as he lay waiting developments. He got his reward when he saw—this time his ears would have told him nothing—the bear stealing back toward the tree where Morgan had left his greatcoat, cap and stick so arranged that in the night it looked like a sentry with his gun ready.

Morgan sensed rather than saw the "bear" rise, set an arrow to a bowstring and let fly.

Out of the tree toppled the dummy, an arrow through the stuffed hat.

Whereupon an Indian with no longer any attempt at caution strode off into the woods.

Morgan, more cautiously, followed the man's trail through the snow. He had followed several miles when he heard the murmur of voices.

In a little clearing about a fire sat a dozen Indians, minor chiefs by their dress, robes of deerskin. Morgan understood the Chippewa dialect and with little trouble made out what was being said.

The Indian who had shot Morgan's dummy was reporting that "as usual" the sentry had been disposed of. It was time, the council agreed, that a more ambitious attack was made. What was finally decided would require not only the men about the fire but an additional ten or twelve.

The plan was that when the next white scout should be killed "as usual" after the "bear" had done his reconnoitering, a score of Indians would take advantage of the murder and crawl up to where usually about a score of St. Clair's scouts sat about a fire.

From the darkness the chiefs would then each select his target in the firelight. A single volley should account for most of the men about the fire; there might even be time for another round of shooting before the white camp would reach the scene.

Morgan crawled back through the woods.

Next morning Indian eyes watching that salient of prairie would have seen a relief detail of whites carrying back into the camp what looked like a sixth victim at that point.

But again a scout was sent out to patrol the danger point.

Apparently things went "as usual" that night. A bear came out of the woods and crossed the strip of prairie. An Indian crawled to where the scout on duty seemed outlined against the sky. Again an arrow was sent true to its aim. Over toppled the target and lay still.

Then through the trees along the margin of the plain a score of Indians stole in the direction of the outermost camp fire of the whites.

They had gone perhaps twenty yards when something happened that was not in their plans. For suddenly from the trees there burst musket fire. The night roared and battle broke out.

But out of twenty-four Indians half lay still. Others made attempts to rise, run or fight; but they were the efforts of wounded men.

Four Indians tried to dash back into the woods. But the odds were against them. Too many experts were looking in their direction. And the last survivor pitched forward on his face and went to his forbears at the foot of the tree where Morgan had posted his first dummy.

Morgan was made lieutenant for the exploit; later captain; by the end of the war he was colonel. But to the end of his days, even when he became a peacefully occupied farmer, he wore the same worried expression which said so little about the man.

SPIES OF A REVOLUTION

THERE is a pleasing origin to the word "amateur," a first meaning which happily survives in actual use; it is the French for "lover," one who does a thing from sheer delight in the doing of it. A professional may love his work too, but as a rule not so romantically as the amateur. When it comes to the business of spying, however, it is the professional, the man or woman who works at it while the rest of the world is at peace, who is likely to be at the game largely because of delight in it. And it is the amateur—whom we find almost never except during a war—who hates the delicate, dangerous business and who risks its perils only because the fatherland is to be helped. Such amateur spying may have professional skill in it, but almost always in the story of the amateur spy there is the wavering touch, the tiny slip of the hand, which in a bit of carving makes for charm; but which in wartime spying spells suspense and surprise, tragedy often, and a "sense of tears in human affairs."

Consider, for instance, the youth John André. The sparkle in his look, speech and temperament he got from his French mother; his lithe, strong body, from his Nordic father; his love of colorful living is his own. It is an appealing picture that he makes as he

stands at the gate of an English country garden saying good-by to Honoria Sneyd, a girl whom he has loved from the moment he first set eyes on her; he would fall in love that way.

But true to the tradition in real life as well as in fiction, the girl's father does not think the match brilliant enough. So John is about to sail for America in the uniform of under-lieutenant in the Royal English Fusiliers. His dream is that in service against the American colonies—who are in revolt against England—he will gain military glory enough to dazzle even the parent of his beloved.

That is her dream too; and at the drawn-out moment of their parting, she gives him her miniature painted on ivory and framed in a locket of silver, on a slender silver chain. She places it about his neck and he vows, as a lover will, to wear it to his dying day. How he will keep his promise, we shall see.

Let us see him next in Philadelphia in 1778, now in the hands of the British under General Howe. Considering that it is the smashing of a revolution on which the British are engaged and that Philadelphia is full of people whose hearts are with the rebels, the picture of life there shows more gayety than war. Balls and revelry, amours and music, romance and intrigue, the crimson and gold of uniforms moving through the minuet, eyes and fans in the game of flirtation—this was the setting into which young André, now a major, fitted. "No one," a record of the times reads, "seems to have created such a pleasing impression . . . as

André. His name lingers on the lips of every belle. He is . . . well-made, slender, graceful and very active, has a dark complexion with a serious and somewhat tender expression and his manner is easy and insinuating. . . ."

Among the belles into whose graces his charm has insinuated itself is Margaret Shippen, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. But a sudden turn in the fortunes of war thrusts the British out of Philadelphia. In march the rebels and Margaret Shippen marries the new military governor of Philadelphia, General Benedict Arnold.

One would imagine that the last word had passed between Margaret Shippen and the aide-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, who succeeds General Howe as Commander-in-Chief of the British forces. But we find an apparently playful letter from New York, where the British now are, signed by "John Anderson" and received by Margaret Shippen, now Mrs. Benedict Arnold. In this letter the writer playfully offers to do some "shopping" in New York for the lady.

The handwriting, like the name, is thinly disguised. We cannot be sure whether these disguises are meant to deceive the husband—or whether the husband himself was not a party to a plot in which these letters played an introductory rôle.

For we are now in the midst of one of the darkest chapters in the story of the American Revolution, the plot by Benedict Arnold to betray the American armies to the enemy in return for so many thousand pounds

sterling. And what began as a gay flirtation through a minuet has turned into a grim intrigue. "John Anderson" seems to have done indeed some successful "shopping." For the husband of the former Margaret Shippen sends secretly a letter to André asking him to come in disguise within the American lines for an interview which is to be very private.

Perhaps André does not trust his man, for he writes back insisting that the meeting take place at Haverstraw, which was a sort of no-man's land at the time.

Benedict Arnold agrees and a date is made for midnight of September twenty-first. The usually gay young major goes on board the British sloop *Vulture* in anything but gay spirits. For some reason he has a premonition of disaster. But as the sloop reaches the rendezvous, André's mood takes on cheer. For he is practically in sight of success in a bit of negotiation which will bring him much money, high promotion, a baronetcy and a triumphal return to the girl whose miniature hangs by a slender silver chain about his neck.

A rowboat takes him from the sloop to the shore. A guide with face half hidden in a greatcoat leads him through the night to an inconspicuous cottage, and in the darkness therein he is introduced to the man he is about to buy.

A stubborn bargaining takes up most of the small hours of the night and the light shows in the east before the terms are finally agreed upon. Arnold then pro-

poses breakfast and a drawing up of papers at the house of a farmer, Smith, two miles away.

André objects; it would be moving inside the American lines with a corresponding increase in danger to himself. But as plenty of courage goes with the rest of his romantic equipment, André does not long object to the move.

Papers are drawn up outlining the plan whereby Arnold is to betray Washington and his army. The terms of sale are signed. André, still in his uniform of a major in the British army, rises at ten o'clock to be taken back to the *Vulture*.

But the Americans had seen the sloop and a shore battery began to talk and convinced the captain of the *Vulture* that he would find more comfortable anchorage farther down the river. The result is that when André arrives at the shore he sees no sloop to take him back to safety.

He finds it unwise to proceed in broad daylight and in a British uniform. He waits in Smith's cottage until nightfall. General Benedict Arnold gives him a pass permitting "Mr. John Anderson" to pass the guards all the way to White Plains.

André puts the important plans and the bill of sale of a general inside his boots. He is given a horse. And over his uniform he puts on the coat of the uniform of an American cavalry officer.

He knew of course the difference in status it made when he placed that greatcoat over his shoulders. Should he be captured in his own British uniform he

would be treated as an officer and eligible for an exchange of prisoners. But the moment he put on part of an American uniform, it constituted a disguise. A soldier caught in disguise inside enemy lines is assumed to be a spy; and military regulations prescribe but one method of dealing with spies in time of war.

Accompanied by Smith, the farmer, and a negro, André rides through the night toward his own lines. At a farmhouse the three spend the night and in the morning Smith and the negro leave to go back to their own homes while André proceeds toward New York, more at ease with every mile he covers.

On the old Tarrytown road he comes on three men playing cards, but with muskets by their sides. One of them is wearing over his seedy civilian garb the overcoat of a Hessian soldier. André is relieved at the sight. Not even the fact that one of the men picks up a musket and orders him to halt, troubles the major; for the Hessian garment is worn only by troops hired by King George.

"Good morning, gentlemen," André says cordially. "I see you belong on my side."

The man with the musket asks noncommittally, "Which side is that?"

"British."

"We do!"

"Thank heavens for that!" André exclaims. "I am a British officer come from American lines on very pressing business. Good morning!"

He is about to urge his horse past them when two other muskets join the one pointing at his breast.

"Get off that horse!" says the spokesman. "We are Americans!"

He is dragged off his horse but hopes that the pass he shows signed by an American general will save him. Instead it only makes his captors convinced that they have a spy in their hands. He is searched from head to stockinged feet—and the papers found in his boots spell his doom.

The traitor-general makes his escape while the man who negotiated his purchase is held for execution as a spy. During his detention, André asks Major Tallmadge, in whose charge he is as prisoner:

"I have appealed to General George Washington for a ruling in my case; in what light do you think he will regard me?"

Major Tallmadge looks at him with a coldness inspired less by the man who asks the question than by something in the past he is visioning.

"He will regard you," he said slowly, "much as you British regarded Nathan Hale, schoolmate and friend of mine."

The words prove prophetic. The young officer who had expected to return to Honoria Sneyd covered with glory was instead led to a hilltop near the village of Tappan. He was arrayed in full military uniform. But it was at the foot of a gallows that he was halted.

André mounted the cart, which was halted under the noose. The hangman was about to put the rope

on the man's neck and noted a delicate chain of silver already there. But André took the rope in his hands and himself adjusted it.

Then bowing to the hangman, to the group of American officers and to the silent crowd gathered from all over the countryside he said,

"All I request of you, gentlemen, is that . . . you bear witness that I die like a brave man!"

It was a modest request. His own countrymen have accorded him more; for he lies in that resting place for the great in England's history, Westminster Abbey.

Which was perhaps part of his young dream of glory.

> There are no bugles to call the battalions, and yet without bugles we rally . . .
> Each man reporting for duty alone, out of sight, out of reach of his fellow . . .

When men do go out to face death in battle, the call of the bugles and the sight and feel of ten thousand comrades shoulder to shoulder make a difference in one's courage. As Kipling wrote, there are no bugles blown by human lips to help the spy as he goes forth to his kind of battle. But every one of us understands in his own way that line in the old negro spiritual,

> The trumpet sounds within my soul. . . .

To the professional spy, that trumpet may have the voice of gold, much gold to be won by a bit of daring. Or it may sound that still more universal note of "I,

I, I! It is I who will make the difference between defeat and victory! It is *my* work that will make history! I—me—mine!"

Then there are the men and women who rise to the call, "This is your chance to serve!" The amateur spy, the man or woman who serves only when cause or country is in danger, is likely to be moved by this call. And in all the annals of spying there is perhaps no purer example of this than the youth whose statue looks down on that famous crossroad of commerce, New York's City Hall.

Let us disregard time, space and the doors that lead to the privacy of a great human heart, and see what animates this spy. Here is a youth to whom nature was lavish. Nathan Hale was six feet tall, broad-chested, built for strength as well as grace; the skin fair and sensitive, rosy with health; eyes blue and luminous; a voice mellow in timbre.

Descendant and flower of a fine stock, educated and graduating with honor from Yale, admired by men and adulated by the women of his city, the youth would be forgiven if he gave himself up to the pleasant banquet of the fleshpots of life. But evidently above the pleasant music of the senses there sounds within him a trumpet call harsh but tonic, a call to live as an athlete of the spirit, ruggedly, serving less himself than others.

Children, in the period of their unfolding minds, had most need of him, he decided. He became a teacher in New London and settled down to the quiet

career of the schoolroom. When he had spent the day in teaching, he devoted his evenings to studying. Science, literature, ethics, and economics were his studies.

Then his quiet existence was disturbed by the rumor of revolution. The colonies felt oppressed by their mother-country, England. It is beside the point of this story to ask which was right, England or the colonists. To ask about most wars which side is right is as misleading as to decide which of two creatures of the jungle fighting for survival is right and which is wrong. The point was that our school-teacher living in academic peace heard the trumpet of war and answered it.

Certainly it was not the need to kill that made this young man leave the peace of the schoolroom. The trumpet within him was saying, "Go fight for liberty, liberty for yourself as well as for your neighbors!"

He not only enlisted but donated to the poverty-stricken colonial army money to pay for the services of others. Webb's corps gave him too little to do; so he joined more active fighting at the siege of Boston. He was made a captain. From that city the British were driven by the colonials and New York became a more busy seat of war; so Nathan Hale asked to be sent to New York.

There are those who obey a call to service; and others who are too eager to wait for such a call. The school-teacher, Nathan Hale, now a man of action, was of the latter type. There was a lull in the fighting

about New York. But there was no let-up in the hunger of the colonial troops.

On the East River where the British fleet laid siege to New York, a sloop anchored under the protecting guns of the British man-of-war *Asia*. Hungry eyes in the city noted the arrival of that sloop, for they knew that in its hold were wheat and meats, sugar and coffee. These would go to nourish the already well-fed besiegers while they waited for the city to starve into submission.

Hale went to his commanding officer and asked permission for a wild exploit. He would attempt with a few picked volunteers to steal that food-ship from under the warship's guns. Such was the plight of the city that, although the exploit seemed inspired only by despair, General Heath gave his permission for the attempt.

The night which Hale chose for the enterprise was ugly with rain squalls. In those days the East River at flood tide was even more dangerous for a small boat to negotiate during a squall than to-day. Hale's boat was small and perilously overcrowded with its dozen men as it groped its way toward the food-ship at anchor chain near the *Asia*.

The men held their breath as the rowboat glided under the stern of the ship. If their boat should bump the side of the ship would not the crew be aroused?

Then their leader grasped the anchor chain and like a shadow made his way up the side of the vessel until his eyes were just over the rail.

In the darkness he saw the glow of a pipe; the sailor on deck-watch. Through the open hatches came the sound of snoring below deck. Beyond the sloop towered the gun decks of the *Asia*.

Hale could not see the face of the sailor on watch but from the glow of the pipe he knew the man was facing him. Then the sailor turned his back.

Hale was in his stockinged feet. Soundlessly he vaulted the rail and decided to rush. He bounded across the deck and his strong fingers were about the sailor's windpipe before he could give the alarm. A long scarf was whipped about his head until the man was effectively gagged.

Silently a dozen men clambered over the side of the ship. About each hatchway they gathered and battened down the hatches, but the crew of the food-ship little suspected that they were prisoners.

If anyone on board the British man-of-war wondered why the sloop should pick up and leave in the middle of the night, he did not feel interested sufficiently to raise an alarm. And daylight found the food-ship gliding to a perfect landing at a wharf where hungry colonials welcomed it.

It was the only bit of action Hale found for months. But the British were on Long Island about to launch an attack on Washington on Manhattan Island; and so inferior was Washington's situation that he was forced to inaction and could only speculate as to what the British would do next and when. Finally it became imperative for him to know.

He wrote to Hale's commander, "As everything depends on obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions, I do most earnestly entreat you to exert yourself to accomplish this most desirable thing. Leave no stone unturned and do not stick at expense to bring this to pass, as I was never more uneasy than on account of my want of knowledge on this score."

"This most desirable thing" meant that some one would have to go as a spy into the enemy's camp, in disguise. It would be at the imminent risk of death. What mattered most to those soldiers was that it would mean death not as a soldier, but death by hanging, much as a cur is hung that has been caught stealing chickens.

Illogically enough people feel one way about a spy and another about a soldier fighting in uniform. There is no justice in the distinction; a man, of course, is as much a soldier whether he is shooting at the enemy from in front, or stealing about in the rear gathering information which may hurt the enemy more than ten brigades of soldiers could hurt them. But there it is, that sense of degradation connected with a spy's task.

General Heath passed Washington's assignment on for Colonel Knowlton to carry out. The colonel called in his officers. He read Washington's communication.

"Gentlemen," he concluded, "which of you will volunteer?"

A murmur of resentment arose. "Colonel," one of

them said, "no officer or man of honor should be asked to volunteer on such a despicable errand!"

Colonel Knowlton understood this point of view and could only urge military necessity.

But Nathan Hale said:

"Gentlemen, for a year I have been attached to the army and have not rendered any material service while receiving compensation for which I make no return. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service its claims to the performance of that service become imperious. I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies. I know no mode of obtaining the information but by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp."

As a matter of form Colonel Knowlton asked him if he was fully aware of what he was risking as a volunteer in this task. Hale replied, "I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation."

A heavy silence ensued. This school-teacher had shown his fellow officers a sterner logic, a more trenchant devotion to duty than theirs.

Nothing more remained to be said and Hale accompanied Colonel Knowlton to George Washington.

The commander-in-chief looked the volunteer over. Then he told him what he wanted. Armed only with

a letter calling upon all Americans to aid the bearer in getting to the enemy's camp, Hale started on his mission. In place of the uniform of an officer in the colonial army he put on the homespun brown of a school-teacher. The boots he took were rather big for him; there had to be room in them for notepaper.

From Norwalk, Connecticut, fifty miles from New York, Hale was rowed across Long Island Sound to Huntington Bay. He arranged with Sergeant Steven Hempstead and his own servant Ansel Wright, to call for him again at the same place. They returned to the Connecticut shore while Hale proceeded on foot to the British camp.

He was challenged by sentries for an account of himself. He told them he was a schoolmaster, that he believed in law and obedience to the law, and that having sworn allegiance to King George of England he considered it his duty to keep his oath. But the rebels gave him no peace and he had come to the camp of the British in the hope of finding it there.

There was no doubting this serious, obviously upright character and the British were too busy to scrutinize his story closely. He was able to wander through all the British camps on Long Island. His trained mind noted, calculated, and drew deductions.

In the privacy of his room at his inn he put down in Latin what he dared not trust to memory. Then as each sheet was filled he put it in his boot under a removable sole.

He had gathered enough to make a report. Every-

thing up to that point had gone smoothly with his mission and he returned to Huntington Bay toward night. It was there that by prearrangement Sergeant Hempstead and Ansel Wright were to come in a boat early next morning to take him back to the Connecticut shore.

The cheerful lights of an inn, "The Cedars," attracted him. He knew it was frequented by Tories, but the fact did not disturb him; he had passed through greater hazards. He entered the inn and asked the hostess for supper and a room for the night. He was given a room and then sat down in the main room to eat.

The scene was a cheerful one; it was not within the active fighting zone and the tavern was full of farmers drinking, smoking and eating.

Hale kept his ears and eyes open. Those in the tavern seeing that the studious-looking schoolmaster preferred to be alone with his thoughts did not intrude.

But when Hale was half through the meal a man entered the room and his eyes lighted on Hale. A startled look came into those eyes and the man hurried out again.

Who that man was, history does not know. But it does speculate. It is reported that Hale recognized in him a distant cousin, a dissolute young man. If so, that cousin occupies no enviable rôle in American history.

At his table, Hale wondered somewhat at this man's leisurely entrance and hurried exit. But the manner

of his leaving was not sufficiently marked to give Hale more than a few moments of uneasiness.

Early next morning, after a restful night, he went down to the shore at the point where he expected the boat to come for him. From the direction of the Connecticut shore a boat was approaching. In it were half a dozen men. Hale did not recognize either Hempstead or Wright among them. But it did not occur to him to feel uneasy on that account; for this was the appointed time and place for the boat.

The prow touched the beach. Hale came forward; the men seemed to expect him. But just as he was about to step into the boat, muskets were leveled at his head.

"You are under arrest as a spy!" said the spokesman for the six British marines in the boat.

He was stripped and searched. In his boots were found the notes he had prepared.

But one scene remains to describe. It is the dawn of a clear September morning. In the eastern sky is the promise of a glorious day of russet and gold. In one corner of a farm, on the spot which is now in the heart of the tenement section of Manhattan Island, a gallows has been erected. On it stands the tall, fair-haired, serious young man who is to hang. His arms are tied behind him at the elbows. His shirt is open wide at the throat.

The provost-marshal, Cunningham, asks Hale if he has anything to say. The day before, Hale wrote short, simple notes of farewell to his mother; to his

sisters; and to Alice Adams, a Connecticut young woman whom he had hoped to marry. He saw these notes torn up before his eyes by Cunningham.

Now Cunningham's question whether he has anything further to say seems to carry a taunt.

Who can doubt that at twenty-two a young man rich with life and hunger for more of it is sorry to leave it all so soon and in such a way?

But the youth looks down at Cunningham and says:

"I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country."

Thus beautifully he "resigned his life."

THE SPY WHO BLACKMAILED A KING

A LITTLE knowledge, when obtained by a spy, is likely to prove a dangerous thing—for the other fellow as well as for the man who has it. In this story "the other fellow" was a king; and for years the head that wore that crown lay all the more uneasily because a certain spy in his employ possessed a little knowledge that had been communicated to him—in the king's own handwriting.

So the august personage was compelled to pay his spy amply if unwillingly the tribute in gold and self-abasement levied on him by a brilliant and successful blackmailer. All of which makes only part of the story of Chevalier d'Eon, undoubtedly the strangest figure in that fascinating gallery, the spies who have made history.

The fact that for years half Europe was wagering the other half as to whether the chevalier was a man or woman makes it relevant to begin his story at his birth. The boy was born in Tonnerre, a city in France from which comes a delectable wine. There was blue blood in his veins and he had so many distinguished members of his family to be named after that he was christened Charles Geneviève Louise Auguste André Timothée Eon de Beaumont. The

bearer of the impressive name developed into a daintily built boy with luminous eyes of blue tending to violet, and so fair and delicate of skin that it became rosy at a mere thought. In stature he was short but well proportioned—or would have been, had he been a girl. For his limbs and carriage were not at all boyish.

It was one of those mixtures of the masculine and feminine in the same individual which occur much more frequently than meets the eye; there are comparatively few men who psychologically at least have not some touch of the woman in them, few women in whose natures there is not some rugged masculine trait. In d'Eon even throughout later life—except when he neglected to shave—the blend of the two natures went far.

For some reason the boy's mother had him at the age of four dressed in girl's robes and in a ceremony consecrated the child to the Sisterhood of the Virgin. The boy continued to wear these garments till he was seven. What modern psychology tells us of the deep impress childhood years make on the adult character will help us understand d'Eon's skill and predilection in later life for masquerading as a woman.

In adolescence we find him turning to the study of law for a career and to fencing for recreation, and gifted in both. He won his degree as Doctor of Civil and Canonical Law at an age when most of his playmates were still struggling with secondary school; and almost immediately he was admitted to the bar.

At the same time he was creating a furor by his skill

with foils and rapier. To the fencing school where he was at first a pupil came roistering the city's wildest young men. At first they found amusement in the slight-looking youth playing with the foils. Then the fun changed sides and it was d'Eon who found it amusing in the fencing school. Eventually he was elected *grand prévôt* of the *salle d'armes,* which meant that even the robust respected his talents at fighting.

But law and letters proved too quiet occupation for the young man whose agile mind was harmoniously knitted to an equally agile and restless body. Tonnerre was not big enough to hold d'Eon and we find him in Paris at the court of Louis XV looking about for wider horizons in the way of a career.

His Majesty had no gifts as a statesman but was ambitious. Such a combination makes for stealth; what you can't get by fair means, if you are that kind of man, you try to get otherwise. So that behind the impressive picture of ceremonial life at a great royal court we find an equally impressive reverse pattern.

Shadowing every ambassador at the court of Louis XV, every French ambassador at other courts, every chancellor and bearer of important portfolios, there slunk a small army of spies. Valets and chambermaids, waiters and secretaries, mistresses and boon companions were in reality reporting to Louis XV everything that was whispered and done, planned and intrigued. These were merely the keyhole division of His Majesty's army of espionage.

Then he had a much smaller number of spies who *did* things. It does not take much to listen at a keyhole; but it is another story when complicated, far-reaching intrigue is the assignment. It was into a select division of "The King's Secret" that d'Eon naturally fitted, and there he found himself.

For the blend of the feminine with the masculine in him resulted in a stealth and daring which made him ideally a spy. And we find Louis XV soon making use of d'Eon's talents. The young man had written a treatise on the financial situation of France under Louis XIV. It attracted the king's notice as the work of some one he might use in his ministry of the exchequer.

But when the king saw the young man he sensed in him higher—or, according to one's point of view, lower—gifts than he had expected. So Louis XV sent the young man on a mission to Russia to accompany Chevalier Douglas. There was no trumpeting when Chevalier Douglas and d'Eon left Paris. In fact they left in secrecy.

For it was the mission of Douglas to circumvent Bestucheff, chancellor to Elizabeth, Empress of Russia, to get past him and attract the attention of the Empress to certain matters without arousing Bestucheff's slightest suspicion.

We will not go into the vast mass and mess of intrigue that prevailed at the Russian court at the time. We need only remember that England and France were plotting, each to secure Russia for itself

as its ally in war; that Bestucheff, the chancellor, was working for England; that Woronzoff, the vice-chancellor, was more interested in getting the Empress for France; and that the Empress herself was as grotesque a figure as even fiction would dare to depict.

Here was an old woman who spent hours at a time before her mirror; attended by four hundred ladies and maids of honor; an octogenarian still insane with the lusts of youth; commanding one gorgeous fête after another, dazzling with twelve hundred wax tapers to a single ballroom. We see her dancing till she literally drops in exhaustion on the polished marble floor; we see her carried in specially constructed "machines"—to-day we would call them elevators—to her chambers, where she then spends hours in frenzied prayer before her icons.

As to her decisions in matters of state, to which monarch she would ally herself politically, such issues depended on which intriguing party catered best to her senile appetites. As chancellor, Bestucheff should have had his way clear to winning the signature of the Empress to an alliance with England, a treaty which would in return for heavy payment in gold, secure for England something like 60,000 Russian soldiers to fight any enemy.

Woronzoff, the vice-chancellor, however, succeeded in foiling his chief to the extent that the Empress had not yet signed as Bestucheff wished. But any day the chancellor might succeed. Woronzoff himself, playing in stealth, dared not try to force the hand of the

Empress. He needed help from France and sent word to Louis XV to that effect.

Long before the advent of d'Eon His Majesty had sent an ambassador to turn the trick. But Bestucheff had no mean talents as spy master. So into the stately French embassy there tramped one day a squad of Russian soldiers bristling with guns and tracking mud over the silken rugs. Their commanding officer thrust a paper at the ambassador which curtly informed him that Paris would be a much more healthy place for him than Russia and that his health was in imminent danger. The ambassador protested. Whereupon the officer read to him excerpts from letters the ambassador had thought a secret between him and Louis XV. After listening to a few of his own phrases about Empress Elizabeth the ambassador stopped looking indignant and began packing.

His successor at the Russian court was therefore so carefully watched that the next attempt at getting from Russia what France wanted had to be made in a much more subtle way and through less official agents. It was on this mission that Chevalier Douglas was sent in the guise of a French merchant interested in buying Russian furs.

Accompanying him was his "niece" by the name of "Mlle. Lia de Beaumont." Soon after the two arrived in St. Petersburg men began to flock about "Mlle. de Beaumont" as men the world over flock about any figure of feminine loveliness who combines with it vivacity, flashing wit and a willingness to flirt.

For it was d'Eon's début as spy and intriguer in women's clothes. More than one court painter has tried his hand at the portrait. Under a headdress of lace we catch a glimpse of wavy silken hair powdered in the prevailing mode; smooth, round, delicately arched brows, eyes of violet, softly modeled features, a small mouth; a heavy pearl pendant is in each small ear; a narrow band of black velvet is tied daintily about a slender throat and there is the hint of a shapely bosom discreetly clad. A royal decoration is pinned over the left breast and a lacy black mantle flows from the shapely shoulders.

The tortoise-shell snuffbox which the "buyer of furs" displayed in public had a false bottom. In it was hidden a bit of paper on which in microscopic letters were written instructions and a secret code to be used by Douglas in his letters back to an inconspicuous address in Paris. Anyone finding that paper and using it as a sort of dictionary would discover that the seemingly innocent allusions in Douglas' letters to "black fox," "ermine," "lynx," and "squirrel skins" really referred to the English ambassador, the Russian court party, the Austrian ambassador; that the figure ten meant 30,000; that "muff" stood for "recall"; and so on.

His "niece" in addition to her outward attractions seemed to be a lover of reading of a rather serious kind. For she carried with her a copy of Montesquieu's "Esprit des Lois." It was a lavishly bound volume greatly admired by those who saw it. It was not gen-

erally known of course that bound up in one of the covers was an autograph letter from Louis XV inviting the Empress Elizabeth to enter in very private, very secret correspondence with the King of France on various matters.

The "buyer of furs" and his "niece" had a lavish apartment near the royal palace. One night soon after their arrival, while the two were presumably asleep, four men with a complete lack of ceremony smashed in the door, whipped out knives and rushed at the sleepers, three at Douglas, one at his "niece."

The program was apparently a quick murder of the travelers and an effective escape. But matters didn't work out quite that way. The would-be assassin of the young lady was startled to see instead a young man leap out of bed, seize a pistol that lay under the pillow and aim it. The bullet found its mark at a spot mathematically equidistant between the eyes. The man of course never lived to report what he glimpsed at the instant of his death.

But in the next room Douglas was having a difficult time in staving off three knives. A shot rang out in the next room; then into the room d'Eon dashed and with a rapier began making the visitors' sojourn there a hazardous affair.

When the police came they carried off one dead and three freely bleeding Russians. The would-be assassins should have been brought to trial of course. They were not. Word came quietly from the chancellor's office that the men were to be set free.

The "buyer of furs" found it advisable to leave Russia in some haste. It seems that the "black fox," the English ambassador, on the lookout for agents from France, had shrewdly guessed Douglas' mission, and by informing Bestucheff he appeared to have checkmated Louis XV's latest move.

But meanwhile the "niece" had won her way to Vice-Chancellor Woronzoff. Would M. Woronzoff be kind enough to present her to the Empress, pleaded the charming visitor. M. Woronzoff declared himself delighted to do so. And he brought the visitor to the Empress just as the order for d'Eon's expulsion from Russia was about to be carried out.

What took place when the aged Empress, avid with her appetites for flattery, youth and pleasure, met "Mlle. Lia de Beaumont" for the first time alone, history does not specifically reveal. What we know is that "Mlle. Lia" thenceforth became a powerful favorite with the Empress. "She" was officially appointed "lady of honor" and reader to the Empress.

From this favorable vantage point d'Eon made known to the Empress his real errand to the court of Russia. "And I am sorry to say," wrote the English Ambassador to Lord Holderness in London, "that it is impossible for the Chancellor to get Her Majesty to put her signature to the treaty which we so much desire."

D'Eon stayed on in St. Petersburg until he had accomplished several other important missions for Louis XV. When he finally had to leave for Paris

the Empress entreated him to take service under her, offering him a high commission in the imperial army. He diplomatically declined the honor; and she presented him with a snuffbox incrusted with diamonds.

In France, Louis XV was so delighted with d'Eon's work that he assigned him a yearly salary of three thousand livres and sent him on more "diplomatic missions" to Russia and other countries. In each instance d'Eon became more and more valuable to the monarch. Sometimes he worked in the garb of a woman, sometimes as a man.

Then France launched on one of her numerous wars and the man of action in d'Eon begged for a commission on the active war front. He was made aide-de-camp to the Count de Broglie. But though it was fighting that d'Eon had hoped for, he was used only in intrigue and espionage.

Chance, however, sent a bit of action his way. In a battle, Count de Guerchy, distantly related to d'Eon but as events will show in no way kindly disposed toward his kinsman, was in charge of a wing of the attack. A call was sent out for a heavy ammunition train to be brought up. In the exigency of battle an officer competent to conduct the ammunition train could not be found until d'Eon was assigned.

Maneuvering his dangerous caravan of explosives through the fiercest firing, he brought it up to Count de Guerchy and saluted. He was about to leave, as he thought his order executed.

What was the origin of the feud between these two

distant kinsmen is not clear; the important thing is that there was bad blood between the two and throughout our story it went from bad to worse. Count de Guerchy, instead of relieving Major d'Eon of his dangerous assignment, snapped:

"If you have ammunition, take it to the nearest artillery park!" And he galloped away.

Major d'Eon thereupon had to resume guiding his ammunition caravan through the battle, which he managed to do with a whole skin.

Subsequently in the fighting he got wounded in the head and in the body. But as with a broken leg he sustained earlier in his career and an attack of smallpox he survived, luck was with him and neither face nor figure showed the scars of his experiences.

Meanwhile his successes as spy and hatcher of intrigue were endearing him more and more to his monarch. For his services the king made him Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis and decreed that creditors of the chevalier were barred from troubling him for a period of six years.

This last provision was not a mere formula but as welcome to d'Eon as the decoration itself. For creditors were no small item in the chevalier's problems. He never had been an ascetic and he loved luxuries to such an extent that his purse could never keep up with him. We will see later that this gift for extravagant spending got not only him but also his monarch into trouble.

Meanwhile we find his career as spy and diplomat—

there are many who hold that at bottom the two are synonymous—rising to a climax. Louis XV sent him as secretary to the Duc de Nivernais, ambassador to England. The duke was so short in stature that some unfriendly Englishman—and there were many Englishmen unfriendly to France at that time—referred to him as "the preliminary of a man sent to negotiate the preliminary to a treaty."

The treaty Louis XV wanted with England was to keep England at peace with France until such time as he was ready to launch a successful war on England. Of course this last provision was not included in the terms suggested for the treaty. It was something Louis XV was trying to keep strictly a secret between himself and his agents.

Foremost among the agents on whom Louis XV counted for this double program of peace treaty and war planning was d'Eon, now established at the French embassy in London. Negotiations for the treaty were going on between French and English commissioners and Louis XV was having a difficult time convincing Englishmen as to how much he loved England. At this juncture Robert Wood, Under-Secretary for the English Foreign Office, happened to wander in at the French embassy for a visit and chat.

Both the Duc de Nivernais and d'Eon were, as we may well imagine, suave good company and Robert Wood was an amiable soul who enjoyed sparkling fellows. His visit to the French embassy on that occasion was just a happy thought of his while he was on

his way to some other place. He had with him a bulky portfolio full of rather important papers. But as he meant to stop only for a chat and perhaps a glass of that excellent Chablis which d'Eon had brought from his home district, Wood saw no reason for depositing his portfolio in some place of safety before making his little social call.

The French ambassador and his secretary received Wood with that charm of hospitality at which Frenchmen on occasion shine. They were really glad to see him, these emissaries of Louis XV; especially when they saw the bulky portfolio he had with him.

Between the ambassador and his secretary there passed a look. D'Eon went to a cabinet, exclaiming as he did so:

"But my dear Robert, how fortunate for you to drop in just as my long-awaited *Chablis supérieure* arrives! Do give me your opinion of it!"

Wood could not reasonably deny the request. He found the Chablis excellent. But d'Eon was greedy for more praise of his wine; and he pressed upon the visitor glass after glass. Several times Wood felt almost overwhelmed with the warmth of French diplomatic hospitality. Finally he found himself overwhelmed indeed.

Wood was one of those drinkers whom wine sends to sleep. It was not a particularly difficult problem d'Eon had set himself nor was the device he used new. But although diplomats are supposed to love the longest and most tortuous route to any given objec-

tive, d'Eon did not despise a short cut to the inside of Wood's portfolio.

Several days later when the negotiators for the treaty between England and France met, the French commissioners quoted from several important state papers whose contents were supposed to be secret to all but the British Foreign Office. The effect on the English commissioners was startling; they became exceedingly reasonable thereafter and from the conference there emanated a treaty which pleased Louis XV greatly.

He was now ready to proceed with his other plans.

Marquis Carlet de la Rozière was an eminent engineer and military tactician. He, like Count de Guerchy, was a distant relative of d'Eon. When in a war between France and Frederick the Great of Prussia the marquis was taken prisoner, the French at once offered to exchange him for any one or number of Prussian prisoners the enemy might name. But Frederick the Great declared, "As I have been lucky enough to take so distinguished an officer, I mean to keep him as long as possible."

Immediately on the conclusion of the treaty with England, Louis XV sent Marquis de la Rozière to England. The mission of the marquis was little heralded. It was to sojourn quietly along the Channel counties of England. He was to make a quiet but thorough study—and his considerable talents guaranteed that the study would be thorough—as to how a French army could best descend on England.

The arrangement was that as fast as the marquis drew maps and put his data down on paper these were to be sent to his kinsman at the French embassy in London. For while a private citizen was liable to search for incriminating papers of the kind the marquis was drawing up, the French embassy, according to international diplomatic contract, was immune from such search.

Between the marquis, d'Eon and their royal master a correspondence was kept up full of reference to "porcelain," "the advocate," "the red lion" and other expressions that seemed to sketch out a highly fanciful exchange of pleasantries that had little to do with the harsh realities of life. But to those who possessed the key, these letters said things that would have interested the English to know.

Understandably, parts of the correspondence, especially the letters coming from Louis XV, were kept as souvenirs by d'Eon. Letters from a king always have a certain autograph value. They may also have had for d'Eon a certain sentimental interest. But it would seem that still another consideration moved the chevalier.

For fast as he received the royal letters, some of them written in quite plain phraseology, the chevalier hid the precious communications away in a place known only to himself.

His caution at keeping the hiding place secret would have been approved by Louis XV. What the king would not have liked so well was the fact that d'Eon

kept the hiding place also a secret from his colleagues, the French ambassador for instance.

Meanwhile, at the court of Louis XV a certain uneasiness was developing about the amount of influence d'Eon had with the monarch. For one thing it aroused the jealousy of Madame Pompadour, the lovely and historic mistress of the king. Whether she sensed in d'Eon a rival bidder for royal influence, or whether she shrewdly foresaw that d'Eon would soon become dangerous to the monarch, she became the prime mover to clip d'Eon's soaring ambitions and demands.

For it was demands that d'Eon was now making on his king. Demands for more money; demands for more power. Partly because d'Eon deserved it and largely because the king himself was becoming somewhat uneasy about him, he made d'Eon full Ambassador to England.

This brought matters to a head. The more power and money d'Eon got, the more he squandered them. Finally his enemies at the king's court succeeded in making the monarch see things their own way. Louis XV deprived d'Eon of his important post, reduced him to the rank of secretary, and to cap it all put in his place as ambassador d'Eon's old enemy, Count de Guerchy.

At the same time he wrote him a rather remarkable letter saying among other things, "You have served me as usefully in women's clothes as in those which you now wear. Reassume women's garb at once and return to Paris."

D'Eon sat down quietly to think things out. His fall from grace and power was bad enough. But would the king be content with merely reducing him in rank? The ingratitude of princes, as courtiers know, often leads them to remove a favorite not only from the pinnacle of power, but also down to some dungeon. If d'Eon should return to France, what would happen to him? And why should he publicly wear women's clothes at the order of the king?

D'Eon decided that he was better off where he was. Furthermore, he took his dismissal from power in bad grace. He had become spoiled. The result is that we find him writing to his monarch in a vein quite unusual for a courtier. There were protests in his letters, reproaches; and what was more, increasingly bold demands for money.

In these letters he reminded the king quite bluntly of the considerable correspondence that had passed between them and the importance that the English would attach to it were the contents made public. It was true that the political party in power in England, having hatched the Treaty of Paris, did not want peace between the two countries upset. But the Opposition party in Parliament, strongly suspicious of the sincerity of Louis XV, would be glad to see written proof that their suspicions were sound. So d'Eon wrote to His Majesty,

"The leaders of the English Opposition have offered me any money I may require on condition that I deliver to them all the letters and papers in my posses-

sion. You must feel how repugnant such an expedient must be to me . . . and yet if I am completely forsaken what would you have me do? . . . And if between now and Easter Sunday I do not receive . . . reparation . . . then you must make up your mind to a war at no distant period. . . ."

It will be seen that in the letter there are none of the terms of obeisance, the polite camouflage of the language a mere subject addresses to his king. It is frankly the letter a blackmailer sends to his victim-to-be.

D'Eon had accumulated a little knowledge for the other fellow—and it had become a dangerous thing. It was not the "little knowledge" referred to in the popular saying; the danger lay not in its incompleteness; quite the contrary. Louis XV knew that if d'Eon produced the letters he had in the king's handwriting England would not wait for France to mature plans for war. So His Majesty began to worry.

He was so worried about d'Eon that when his mistress, Madame Pompadour, died he said at her funeral, "She won't have the best of weather for her journey." Not even the dead, the king was saying, would be comfortable in the storm that would break if d'Eon meant to carry out his threat.

When a king begins to worry as to what a subject will do to him, that subject may find that he too has something to worry about. But d'Eon was confident he had nothing to fear. So that when he received from the new French minister, de Guerchy, an invitation to

dine at the embassy, d'Eon took it to mean that the king was courting him. He went there carried in the sumptuous litter that was his choice of locomotion to an affair of state.

At the dinner de Guerchy, wearing a mask of suave hospitality, played the perfect host and the wine that flowed was of the rarest. D'Eon wore his own mask of courtliness as guest and paid sincere compliments to the wine. Neither man, of course, was deceived by the mask the other wore.

But of the two it was d'Eon who proved the more gullible. Toward the end of the dinner he began to feel unaccountably drowsy. He tried black coffee, but he could not shake off his torpor. He excused himself and was graciously escorted to the door by the ambassador himself, who kept him in talk.

D'Eon, who could scarcely keep his eyes open, had a vague feeling that the men who came up with his chair to take him home were not his own men. But he climbed into the chair and there dropped off into heavy sleep.

It takes a strong dose of opium to paralyze completely so active a mind as d'Eon's. Whether or not de Guerchy's servant, Chazal, had been stupid in not putting enough opium in d'Eon's wine, the fact remains that as d'Eon was carried along in his chair he gradually regained consciousness.

He looked through the curtains and found that he was not being taken in the direction of his lodgings. He looked again and failed to recognize the hard-faced

chair carriers. He swept the curtains aside. He drew a deep breath of chill London night air that cleared the fog in his brain. Then he rapped for his carriers to halt.

They seemed to be deaf. D'Eon abruptly stepped out of his chair and confronted his carriers. They dropped their burden and made for him. The situation did not last long for d'Eon had his dress sword in his hand. He did not even trouble to use it as a sword, but laid about with the flat of it much as if it were a riding crop. The carriers faded into the night leaving the chair lying on its side in the gutter.

D'Eon proceeded on foot to his lodgings. He tried to let himself in with his key and found there was something the matter with the lock. He roused the house porter who admitted him.

The next day a locksmith was sent for to repair the misbehaving lock. Something made d'Eon suspicious of the man and he covertly watched him. He discovered that the man was secretly taking a wax impression of the lock.

Then d'Eon realized that Louis XV was not only worrying about him, but decidedly trying to do something in the matter. And it became clear that d'Eon would himself have to do some worrying.

His suspicions were confirmed when he discovered that M. L'Escallier, secretary to de Guerchy, had taken lodgings directly over his rooms. D'Eon quietly spied on L'Escallier.

One night inside the chimney in d'Eon's room he

heard queer sounds—knocks, grunts, scraping. Characteristically instead of fleeing from the room and summoning help, d'Eon took up a candle in one hand, a rapier in the other and advanced to the chimney.

He spied a leg and seizing it pulled its owner from the chimney into the room. It was a soot-covered chimney sweep, badly frightened. It didn't take much persuasion to get his story out of him. He had been hired by L'Escallier to make queer noises in the chimney of d'Eon's room; he did not know why.

D'Eon guessed. L'Escallier expected that d'Eon would summon the porter to investigate the noises. The porter would come—and find no noises to investigate. If this kept up night after night, that porter would then become a valid witness in any attempt to have d'Eon declared a lunatic.

It seemed of a piece with Louis XV's order to him to return to France dressed as a woman; the masquerade would be offered as proof of unsoundness of mind. And once a man was declared insane he could be confined where he could do little harm to anyone but himself.

M. L'Escallier's little plot did not work, as we have seen. But d'Eon knew better than to think this failure was the end of the business. So again he went about characteristically to fortify himself against the king's campaign to remove him.

First he rented a house on Brewer Street. He put masons and bricklayers to work on what looked like a wine cellar. The workmen were puzzled at the

peculiar construction he set them to do; they did not know just what he was trying to build; and d'Eon did not take the trouble to inform them.

Then he wrote to France to half a dozen dragoons who had served under him in the war, men who had a feudal loyalty for their old master. He invited them to come to London to enter his employ and offered generous wages.

They came, a squad of brawny veterans. Also in the alehouses of London several deserters from the French army were recruited. D'Eon organized and drilled his little private force.

Then he proceeded to convert his house into an arsenal. He placed kegs of gunpowder under every staircase, and in every room. Night and day his little army took turns at sentry-go, every man armed to the teeth. In d'Eon's own room four brace of pistols, two guns and a variety of sabers were near to hand. In addition a red-hot poker rested on the coals in the fireplace night and day. And lamps burned always in the corridors.

His instructions to his little army were,

"If anyone sent by the king to get me gains admission to the house, let him go up. Then you close in from behind and cut off the retreat. I will take care of him from in front. But if I should be worsted and in danger of being taken I will call out a signal to you. When you hear it—fly for your lives! For I shall then fire my magazine and blow His Majesty's servant and myself to eternity!"

And a visitor came soon enough. He was a powerfully built fellow who brushed the porter at the door aside and strode into the little garden where d'Eon was taking his ease.

"My name is Treyssac de Vergy!" he announced. "I'm a loyal subject of France and you are a filthy little ——."

D'Eon had heard of de Vergy as a professional brawler and duelist. It wasn't hard to guess his mission there, to provoke d'Eon. But d'Eon blandly interrupted him.

"How friendly of you, my dear compatriot, to pay me a little visit!" he said, rising. "In return may I treat you to a little exhibition of vanity with which I was about to indulge myself?"

On the garden table next to him lay a pistol and a saber. Without preliminary tuning up d'Eon caught up the pistol.

"Do you see that little rust spot on the gate post?" he said, and fired.

The spot was fifteen paces away and no larger than a small coin. Now it was neatly spattered with lead.

"And do you like sword play?" he asked, catching up his rapier. Without waiting for reply the former champion of the Tonnerre *salle d'armes* made passes all about de Vergy's body, missing him at each thrust by a mere fraction of an inch. But de Vergy did not mistake the significance of the exhibition.

The man he had come to provoke to a duel and to kill was actually being kind to him. He had warned

him in time. De Vergy could not compete with such skill and he left the house without another word.

Soon after this d'Eon received a letter from Louis XV promising money and breathing a spirit of amity. But the money promise was exceedingly vague and the protestation of friendship had a dubious ring to it. "Come back to France," the letter said in effect. "Though I may appear displeased with you it is only to throw your enemies off their guard. In reality I am your friend. In England you are exposed to plots. Here in France you may have my protection."

D'Eon only increased his vigilance against his "friend"—and sent a more peremptory demand for "reparation."

As a bit of underscoring to his demand, d'Eon caused to be published one or two short notes from the king to him. They served as appetizers to the Opposition party in England. The notes did not so much furnish substantial meat, but they awoke a sharp appetite on the part of the Opposition for more. The same *hors d'œuvres* did not in the least help Louis XV's appetite.

Two attempts to kidnap d'Eon followed in rapid succession, once in the street, and again on the Thames. D'Eon then realized that he could not count on unceasing good luck. A third, a fifth attempt to kidnap him might prove successful. He must discourage any further essays in that direction.

Up to then as a spy he had had a spy's shrinking from publicity. Now d'Eon began to court it; and

with his talent for theatricals he courted both picturesquely and successfully.

He was walking along one of the principal thoroughfares in London one afternoon when a number of men jumped out of a carriage and threw themselves upon him. The street was crowded at the time and the passers-by were treated to a bit of melodrama.

"King Louis' men are trying to kidnap me, Chevalier d'Eon!" he cried.

Then he laid about him with his rapier so fiercely that, although none of the attacking party were wounded, they were compelled to yield. And at his cry a party of his bodyguard rushed forward. In a matter of seconds the enemy was routed, though no one was captured.

The attempt raised a commotion all over London and served to make the matter almost a national issue.

The members of the Opposition party knew that Louis XV wanted d'Eon out of his way so that proof of his intended treachery toward England should not be forthcoming. If King Louis of France wanted d'Eon removed, it was to the interest of every loyal Englishman, argued the Opposition, to see that d'Eon did not come to harm.

Whereupon d'Eon found himself guarded and protected by a large section of the British public—which was, of course, his purpose in staking this latest "attempt at kidnaping."

The worried monarch then decided to see what legal weapons could do against the blackmailer. He charged

d'Eon with criminal libel and asked for his extradition. Ordinarily when the head of a foreign state brings such a suit against one of his own subjects abroad, in addition to the outward legal action there is an effective amount of quiet unofficial pressure brought to bear behind the scenes. In this case the same "aid to justice" was tactfully attempted.

But the atmosphere in the two countries was heavily charged with that tension which breeds war; and no judge in England dared deliver d'Eon to the king. The extradition was denied; on some polite technicality of course, for until war had been actually declared a certain façade of politeness had to be kept up.

Then the action for libel was brought into English courts. To help turn English sympathies against d'Eon, de Guerchy hired a pamphleteer to write a villainous screed against Chevalier d'Eon. Prominent among the insinuations and direct charges against the Chevalier was that d'Eon was actually either a woman in the guise of a man, or a degenerate male who loved to masquerade as a woman. To bolster up the charge the pamphlet told the story of the Chevalier's mission to Russia.

It was shrewdly calculated, that pamphlet, to alienate from d'Eon the sympathies of a virile race. It succeeded to the extent that the question of sex in the pamphlet created a sensation all over the country and everybody looked at d'Eon with renewed interest.

D'Eon returned the scrutiny in his own fashion. He sent out one of his spies to look up the pamphleteer's

favorite route for his daily stroll. One sunny Sunday morning when Green Park was full of promenaders d'Eon, dressed as a very Beau Brummell of cavaliers, appeared on the scene. Swooping into the crowd he seized the pamphleteer by the scruff of the neck and dragged him into the roadway.

The scene was admirably staged; the audience was ample and interested; and the chevalier was no mean hand at theatricals. He held on to the Englishman's collar with one hand while with the other he brandished a whip as he addressed his audience.

"This is the creature who casts doubt on my sex!" he exclaimed. "Here is my answer!"

It was as thorough a horsewhipping as was ever administered in public.

We can be sure that the scene did not lack comment throughout London. The simpler minded found in the action a sufficient retort to the charge that d'Eon was either a woman or effeminate. But the cleverer gossips made much of the fact that in his one dramatic speech in the scene d'Eon did not specifically declare which he was, man or woman.

D'Eon himself, however, did a little gossiping to the effect that the reason he had only horsewhipped the pamphleteer instead of running him through with a sword was that the fellow had acted only on the orders of de Guerchy, a charge the more readily accepted because it was undoubtedly true.

When the French king's libel action against d'Eon came up in the English courts both the Government

party and the Opposition, each backed by a full half of the British public, had to be satisfied. The party in power had to maintain the aspect of peace with France; and since d'Eon had really accused Louis XV of treachery toward England a verdict was returned against d'Eon as guilty.

But a little bird whispered in the chevalier's ear to take a trip into charming English hunting country for a while. He neglected to leave his address, although his London quarters were still maintained. Louis XV was informed with many official expressions of regret that since the Chevalier d'Eon had "disappeared" according to English law he could not be sentenced until he was present in court to hear the sentence.

De Guerchy's dissatisfaction was further increased by another stroke of d'Eon's. The chevalier was still reluctant to throw away a winning hand by giving up the king's letters to the English. He knew a better course. He now quietly sent word to Treyssac de Vergy, the brawler who had been sent to provoke a duel with d'Eon.

"I'll double whatever Guerchy pays you if you serve me."

Gold enlisted de Vergy on the side of d'Eon. He wrote out a confession that de Guerchy had hired him to provoke a duel with d'Eon in the hope that the chevalier would thus be put out of the way.

On the basis of this confession d'Eon now brought suit against the French ambassador. For although d'Eon had returned to London, those whose business

it was to hale him to court for sentence seemed too preoccupied with other matters to attend to him.

Again, this time in d'Eon's action against de Guerchy, both sides of public opinion had to be placated. De Guerchy was found guilty of libel and conspiracy against d'Eon. Thus the growing body of anti-French sentiment was catered to. But as de Guerchy was Ambassador of France he was entitled to diplomatic immunity from punishment by an English court.

Public sentiment, however, against de Guerchy and Louis XV was so strong that the diplomatic solution did not satisfy the man in the street. He began to forgather with his fellows on street corners. The growl of the mob arose.

This d'Eon found excellent. The situation needed only a touch of the match. He did his best.

His spies had been shadowing every one of de Guerchy's retinue. Among the reports brought was one on Chazal, de Guerchy's servant who had put the opium in d'Eon's wine on the occasion of the dinner at the French embassy.

The report was that Chazal had married an English girl and that she was about to give birth to a baby. To less gifted intriguers than d'Eon that report would offer little of promise. D'Eon found it promising.

A few evenings later Chazal, little dreaming of trouble to himself though he knew his masters were agitated, was walking along the street when from the mouth of an alley four men jumped at him. They

seemed bent on his destruction and he caught a glimpse of a knife or two in the fracas that followed.

He fled, his clothes in shreds and his face and body covered with bruises. He was badly shaken in nerves, but he put the matter down to an attempt at robbery such as is likely to happen to anyone.

A few days later, however, as he was passing a house that was being demolished a brick sailed past his head so closely that he was shocked. Was it accident?

In the days that ensued he had again and again occasion to ask himself whether he was being pursued by accident or by design. For about him there began a sort of play of death; more attacks in the dark; more missiles that barely missed him; furiously driven carriages that almost ran him down; quarrels forced upon him by brawny strangers.

Finally a pistol shot fired from the shadows of his own courtyard one night clipped a piece out of his hat. It was too much for Chazal. He fled into the street and did not stop hurrying until he got to the English Channel and was safely on a sloop bound for France.

He had not stopped to let his English wife know his address. And before he could get in touch with her, d'Eon saw to it that a story had got abroad based on Chazal's flight. It seemed now that Chazal in addition to being a poisoner was a base betrayer. He had wooed and won a simple-hearted English maiden and to accomplish her ruin had gone through the farce of marrying her. But now that she was about to become a mother the scoundrel had fled to France, where, of

course, he would be protected by the French king. It was an affront to British manhood and womanhood.

It was all that the mob needed, this story, to get moving. They congregated again on street corners and raged against Chazal; against the French ambassador; against the King of France; against that "nation of seducers," the French.

Fists pounded on palms as accusation after accusation fed the argument. Then when the verdict became unanimous brickbats were gathered and the mob turned their faces in the direction of the French embassy.

De Guerchy and his staff had heard ominous growling everywhere they showed themselves. But this night they heard it approaching the embassy, many-throated, hoarse with mob rage, coming on the run.

Doors and gates were barely secured before the street overflowed with a torrent of humanity. The flame and smoke of tossing torches lit up faces as angry as the flames themselves.

Now came the crash of stones against doors and window blinds; the splintering of glass; blows of a battering ram against oak portals. Through windows smashed by missiles came the clamor of the mob. One of the many torches hurtled into a room and, though extinguished, sent the reek of burning through the embassy.

It was not the fault of the mob if nothing more happened. A detachment of soldiers arrived on the double-quick and the mob melted before their per-

suasion. But orders had been given the soldiers to hurt no one and the mob scattered none the worse for its adventure.

That mob, however, settled the business as far as Louis XV and Chevalier d'Eon were concerned. On receiving news of the attack on the embassy His Majesty, the King of France, did two things.

He recalled de Guerchy as ambassador, sending in his place Durand, a friend of d'Eon's.

And he announced to the world that "as reward to Chevalier d'Eon for services in Russia as well as in my armies and for executing other commissions, I am pleased to bestow on him a pension of twelve thousand livres a year for the duration of his life."

A private communication from His Majesty to d'Eon asked him to serve as "confidential adviser" on the movements of the Opposition party in England.

Evidently the relation between the two rapidly became an agreeable one for we find frequent letters from the king to d'Eon expressing himself as "well pleased" with his work and declaring that the chevalier was "an instrument useful to his country."

On his part d'Eon received his old friend Durand with open arms and one evening soon after his arrival he invited Durand to his specially constructed wine cellar in the Brewer Street house.

The two friends went down there and d'Eon locked the door. Then removing from their places several cobwebby bottles of wine he began thumping at a brick in the wall.

The brick offered little resistance and was easily taken out. D'Eon put his hand into the opening thus made and took out what looked like a tile made also of brick.

This he handed to Durand. "His Majesty will be glad to get this," he said softly. "Don't handle it too roughly. The clay is not well baked and paper tears easily."

When Louis XV received the plain-looking tile and broke it open he found that characteristically d'Eon had withheld a few of the most incriminating letters. It may have been an oversight on the chevalier's part; or it may have been a bit of insurance against any lapse in the regular arrival of the "reward for services in Russia."

This ends our story of d'Eon so far as blackmail goes. The "reward" kept coming regularly. Then war, the death of Louis XV, the French Revolution, and other world-shaking events upset the arrangements.

But Chevalier d'Eon was again a sensation in England, not, however, in relation to Louis XV. For England was in the grip of an epidemic of betting. Bets were made on how much this man could eat; when that one would die; when an epileptic would have his next fit; how soon the next earthquake would come in this or that part of the world; when Vesuvius would erupt.

But the most popular bet was whether Chevalier d'Eon was a man, or was a woman. For d'Eon had

taken to appearing in public in woman's dress. And the sensation thus created was meat and drink to the rage for gambling. Half England, as I have said, was betting the other half on the question. Insurance policies were issued based on the dispute. A legal action was instituted by one better against another to collect money staked in the same wager. A court decision, therefore, depended on d'Eon's real sex.

And d'Eon continued to keep up the mystery.

At one time he offered to serve the navy of France as an officer. Then on another occasion, at the age of 59, encumbered by woman's dress, he met and defeated in a fencing bout the Chevalier St. George, a French champion, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a distinguished audience.

Again he offered to serve in the French Revolution as a fighting man. But when his offer was rejected he tried to enter "as a nun" several convents wherein "to end his days."

The curtain came down on his career in his eightieth year when he died in poverty, a peaked old gentleman with a red nose about whom no more mystery remained, other than the mystery we enter upon at death.

NAPOLEON'S SPY

Down the corridors of time reverberates the conquering march of Napoleon, greatest war lord in history; no one's story is so full of the scream of imperial eagles, the crash of thrones, the thunder of battle and the fanfare of trumpets. Much more softly, as one may expect, goes the story of Napoleon's chief of spies, Karl Schulmeister. He slinks in and out of the gorgeous pageant of his master's triumphs; mostly just a little ahead in time and place of some of Napoleon's victories. But history is beginning to find out how many of these triumphs of the conqueror were helped by the cunning, intrigue and brazenness of Napoleon's chief spy, who in the camps of the enemy laid the ground for the "Little Corporal's" advance and thereby made one of the most absorbing stories in the annals of espionage.

The spy was born in Alsace when his future master was about a year old; but their paths of life began widely apart and were not to meet until Schulmeister was forty-five. But then Schulmeister's genius for spying—it is the only title Napoleon conceded him—had already contributed much to our story. One does not inherit genius; but let us look a little at his forbears to see if their story casts any light on him.

His grandfather—it is Schulmeister himself who told this—was a Hungarian nobleman by the name of Biersky who had to leave his native country rather in haste because of a duel in which he took part. It was not the duel that was responsible so much as the manner in which Biersky stabbed his opponent. It appears that in addition to his cleverness at fencing Biersky was unhampered by delicacy of scruples, and although the combination enabled him to win that particular "field of honor," he fled from the country without waiting for applause.

He fled to Alsace, that shuttlecock province which has passed and repassed between France and Germany until its people can truly say they have two mother tongues. Here young Biersky became assistant to a school-teacher and quite simply called himself by the name of his master's profession, Schulmeister.

He settled down to respectability, married and prepared one of his sons for the ministry. It is to this son that was born one day a little red-headed deep-chested youngster, Karl, our so-to-speak hero.

It is a legend that ministers' sons become limbs of Satan and young Karl seemed to prove the rule. By the time he was twelve he was not only the terror of the neighborhood, but also a leader of a band of young terrors. They broke windows for sport, plundered orchards from gluttony and soon began to steal for the sake of booty.

Finally the town arose in wrath and many a paternal boot kicked young Schulmeister's followers back into

paths of respectability. Not so with Karl. He gave parents and neighbors as good as he got, scowl for scowl, word for word, blow for blow. And looking himself over he decided that he was too lively a fellow to enjoy the strait and narrow path.

Though he was rather short, he had a body that went with that powerful chest of his. If necessary, he decided, he would use his brawn to achieve his ends. But he had something much more effective than brawn.

It was a brain that enjoyed the duel of wits, and no scruples troubled him as to how he got the best of his enemies. He could lie like a master and his face never belied him. It was, in fact, a face remarkable for its ability to look one rôle one moment and an altogether different one the next. We shall see instances of it.

Smuggling between France and Germany across the Rhine was then an exciting, lucrative business for anyone who did not know the meaning of fear and did know tricks. It sounded a clear call to the seventeen-year-old Karl Schulmeister and he answered it. He got himself a rowboat, a shotgun and looked up one of the most notorious smugglers in the region.

Kurtz, the smuggler, had qualities for leadership in his line; he had craft, courage and ruthlessness. He cheated the customs, of course; but he also cheated his customers, those to whom he sold and those of whom he bought. Since the latter were smugglers themselves it took considerable courage on his part to "get away" with the business. And his business thrived.

When Karl came to him to sell the first boatload of goods he had smuggled across the Rhine, Kurtz did not bargain.

"Throw your stuff into the storehouse," he said to Karl.

Karl with the romanticism of youth assumed that the big smuggler meant to start the novice with a gesture of generosity. But when he saw the amount Kurtz threw on the table the youngster's face turned as fiery as his hair. So did his language.

Whereupon Kurtz felled the youth with his hamlike fist and Karl passed into temporary oblivion. When he recovered consciousness Kurtz said to him, "Hereafter keep a civil tongue in your head and be industrious in your work for me—otherwise you'll hear from the customs officers!"

Karl in the heat of his youth was tempted to tackle Kurtz. But brain whispered to brawn and the youth went away.

Karl resumed his smuggling, but sold no more goods to Kurtz. Indeed he took every occasion to let it be known that he hated Kurtz sincerely and would do no business with him; and since this was true Karl had no difficulty in getting that fact widely accepted.

Not long after that, one sleety night Karl was out on the river rowing a boatful of smuggled silks to a point on the marshy shore. He was fairly certain a much-hated customs guard was lying in wait at that point for just such gentry as Karl. The guard had

taken more than one pot-shot at Karl and the youth bore him little love for that.

The bow of his boat had just dug into the mud of the marshy bank when from the dark a man jumped out at the young smuggler. Karl was ready for him. He fired his gun full in the man's face. The guard crumpled over the bow of the boat and hung there.

It says much for the coolness of the youth's nerves and the coldness of his heart that at this moment of murder his mind worked smoothly in the grooves which he had prepared for the situation.

He unloaded his boat, all but one bolt of silk over which lay the dead customs officer. The rest of his goods Karl took up to Kurtz, the big smuggler.

Kurtz smiled grimly. "So you're back, eh? I was just about to look for you, I missed you so much."

Karl knew what that meant. Kurtz had a way of betraying to customs guards those smugglers who persisted in refusing to do business with him.

"Oh, I know, I know!" Karl replied with all the appearance of sincere fear of Kurtz. "What will you give me for this silk?"

"Throw it in the storehouse!" Kurtz said as usual.

This time Karl put up a stiff argument and Kurtz had to beat him up again before the young man took the beggarly price and went away.

He went away not only from Kurtz but also from that part of the country without furnishing any forwarding address.

Meanwhile the murdered customs guard was found.

A hunt for the slayer followed, the chief clew being the bolt of blood-covered silk in the rowboat. A merchant was discovered who had several bolts of the same kind of silk. To save himself from the charge of murder he had to reveal to the police from whom he had bought the goods. It was Kurtz.

And Kurtz swung for the murder on the rope which Karl had planned for him.

At a safe interval after the hanging Karl returned to his home town of Neu-Freistett. He told a story difficult to resist. He had gone roaming, sown his wild oats, and come to see the error of his ways and was ready to settle down to a quiet, respectable life. His really respectable parents rejoiced and helped him to set up in business.

Karl chose to open a provision shop and later a junk shop, both dull enough occupations to carry with them the stamp of respectability. And as if to reward his newly acquired goodness prosperity came to him. Also he married an Alsatian girl by the name of Unger. Respectable indeed was the outward aspect of the young man.

He had brought back with him a dog, a fat shapeless unkempt black poodle, which was about as queer-looking a beast as was ever seen. He seemed bloated and apparently had never been clipped in his life, for never was a pelt so hairy. People wondered why Schulmeister tolerated the beast and chaffed him about it. But Karl told a sentimental story of how he had found the dog almost dead on a pile of garbage and

had nursed him back to health with the result that the dog showed the most touching devotion to him.

True it was that the poodle was close to Karl much of the time—especially whenever the man went on one of his frequent strolls into the country in the dead of night. Schulmeister's neighbors would have been interested to witness what took place in the privacy of his home every time man and dog returned from one of their nocturnal strolls.

On such occasions Schulmeister was in the habit of giving his "unkempt" dog a warm bath—with astonishing results. As the water got in its work the dog not only lost the grime of his walk, but also most of his pelt and shape. Under the coat of poodle hair stuck on with glue there was revealed layer after layer of smuggled articles of considerable variety.

When stripped to his genuine self the dog turned out to be not a poodle, but one of those undersized *Pinschers* some people crave as pets.

But the times were too stirring with history in the making for Schulmeister to remain quietly in his provision and junk shops, supplemented though they were by smuggling. Napoleon's tramp of triumph had begun and his great career was like the bugle call to every ambitious spirit, to every adventurer and careerist. They saw washerwomen made duchesses just because once they had been kind to Napoleon; untutored soldiers became marshals; politicians were named premiers; it paid to follow in the train of the Man of Destiny.

Napoleon's Spy

Colonel Savary, later made Duc de Rovigo, was on a mission to Alsace for Napoleon. Here he became friends with the Alsatian smuggler, Schulmeister. Whether he had a share in Schulmeister's prosperous business is not clear; but he knew all about the man and his talents.

Savary was given by Napoleon a bit of work to do that was not calculated to excite anyone's enthusiasm or admiration. Outside of France lived the members of the royal family, the aristocracy and their followers, at least such of them as the Revolution had not guillotined before they could escape from France. These royalists naturally dreamed of a return to their own; and some of them did more than dream; they plotted. Napoleon determined to discourage that sort of thing by striking terror into the hearts of all royalists.

Just over the French frontier in the Duchy of Baden a young man of thirty-two was living quietly, content to let well enough alone even though he was the Duc d'Enghien, member of the deposed Bourbon dynasty. Napoleon sent Colonel Savary secret word that the young Duc was to be captured and executed.

Colonel Savary did not relish the job; but bethought himself of one who could both do it and not mind it. He sent for Schulmeister. The smuggler heard the trumpet call to advancement and followed it.

In Strassburg lived a buxom young woman for whom the young Duc d'Enghien felt more than passing tenderness. To visit her he was willing to incur some risk. She lived alone, which made it easier for Schul-

meister to carry out the mission which Napoleon had given to Savary and Savary had passed on to him.

One night while this young woman was soundly sleeping three men broke into her room, gagged her and carried her off across the French border. Outside of Belfort they kept her prisoner.

Under the forceful "persuasion" of Schulmeister the young woman wrote a letter at his dictation. It was addressed to the Duc d'Enghien and told him that she had been arrested by minor French police on the suspicion of being inimical to Napoleon. The letter said that she was being detained at Ettenheim. She was sure, the letter said, that unless something intervened to save her she would be executed. But her captors hinted broadly to her that a little money would have the proper effect. Would not the Duc come and save her from a terrible fate?

The Duc scraped together all the money he could get and with two attendants left his house one midnight and stole across the border into France.

The letter had hinted that if he came to Lorrach he would be met by those who were interested in receiving the bribes. When therefore three men came out of the shadow of a cottage on the French side of the border and softly asked if he were the Duc, he said yes.

He was asked to get into a coach with them and after some hesitation did so.

Instead of being driven to where he could free his mistress, the Duc found himself a prisoner in Strass-

burg. From there he was taken to Vincennes, where he was tried on the charge of attempted murder by Napoleon.

That trial would bear little scrutiny by fair-minded jurists. But Napoleon had spoken and justice was a matter of secondary consideration, as it usually is when power speaks.

In the dim dawn of the day following the trial jailers came into the cell of the young Duc and took him out into the courtyard of the prison. They stood him up against a stone wall. The officer in command of a squad of soldiers peered through the murk of the early morning.

"I can barely make him out," the officer said testily. From a jailer he took a lantern and striding over to the young Duc he thrust it into his hand. "Hold that up!" he ordered.

The young man held up the lantern so that its light fell on his face and chest—and the firing squad found its target.

Part of Schulmeister's reward was something like thirty thousand dollars in cash. Part of it was to be an introduction to Napoleon.

Savary did not bring Schulmeister personally to Napoleon. But he said, "I am sending you, Sire, a man who is all brain and no heart."

Schulmeister presented himself at court and after waiting nearly an hour was told to enter the chamber where the great man awaited him alone. Napoleon saw before him a man of about fifty-five, with iron-

gray hair and the kind of face one does not remember ten minutes after one has seen it.

"I am Schulmeister, Sire!" said the visitor in a colorless voice that went with the rest of the man's appearance.

Napoleon was far from being impressed.

"Who besides Savary vouches for your ability to serve me?" Napoleon demanded.

"I do, Sire!"

Napoleon stared at such assurance coming from so mediocre a character.

"Not enough!"

And with the short characteristic gesture of dismissal which had sealed many a man's fate, Napoleon turned on his heel and went into an inner room.

Several minutes later he thought of something he wanted in the room he had just left and went back to it. He was startled to see a stranger there. The man had flamboyant red hair, cold piercing blue eyes, and the general air of a man who knew his own worth and found it considerable.

"Who are you, and how dare you enter without permission?" Napoleon demanded.

"Forgive me, Sire, but I am still Schulmeister!" the man said.

Napoleon walked up to him and stared at the red hair in which, now that he was close, he still saw touches of gray powder. He pondered the man's face. Yes, now that he scrutinized the features he partly recognized him. But so astonishing had been the

change in expression that he, Napoleon, shrewd reader of men, had been fooled like the veriest schoolboy.

Thereafter Schulmeister took his orders directly from Napoleon.

The little great man loved to play chess. Sometimes it was with chessmen of wood; but that was in his moments of relaxation. The chessboard that engrossed most of his waking hours was marked off into countries and the lines of demarcation were being daily changed by Napoleon himself. He handled kings and queens, knights, bishops and castles with as little regard for them as for the millions of pawns that moved at his command. He made the rules of the game, he changed them at need and at the time Schulmeister came to his hand was winning practically every game he started.

His most dangerous opponent was England. He looked over his chessboard and saw that in back of England was Ireland with its ancient grudge against its overlords in London.

He called for Schulmeister. "Go to Ireland and report to me how I can count on the Irish. Then go to England and survey a landing there for me."

There is little record of Schulmeister's mission across the Channel. But Napoleon must have found Schulmeister highly satisfactory for we next hear of the spy on the eve of what history has made familiar as the great Austerlitz campaign.

Most generals would be satisfied if they knew how many men and guns the enemy had and where they

were placed. For Napoleon such information was incomplete. He knew that given the same number of chessmen and the same position a champion would do much more than a novice. It was important to know therefore what kind of mind the opponent had, its limitations as well as its strength, the stable elements in the man's make-up as well as the pranks human nature so often plays startlingly out of character.

Napoleon already knew his current opponent, the Austrian Field-Marshal Mack. His next move was to assign Schulmeister to play Napoleon's game for him on Marshal Mack's own side of the board, at his very elbow, literally so.

In the no-man's-land between the French and the Austrian armies there took place one morning soon after a familiar enough scene. A French patrol escorted a man to the outpost of their camp and booted him out. The Austrians on the other side received the man and the sentries questioned him.

The man spoke perfect German. He told them he was a Hungarian; that the French suspected him of spying; the only reason they did not shoot him was that they had no real evidence; so they kicked him out.

"But I must say they did no more than justice," he laughed. "Because if they had shot me not even St. Peter would have blamed them."

"You mean you really spied on them?" asked the sentry.

The man drew himself up with quiet pride. "I'm

a Hungarian. My country is at war with the French. Since I found myself in the enemy camp, with freedom to roam everywhere, why shouldn't I use my eyes, ears and what intelligence I have on behalf of my country?"

"Well, what did you learn over there?" carelessly asked the sergeant.

Schulmeister began to tell him. He had not gone far before the sergeant realized that his limited military experience could not assimilate all the wealth of expert information that was being poured out on him. The sergeant passed Schulmeister on to a lieutenant. The lieutenant too found himself swamped and brought Schulmeister to his captain.

The captain listened and took the newcomer still higher up. "This seems to be a case for the General Staff," he said to his superior.

The General Staff was at the Great Headquarters in Vienna. There it was that Schulmeister was finally brought to Field-Marshal Mack himself and to him he told some of the things he knew.

"Highly interesting—if true," was Mack's reaction.

Spies were sent out to check up Schulmeister's detailed report of conditions in Napoleon's camp; what was brewing in Paris; what France as a whole was in the mood to do; what the English were planning. Schulmeister told the spies where they could find confirmation of his statements.

The spies came back with their reports. They had had a gratifyingly easy time in the French camp and

what they gathered there checked up perfectly with the information Schulmeister had brought.

Field-Marshal Mack was elated. "I wish I could get more of the same kind of wares," he said, beaming on Schulmeister.

"General, you can have more if you wish," Schulmeister said eagerly. "I don't dare go back myself—at least not until they forget my face. But I'm not the only patriot who has used his eyes in the enemy's camp and I know a dozen men, each in a key position, with whom I can get in touch and who will keep sending me reports if you say the word."

Marshal Mack felt he had nothing to lose by saying the word. Thus almost immediately Schulmeister became recognized as part of the espionage organization of the Austrian army.

He was given a small staff of couriers who at his detailed instruction got in touch with his "key men" in France and information began to flow from Paris, from the Channel coast, from the north and the south of France, from Napoleon's very camp.

Part of this excellent service consisted of almost daily deliveries of a comprehensive French newspaper. In its columns Marshal Mack read not only highly gratifying news, but also confirmation of his increasing conviction that in Schulmeister Fortune had sent him a golden gift.

For what Schulmeister forecast as a probability on a Monday Marshal Mack read later in the French paper that now came with such happy regularity.

Clearly the man was a genius. And it was the part of wisdom to make full use of a genius.

Schulmeister was given more and more men for his work; the more men he got the more he justified further promotion; until we behold him occupying no less a rank than chief of the secret service of the Austrian army!

Meanwhile life for him in the capital of Austria was increasingly pleasant. He was a rising celebrity. All Vienna opened its doors to him. The leading dancing teacher taught him to waltz. The prettiest women—and how well Viennese women maintain their fame for looks and charm!—were his partners in the dance and between dances. Fashionable clubs were his. Even royalty was gracious.

And Schulmeister seemed to earn it all. For his spies sent to Vienna a climax to the good news that had been coming through Schulmeister in secret code, later to be confirmed with his daily French newspaper.

France, it seems, was highly dissatisfied with Napoleon. Bits of revolt had broken out, according to these reports and newspapers, in Channel ports, in the south of France, and finally a blood bath had to be used in Paris to quench the spreading sparks. Now they were breaking out again, these sparks, this time a mounting fire.

And taking advantage of this the English had landed on the French coast!

Marshal Mack hurried to the battle-front. Sure enough, Napoleon's camp was folding its tents for retreat.

The moment of destiny had arrived, Mack decided. Now for revenge on the French for the beating they had given him years before! Now for the blow that should smash the Corsican upstart who had dared to play with thrones and dynasties as if kings and queens were indeed but pieces on a chessboard.

Mack had kept his army of 30,000 men cooped up in the city of Ulm, for protection until he should dare use them in the open. Now the city gates are flung wide and out after Napoleon's retreating men hurry the Austrian army.

Suddenly something unexpected happens. Instead of presenting only backs to be shot the enemy turns sharply on its heel. And apparently out of thin air still more enemy armies appear on the Austrian flanks, to the left, to the right—and behind.

The Austrians are surrounded by brilliant satellites of Napoleon: Soult, Ney, Murat, Lannes and others. What has become of the revolution at Napoleon's back, of the English landed on his coasts?

Mack has no time to inquire. For Napoleon from every side of his famous "necklace" is pointing cannon at Mack with the ultimatum, "Surrender or perish!" It is no mere bluff, Mack realizes.

He surrenders.

Paris goes mad not with revolution, but with acclaim of its great idol, Napoleon. Even the coast on which the English were supposed to have landed, celebrates. And the newspapers—not the few copies that had been especially printed in strictly limited editions for Marshal Mack's perusal—now read quite differently from

those whose manufactured pages had built up such hopes in the hearts of the Austrian General Staff.

One would think that Schulmeister would find this a convenient time to leave his Austrian friends. It appears, however, this was not Schulmeister's way. There was still work for him to do in the Austrian camp and he stayed. Naturally there were cold inquisitorial eyes turned upon him and he was invited pointedly to explain things.

It took masterly lying, superb acting and unparalleled audacity for him to meet the situation. It is a pity that there was neither phonograph nor motion picture to record the session in which Schulmeister faced Marshal Mack and his staff after the Austerlitz debacle. What he told the Austrians is not known; perhaps it was something to the effect that some one on his staff must have betrayed him to Napoleon, that the latter thereupon caused the manufacture of false news and papers printed especially to further his plot.

"I realize that I am under a cloud," he concluded. "I ask a chance to vindicate myself. I will go into Napoleon's camp in person and depend on no one else. Don't be afraid that this is an excuse to escape you. You know very well that if escape were my need I could easily have been with Napoleon now." They knew that was so.

I am briefly paraphrasing what he told the Austrians and, however unconvincing this account may sound, the Austrians must have found Schulmeister's own version plausible. For they gave him his week. At the

end of that time he came back with certain information which if acted upon would cost Napoleon something.

As the Austrians had nothing to lose by testing his report, they tried it. This time Schulmeister's "information" bore the acid test and Napoleon did have to pay somewhat.

But so persuasive was Schulmeister that with a very little capital he secured a great deal of credit. We can judge the success of his campaign to rehabilitate himself by the fact that we soon find him in Vienna again —taking part in a supreme war council, with Emperor Alexander I of Russia and Emperor Francis of Austria in person listening to some of his proposals for retrieving from Napoleon some of their vast recent losses!

And once more, soon after that, on December 2, 1805, the Austrian armies and their allies, the Russians, were smashed by Napoleon.

It is idle to try to estimate exactly how much Schulmeister contributed to this result; one can, however, be sure of one thing. Napoleon, who scrutinized expenses as sharply as any thrifty housewife, made not the slightest complaint of the fact that at this time his treasury was paying Schulmeister at the rate of $100,000 a year, a sum which for those days was fabulous as a salary.

This time, however, Schulmeister could not hope to stay on with safety in Austria. Nevertheless he *did* stay on. Not openly it was true, for a swift court-

martial and a firing squad would be the program the moment Austrian hands were laid upon him. He disappeared from his pleasant places in gay Vienna. But under one disguise or another he drifted about Austria, still Napoleon's spy.

His face was widely known by now. But as we have seen, it did not stay the same face long. Nevertheless his sojourn was becoming a highly delicate business for him. More than once he had occasion for the employment of his talents in getting out of close corners.

For instance, he was in a barber's chair having his newly acquired beard removed. Through the window he saw a detail of police coming on the double trot for the barber shop. Something told him he had better leave.

With an exclamation of pain he doubled up in the chair as if with colic. Thrusting a gold piece into the barber's hand he jumped out of the chair and, wiping off the lather from the unshaved half of his face, he ran out into the street.

Smooth shaven he would have been recognized by the police. So he clapped the towel to his shaved cheek as if he were in an agony of toothache and what the police saw as he passed them was a bearded man they did not recognize, apparently making for the nearest dentist.

On another occasion he was in a university town walking along the main street, keeping a furtive eye on a man he recognized as one of the Austrian secret serv-

ice. Just as he passed his man a voice called out jovially from across the street,

"Schulmeister, as I live!"

The spy, electrified, saw Professor Edward Rouss, an academic soul who was so far behind the times in his knowledge of events that when he recognized the man he had met in Vienna he thought him still some one to greet heartily.

Schulmeister out of the corner of his eye saw the secret service man glance sharply at him and keep that look.

Cutting straight across the street Schulmeister held his hand out and exclaimed for all the world to hear,

"My dear Rouss, how kind of you to remember and recognize your old schoolmaster!"

As the greeting and reply were in German and as "Schulmeister" to the ears of the secret service man might either signify the spy that was being hunted or only "schoolmaster" as the spy hoped the detective would think, the moment was a ticklish one.

In any event the secret service man carelessly strolled across the street close on the heels of the "school-teacher." He heard him saying,

"Now look, I have a table reserved for me in my favorite corner at the 'King of Poland.' But I have a five-minute errand to do first. Why don't you go and tell the innkeeper that you're to have lunch with me and wait for me there?"

The innocent professor was delighted. The secret

service man decided that he too wanted lunch at the "King of Poland" in close proximity to the "favorite corner" where in five minutes he would wait and hear what the man with the interesting name would have to say.

The "five minutes," I need not say, stretched to eternity.

Schulmeister's narrowest escape from capture was during the battle of Wagram. He was still inside the Austrian lines and was fleeing from pursuit, for one of his fellow officers on the Austrian General Staff had recognized him. He had just time to gain the top floor of a house on the outskirts of the battlefield when from a window he saw a squad of soldiers running in his direction.

The pursuit had been so hot that he had been fired on. So far he had escaped unscathed, but it looked as if his good luck was at an end. For he heard the front door crash and dragoons were in the lower hall.

In the room where Schulmeister found himself he saw a writing desk and a washstand. He snatched up a hand towel; smashed a bottle of red ink; rolled up his sleeves and calmly walked out on the staircase.

He was seen just as he got down to the ground floor where troopers were searching every room. We must remember his talent for facial change of character. What the troopers saw was a man who didn't quite look familiar quietly coming down to them.

His hands seemed to be covered with blood and he was trying to wipe them off on a towel.

"Whom are you looking for?" he asked.

"Schulmeister, the spy. He's in the house!"

The man on the staircase nodded grimly as he went to the street door.

"You'll find him on the top floor, settling his accounts with God! I'm a doctor and one of you must have shot very well for though I took the bullet out——" And he shrugged his shoulders with an expression of "good riddance!"

The troopers rushed to the top floor while Schulmeister strolled out into the street and safely away.

But one day as he sat in a country inn without suspicion of danger there was a rush of men into the dining room—and this time Schulmeister found himself for once beyond the help of his talents to save him.

He was taken to Vienna. The court-martial was a short one. The time for shooting him was set for dawn of the next morning.

It looked as if his star was sinking. But all the world was being blinded by the comet-like Napoleon and it seems as if the stars in their courses were working not only for the "Little Corporal," but also for those who served him.

For even as sentence was pronounced on Schulmeister the judges heard in the distance the growl of Napoleon's cannon. That evening the storm was rag-

ing full about the prison in which the spy was awaiting execution. And with the morning the door to Schulmeister's cell was opened not by Austrians, but by Frenchmen.

From now on Schulmeister's story declines in tension, though to the very end it remains interesting. As part of the reward due him, Schulmeister was made by Napoleon censor over Vienna's newspapers and theaters, an appointment that must have yielded him some amusement as he thought back to his former visits to Vienna.

Then came the Congress of Erfurt, to which the kings and emperors of half Europe came to learn what terms Napoleon meant to dictate to them. With royalty came small armies of premiers, court favorites, dazzling beauties angling for royal favors or intriguing on behalf of rival sovereigns; and, of course, spies. We find an amazing state of affairs in which, for instance, Alexander, Czar of Russia, rouses the wrath of Napoleon by spending his spare hours with a lovely French actress in whom the "Little Corporal" is himself interested.

It is through Schulmeister and his agents that Napoleon learns of the trespass on his preserves. With barrack-room directness Napoleon sends word to the Czar,

"Visit that woman again and to-morrow all Europe will know what your physical proportions are from the ground up!"

It is not a pretty picture that Schulmeister makes

at this congress and one prefers to pass on to Meinau, where he finally retires to enjoy as a private citizen dignities and luxuries that should be his.

The luxuries he gets. It is an impressive home that he builds for himself in his own private park. There is an imitation of a tropical jungle there; a private menagerie; exotic birds flash brilliant plumage through the branches; fountains and colored lights play.

The townsmen pay him the deference of a man to be feared. But they take their cue from Napoleon. Schulmeister had sent an emissary to ask the Emperor a favor he did not have the courage to ask in person even though Napoleon had for a long time been in the habit of addressing him cordially as Karl.

The favor Schulmeister craved was the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Napoleon shook his head. "Karl can have all the money he can spend. Or anything else he may ask—except the Legion of Honor!"

Which was rather inconsistent of Napoleon who had decorated other men for services that had little to do with honor and much with dirty work. But Schulmeister had to put up with his master's inconsistency.

He had several years of luxury. Then Napoleon's star went the way of all comets; and in the eclipse, Schulmeister met disaster because Napoleon did. He was arrested and had to pay such a heavy price for his liberty that when he came out a free man again the utmost he could scrape together from the wreckage was only enough to set up a little

tobacco shop where he and his wife passed a humble old age.

Years later Napoleon's nephew, then the Prince-President of France, finding himself near the home of the man who had so valuably served his historic uncle, paid Schulmeister a little visit of courtesy. It is the last item of interest in the spy's life. And soon after, at the age of eighty-three, he died peacefully.

THE SPY WHO WOULD HAVE CHANGED HISTORY

Most of the history of man rolls along like the sea, massive in movement, affected by forces no less in magnitude than the sun, the moon, the flight of our earth through space, the pull of its gravity, vast tides, typhoons and undersea earthquakes. And individual man is a microscopic globule of water in these oceanic movements in history. But occasionally there rises up a man who for the period of his divine energy plays havoc with the most colossal phenomena; like Joshua he stops the sun for millions of human beings; with the wand of *Prospero* he quiets a raging sea; with a finger he does as he pleases, moving the hands of progress forward or back whole centuries inside the brief hour of his own career. Such a man, of course, was Napoleon. Then along comes a mere nobody, a half-mad boy or some jealous nincompoop of a husband and points a revolver at the colossus; and since a bullet will plow through one heart or brain as competently as through another, an assassin can change history by the mere pull of his trigger finger. The story I present here is of an English spy who in the discharge of his duty staged a little plot which came within a breath of snuffing out the life of Napoleon before he had reached the summit of his power.

Spy Who Would Have Changed History

Long before Napoleon brought his army in ships over the Mediterranean to Egypt, hoping from there to wrest from England the greatest jewel in its imperial crown, India, England realized that in the short thick-set body of the Corsican lived a power that threatened England along with the rest of Europe. Armies and combinations of armies sent against this man provided only so much fuel to the fire of his ambition. How convenient it would be, therefore, for England if, instead of an army, some fool of a man could be intrigued into stepping up to Napoleon to plant a bullet in that forehead of his!

Napoleon, as I have said, had brought his army to Egypt by water. Then Admiral Nelson came along with his fleet and sank Napoleon's vessels, thus cutting his army off from Europe. The Mediterranean Sea was in the hands of the British. But they could do little against Napoleon on land—except intrigue.

So John Barnett, an English secret service man, was sent to Egypt to see what he could do. His "mask," as sculptors speak of a face, was what one would expect of a secret service man—impassive, colorless in character, inscrutable, but as responsive as a chameleon to whatever the color of the disguise he wore.

In Cairo, where Napoleon made his headquarters, Barnett inconspicuously studied his daily life; the doings of those in contact with the "little corporal"; and thus he learned of a little comedy so hackneyed in plot that it argues high intelligence in Barnett to have seen interesting possibilities in it.

Spy Who Would Have Changed History

It seems that when Napoleon took his soldiers to Egypt he saw to it that women were left behind. But just before the transports left France a mere lieutenant in Napoleon's infantry, a hot-tempered young Gascon by the name of Foures, had married the illegitimate daughter of a cook. He was more in love with her than she with him and he felt badly about leaving her so soon after their honeymoon. But as she was habitually in love with adventure she cut off her hair, put on an infantryman's uniform and landed inconspicuously in Egypt along with Napoleon's troopers.

Once in Cairo she resumed her proper garb and blossomed out again as the attractive young woman that she was. She was only about twenty, but had the fresh color of a girl of fifteen; an aureole of hair flaxen and silky; eyes violet and sparkling; even as a child in Carcassonne they called her "Bellilotte" for her prettiness. She had infectious gay spirits, a laugh that was a bit coarse but irresistible; and her willingness to adventure whithersoever her good looks led gave her a dare-devil air that took a man's eye.

Among others it caught Napoleon's. One knows, of course, that Napoleon had an eye for women. In Egypt when he arrived an Arab chief, to get into the Frenchman's good graces, sent him a half-dozen choice beauties of his harem. They proved too fat for Napoleon's taste.

Then one day as he and a party of officers were riding outside of Cairo Napoleon heard a woman laugh. He looked. He saw an exceedingly pretty French-

woman riding by, radiant with animal spirits, insolent with the gayety of a truant on a successful escapade.

He asked who she was and was told, "Madame Foures, wife of one of our infantry lieutenants." How did she get to Egypt? Disguised as an infantryman.

"I must look into that," Napoleon said. "But don't let her husband know I inquired about her."

Among his subordinates was Junot, a friend from military academy days and now high with Napoleon's command. Junot was himself fond of women and expert in affairs. To him fell the delicate mission of winning Madame Foures' favor for Napoleon without arousing the ire of her fiery-tempered husband.

Junot did it by getting General Dupuy and "Madame" Dupuy—the "Madame" was a polite fiction—to give a dinner. Madame Foures was electrified to receive an invitation to a dinner given by the General. Her husband was infuriated by being pointedly left out of the invitation.

"You shall not go!" he said to his wife.

"But how selfish of you!" she protested. "It's a shame that the General hasn't asked you. Perhaps there are too many lieutenants in the army and he doesn't like to play favorites; and he certainly hasn't room at his table for all of you. But there are so few of us Frenchwomen here that perhaps I am needed just to fill out the party. In any event, I'm going!"

The young woman who had defied Napoleon's order and sailed with his troops was not afraid to disobey her husband and go to General Dupuy's dinner. The

host was the most distinguished man there, unless we count Junot.

But suddenly the door was thrown open by lackeys and into the room came a little man in a shabby green coat. Everyone in the room rose. General Dupuy bowed and fussed over his great guest. Napoleon was gracious, but would not partake of more than an orange and a cup of coffee. He had come, he said, just for a look.

Then it appeared that the look was concentrated wholly on Madame Foures. He sat opposite her and there was no subtlety in his stare. The man whose vision reached out for world empire did not feel the need of veiling his look when it was merely the pretty wife of an obscure lieutenant he desired.

The guests, world-wise French men and women, went on chatting of everything except, of course, the fact that their distinguished guest was devouring with his eyes another guest not distinguished, but pretty and married.

If Pauline Foures was electrified at being invited to dinner at General Dupuy's house, she was, of course, more so when she saw the eyes of the man of destiny full upon her. The widest horizon of her dreams had gone no further than the vision of her husband some day as colonel; or perhaps she hoped that a colonel, husband or no husband, would be at her beck and call. And now out of a clear sky here was Napoleon looking at her!

Then as abruptly as he had entered Napoleon left

the room and the tension relaxed. For Madame Foures it must have been a let-down indeed. For in the half-hour under Napoleon's hypnotic look she soared to the very heights of adventure. And now it looked as if his interest in her had died as suddenly as it had come to life.

Junot, however, strangely enough seeing on what familiar terms he was with Napoleon, still seemed nervously affected by his chief's visit. He was about to raise a cup of coffee to his lips when it slipped from his fingers.

And the contents of the cup fell full in the lap of his neighbor, Madame Foures.

Cries of consternation from the hosts at the sight of the stain on the silk gown of Madame Foures. Madame Foures herself took the matter more philosophically; a dress was only a dress and she didn't intend to let it spoil a good time. Also she realized that by making little of the coffee stain she was investing in the good graces of General Dupuy and Junot.

These two, however, fussed over the spoiled dress until "Madame" Dupuy said,

"My dear, if you will come to my room, you can put on one of my gowns."

Madame Foures rose and followed her hostess. On the floor above "Madame" Dupuy indicated a door and said, "Go in there, my dear, and I'll bring you my gown."

Madame Foures entered the room and found the man of destiny there.

When Pauline Foures got home that night she told her husband of Napoleon's visit to the dinner party, but not of the conclusion.

A few days later Lieutenant Foures was excited by being summoned by Berthier, Napoleon's Chief of Staff.

"Lieutenant, our Commander has selected you to take important dispatches back to Paris," Berthier said. "The *Chasseur,* commanded by Captain Laurens, is commissioned especially to take you across the Mediterranean. You understand that there is danger of the ship falling into the hands of the English. In that case you will see to it that the dispatches are destroyed; for they are of the utmost importance. You will sail at once."

Lieutenant Foures saluted. Here was honor and distinction indeed, to be selected by Napoleon as the bearer of dispatches of the highest importance on a ship assigned solely to ferry him across.

"My General, I will guard the dispatches with my life! But I ask one favor—that my wife be permitted to sail with me."

Berthier looked sharply at him.

"Would you expose her to the danger of capture by the English?" he scolded. "I cannot permit it!"

So with conflicting emotions Lieutenant Foures took the sealed packet of dispatches and made ready to sail that night.

I said previously that John Barnett, the British secret service man, was doing some efficient spying in

Cairo at the time. Nor did he have to depend wholly on his own eyes and ears. He had subordinates planted as domestics in some of the most important households; and clerks working ostensibly for French generals reported to John Barnett.

Thus it was that he learned of the little comedy that began at General Dupuy's dinner party; and he learned it before the unsuspecting Lieutenant Foures did. In fact Barnett had a very shrewd notion as to what it was that took the *Chasseur* out of the harbor the night Foures left.

Even before the *Chasseur* had cleared, Barnett was sailing out of the harbor himself in a tiny shallop carrying enough sail for a craft twice the size and crowding every stitch of canvas.

It was not long before he was picked up by the British man-of-war *Lion*. On board Barnett reported to his chief, Sir Sidney Smith.

And the *Lion* sailed off in the wake of the *Chasseur*. It was content to keep astern of its quarry until such a time as it suited Barnett's purpose to overtake Lieutenant Foures. Then the *Lion* pounced down on the sloop.

When Lieutenant Foures saw the British man-o'-war bear down on his ship he debated whether it was more advisable to destroy the dispatches intrusted to him or to hide them in the hope that somehow he might yet be enabled to deliver them. Like the spirited soldier that he was, he decided not to say die until he had to.

So he hid the sealed packet deep down in the hold of the ship behind a pile of litter.

The *Chasseur* tried to run away, but when it found it could not it sensibly surrendered, for in a fight it would have made a mere mouthful for the *Lion*.

The Englishmen who made the capture were very considerate; one would hardly suspect an enemy had boarded the ship. One of them approached the downcast bearer of dispatches and said in the friendliest manner in the world,

"If you will be good enough, Lieutenant Foures, to give me a few minutes in private I think I can tell you something of interest."

Foures stared. "How do you know my name? And what can you have to tell me?"

"If you will step this way——"

When they were alone the Englishman said, "My name is Barnett and I was on duty in Cairo on secret service for my country. I left the same day you did expressly to tell you this:

"The dispatches you have been sent with are not worth the paper they are written on. Judge for yourself. Here are copies of everything the packet contains."

I have said that Foures' temper was hot. Certainly it did not improve as he read what purported to be copies of his dispatches. For if they were true copies it would seem that he had been sent at the peril of capture and imprisonment merely to deliver some in-

consequential campaign gossip to some one in Paris who would be little interested in reading it.

"Supposing these copies are genuine," Foures demanded, "what is it to me? Or to you?"

Barnett surveyed his man coldly and with no pains to hide a tinge of contempt.

"Why would Napoleon want to send an officer on a long and perilous journey if only to carry idle chatter from Egypt to Paris?" he insinuated.

"You seem to know the answer. What is it?"

"I do know the answer. Your presence in Cairo would embarrass Napoleon's current wooing."

It was perhaps fortunate for Barnett that Lieutenant Foures had given up his sword when the *Chasseur* surrendered. As it was there were lively verbal passages between the two before Lieutenant Foures gained enough control over himself to demand,

"Why should I believe you rather than my chief and my wife?"

"Because I offer proof," Barnett retorted. "I was able to secure copies of your 'dispatches' and it was still easier for me to learn what all Cairo must know by now. Napoleon does not hide his amourettes. It was he who ordered General Dupuy to invite your wife to dinner without you.

"I know he was alone with her in a room in General Dupuy's house that same evening. I know why you, whom hitherto Napoleon had not noticed, were selected to bear these dispatches. If you want still further proof—and have the courage to face it—I will

undertake to land you secretly in Egypt at once. Then you can see for yourself."

Foures bit his lip. Then he said, "I want to go to my cabin for half an hour and think it over."

"Do!" Barnett said, now sympathetic.

Foures "thought it over" down in the hold of the ship where he dug out his packet of dispatches, broke open the seal and read them.

The copies Barnett had shown him were true.

He rejoined Barnett, his face white with fury barely kept in check.

"I asked you, Mr. Barnett, what is it to you, this business you have been at such pains to uncover?" he demanded.

For the first time Barnett became uncommunicative.

"I prefer not to speak of that, lieutenant. Make up your mind where you prefer to be taken—Plymouth prison?—or back to Cairo?"

He left Foures alone to decide.

Foures' debate with himself did not last long; for it revolved only about the question whether Barnett was telling the truth. Once Foures became convinced by Barnett, wings could not have taken him back fast enough to Cairo.

If he suspected that the British were using him against Napoleon, Foures was too intent on vengeance himself to care who else would be satisfied by it.

The British landed him in Cairo in the dead of night. On landing, Barnett was told that Madame Foures was

already installed in the palace of Elfy Bey near Napoleon's room. And Barnett told Foures.

With pistol ready and his fingers twitching to get at the guilty pair, Lieutenant Foures stormed his way into the Bey's palace. The impetus of his passion actually carried him past French and Arab sentries and before they could catch up with him he had wrenched open the door to his wife's room and stood on the threshold, pistol in hand.

She was alone and in bed. A cry broke from her at the sight of her husband.

He slammed the door and turned the key. Then he came over to his wife and looked down at her. She was fascinated by the murder in his face and lay crouched, not daring to move, scarcely now to breathe.

Near by lay the leather leash for the Great Dane Napoleon had given her. Foures had intended his pistol to be the sole instrument of her fate. But fury now craved a more protracted revenge. There was always time to shoot; first he wanted to hear entreaties, confession, balm for his wounded ego.

Snatching up the leash he drew back, then laid the full force of it across her naked shoulders. At the door sentries were hammering. And his wife's screams must have penetrated doors and walls.

For suddenly another door Foures had not noticed was flung open and into the room strode Napoleon in night dress.

He had no weapon; nor was there any he could get before Foures should act.

Foures wheeled at his entrance and a smile lit up the rage in his eyes as they took in the short stoop-shouldered man in night dress. He strode over to Napoleon—who waited for him without moving—and rammed his pistol muzzle against his side.

Foures should not have been so greedy to drink to the full his meed of revenge. He wanted to see Napoleon pleading for life, begging forgiveness and mercy at the hands of Lieutenant Foures. So he held his fire to take in the treat.

Instead he felt upon him eyes that had measured chances in colossal battlefields; eyes to which the deaths of whole armies were commonplace; the eyes of a man of destiny to whom individual lives, including his own, were trifling issues.

Before the icy glare of Napoleon the passion in a fool had little chance. Foures should have shot before he looked. Even though the famous green coat of the "Little Corporal" was not there actually Foures began to see it on the man. And all the habituated emotions at the sight of Napoleon in uniform swarmed up and overwhelmed the man.

The pistol wavered; the fire in Foures' eyes grew unsteady.

Napoleon angrily pointed at the door where the blows of the sentries resounded.

"Open it!"

Foures opened it. He was seized by the soldiers and led away.

The episode did not rouse Napoleon enough to cost

Foures his life; he was not even punished. Napoleon simply went on with his affair with Madame Foures until he tired of her.

But John Barnett and his superiors of the British secret service tasted the chagrin of those who by a hair's breadth have missed fabulous good fortune.

SPIES OF A CIVIL WAR

——This is a skein of intertangled spy stories of America's Civil War; and I present them for their worth as stories and with no comment in common to them, though they are all part of that most tragic of human conflicts, a civil war.

Belle Boyd was an adolescent just out of college when there came the outbreak of the Civil War. It was like living in a place where an earthquake without warning cracks open the solid ground under your feet; and if you are not swallowed up you may find yourself standing on the brink of a great fissure, while some one who had been by your side a moment before is now on the other side of the chasm.

This was especially true of Martinsburg, Belle Boyd's home, situated as it was where the battle broke between the North and the South. Belle's men-folk fled from their home to join the Confederate army; for their home and the town itself had been seized by the troops of the North.

Belle, her mother and their negro slave-domestics remained in the home. From the first of the conflict Belle had possessed herself of a flamboyant flag of the rebellion; and became possessed by it. For as psychologists point out there is perhaps not another

inanimate object of so little intrinsic use as a flag that has such universal power to arouse passions. And to Belle more than to most people a flag had that power.

So that although the town was in the hands of Union troops Belle went up to the attic of her home, took out her flag of stars and bars and ran it up on a pole where all the world could see.

Then she asked her mother to mount guard on the attic stairs while she went down to the front door to deal with the Union soldiers she had every reason to expect.

A detail of soldiers arrived, unceremoniously brushed Belle aside and entered the house. Belle's temper was hot, autocratic, and obsessed with a sense of how much men owed her chivalry no matter what she did. So that when an unromantic, unshaven, unimpressionable sergeant disregarded her haughty command to leave the house and without ceremony started for the attic, she ran into the next room.

At the attic door the sergeant was confronted by Belle's mother who refused to step aside. The sergeant had his orders to pull down the Confederate flag and in its place to hang out the flag of the Union. He had neither the time nor the tact to get past the barrier of the woman gracefully. When at his third request Belle's mother still refused to budge he put out his hand and, grasping Mrs. Boyd's wrist, broke her hold on the door knob.

By this time Belle had run up to the garret landing and saw her mother staggering back from the violence

with which the sergeant had forced open the door. Here was a man who had laid rude hands on a woman—that woman her mother; a plebeian man handling a patrician; a Yankee roughing a Southern gentlewoman.

Belle raised the pistol she had brought, fired and killed the sergeant.

She was through now with her gesture and not in the least concerned as to the outcome. That was characteristic of her; at any cost to follow a convention of courage without the slightest thought of consequences to herself or to anyone else. An insult had to be wiped out with life itself even if one had to risk one's own life to do it.

Her act threw the whole burden of consternation on the Union officers in command at Martinsburg. Like the majority of the men and officers in the Civil War, these officers were amateurs in warfare. Many of them mixed into the business of wholesale killing all sorts of extraneous considerations. They tried to make war humanely. They tried to retain chivalry. Conventions of gallantry paralyzed their fighting when it was a woman who opposed them.

Belle Boyd had to be tried by court-martial, of course, for killing a soldier. But instead of taking her to prison the Union officers let her live on in her own home. Instead of treating her as a prisoner, they asked the privilege of visiting the Boyd home as guests.

When it came to the trial itself, Belle Boyd contented herself with a brief statement.

"He laid hands on my mother!"

They were uneasy, these beginners at war, the officers of the court-martial. They remembered all sorts of things; that this was a war of kin against kin; that this young woman had shot in defense of her mother; that she was a mere slip of a girl.

Instead of keeping before their eyes the body of their murdered sergeant, they looked at the lovely prisoner—slight, proudly erect, aristocrat from the shapely little head to the tips of her dainty shoes. Braids of lustrous black hair made an oval frame for a face that had too much character in it to be called merely pretty. That head was slightly bowed with an inward contemplation of tragedy; not the tragedy of her own plight; that seemed too unimportant to be given a thought; she was still brooding over the state of affairs which made it possible for a soldier of the enemy, for any man to affront her mother.

How far off in temper and time that court-martial seems when we learn that Belle Boyd was freed! She was allowed to live on with her mother and their servants in their own home, in the state of comfort to which they had been accustomed.

Courteously the Union officers gave the Boyds the freedom of the camp. Most gallantly many of the officers danced attention on the Boyd ladies. Never were fair enemies so completely trusted. Sentiment and sentimentality on every side—except in the heart of Belle Boyd.

This stripling of a girl was more thoroughly a realist,

a professional maker of war than any of the officers there. She did not mix war with sentiment. True she demanded gallantry, chivalry from others, sincerely believed it to be her due.

But when the visitors left swords and pistols out in the corridor—out of delicate consideration for the social amenities of their visit—she found some pretext for going out alone into the hall. There she calmly appropriated Union swords and pistols and hid them in the cellar.

Then she went back to her visitors and resumed small talk and banter.

When the visitors missed their weapons they were bewildered. The men who did not have the heart to declare this girl guilty of murder could never get themselves to suspect her guilty of theft. So her movements in and out of Martinsburg were as free as ever; and she made full use of her freedom.

At first she used it only to deliver the stolen weapons to the Confederate lines, which were not more than two hours' ride from her home.

When the Confederates saw the girl ride boldly from one enemy camp to another just to deliver a stolen sword or two, General J. E. B. Stuart summoned her.

"Belle, these presents you bring us are mighty useful and you are a brave girl! The South is proud of you. But with that courage of yours you can get us something that will help our cause more than ten thousand swords and pistols."

"Tell me what, General," she said. "I will bring it."

The General hesitated. "Information!" he said. "I'll do it!"

It was characteristic that while the soldier had qualms about asking her to risk death as a spy, she herself gave the matter not a moment's thought. She was one of those people who utterly lack imagination as to what dangers lie in wait for them.

This girl, still in her teens, thereupon organized a sort of postal service from Martinsburg to the Confederate camp as the only point on her delivery route. She flirted with homesick Union officers and got them to talk. What they said she wrote down in a fine handwriting on thin paper.

One of her slaves had a huge silver watch presented to him by his master, Belle's father. Belle borrowed the watch and had the bulky works removed. In the place of cogs, wheels and springs thereafter that watch carried written information from one camp to the other.

When the information to be obtained was of utmost importance she took the risk on her own shoulders. Such an emergency arose when she was informed by the Union general, Shields, that her home would be taken over as headquarters for his staff. A small house on the same grounds was given to the Boyds as their new home.

Belle did not protest much. She had learned to be patient. Her appointment as a spy called out a certain quality of cold steel in her character. The fiery temper of only yesterday was now a cool flexible thing

guard against her own impulses and ready at a able moment for a thrust at the enemy.

e watched the come and go of officers in her er home. She saw that something of moment was ving in the camp. She caught a word here, another e. She pieced their probable meanings together decided that on the following evening there would eld a council of Union officers to decide something Confederates would want to know about.

On the morning of that day she drifted about the grounds of her old home until she saw her opportunity to slip unseen into the main house. She knew that e conference would be held in the living room. On e floor above were bedrooms and she knew every inch those rooms.

Stealing into a clothes closet she got down on the floor and with the tip of a parasol softly tapped at the planks to determine at what point the floor was most likely to permit her to hear what would be said in the room below. To her surprise at one point the tip of the parasol went through the plank. Inadvertently she had knocked out the oval of loose wood in a small knot hole in the floor of the closet. Then she lay down in a cramped position—it was the only way possible—and did not stir.

The morning hours wore on and Belle's muscles became numb. The afternoon was an eternity. By evening she was ready to scream. But she not only refrained from screaming, but even from moving, lest a board beneath her creak.

She heard the cheerful clatter of supper dishes. But it was not hunger that made her bite her lips. It was the thought that at least another hour or two must be endured by her before she would hear anything that would make the ordeal endurable. But somehow she managed it. Then came a gathering of men below; the murmur of casual talk; the scrape of chairs being brought about a table; a hush; then the voice of General Shields. She held her very breath. Belle knew that were she discovered she could not count on mere gallantry in a second court-martial.

But General Shields' voice went on gravely; others added to what he had to say. Names of places, designations of regiments, routes of movement, figures on artillery strength, tactics and maneuvers reached the ears of the crouching girl.

And with numbed fingers she made marks with a pencil on paper in the dark, praying as she did so that should she emerge safely after the conference she might be able to read those blind markings.

The conference took hours. But now she did not find the passing of hours hard to bear; she would have willingly listened longer. For she was overhearing a comprehensive plan whereby General Shields hoped to catch in a trap the army of General Jackson, later to be famous as "Stonewall."

Finally the conference broke up. One by one officers went to their beds in different parts of the house. Two of them tramped into the very room where Belle lay hidden. What her thoughts were at that moment we do not know; but after an anxious quarter of an

hour, when she knew they were asleep, it was highly probable that what she felt was resentment rather than fear, anger that Yankee officers should dare take their rest in what was rightly her mother's bedroom.

Cautiously she opened the closet door and tried to stand up. Her muscles simply would not obey; but they made up by their sensibility to agony. Somehow she made her way out of that bedroom, down the steps, out into the garden without attracting the attention of sentries lulled to drowsiness by a sense of nothing threatening.

She gained her own quarters; but she did not give her body any rest.

A few minutes later she was on a horse galloping away in the direction of a mountain pass that meant a short cut to the Confederate lines. But a sharp challenge and a gleam of moonlight on a polished gun barrel brought her to a halt. It was a Union picket.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"My brother is dying and General Shields has given me a pass to go to see him," she said. "Here it is."

And once more that young realist benefited by the sentimental gallantry of amateurs at war; for the pass was genuine.

Twice again she was challenged by Union sentries and let go. Then came a gallop of fifteen miles at a pace which told cruelly on the horse; but the rider ruthlessly kept the pace up.

Finally came another sentry challenge and this time she answered it with a glad hail.

But the night had still its task, a self-imposed one,

for Belle Boyd. To be of further use to her people she must be back in her home again before the break of day.

Back she turned. Over the mountains again, then running the gantlet of Union pickets one after another until her nerves for the first time gave way. The next time she was challenged by a sentry she found herself unable to endure the ordeal of composure and examination.

Lying down on the horse's neck she gave him free rein and instead of stopping at the sentry's call she ran a race with his bullets—and won. Daybreak found her in bed again with nothing to impair her standing with the gallant Union officers.

The importance of the news she had brought the Confederates may be gauged by the following note she got some time later from General "Stonewall" Jackson:

"Miss Belle Boyd:

"I thank you for myself and for the army for the immense service you have rendered your country to-day. Hastily, I am your friend,

"T. J. Jackson."

But so unremitting was she in her spy's work, so daring in the risks she took, so damaging to the Union cause that gradually—then quickly—her name and work became known in the Union ranks.

One day she was caught and sent to the military prison in Washington known as Old Capitol. She had

already received a commission as captain in the Confederate army; so it was as an officer that she was later sent back to her people in an exchange of prisoners.

Untamed by her experiences she plunged back into her spying and was again imprisoned, this time at Carroll. Here she hatched a little plot wherein three other prisoners hid near the door where a sentry would bar the way of escape. But her plot provided that at a favorable moment a cry of "Murder!" rang out from across the street. And the startled sentry was distracted long enough to enable the three prisoners to escape.

Again she was exchanged and on her return played a rôle in a little plot in which the adversary was the man whose exploit as a spy for the Union cause is the next of these spy stories.

The outbreak of the Civil War found Lafayette C. Baker, then about thirty years old, engaged in prosperous but humdrum business in New York. For Baker to be tied to a business office was as bad as for a romantic young man to marry a dull woman for her money. The first bugle call of war brought Baker on the bound to Washington. He wanted to get into that war, so there he was in the seething capital through which the hastily gathered troops of the North were hurrying to get at the Southerners only a few miles away.

Baker had left New York so impetuously that he found he had not brought along so much as a visiting card to identify him. He considered himself lucky,

therefore, when on the street he met William D. Kelley, a Congressman, who knew him slightly.

"For heaven's sake, Congressman, get me into some service!" Baker pleaded. "Infantry, cavalry, artillery, cooking, scrubbing, spying—anything!"

Congressman Kelley had a shrewd knowledge of men. But he knew Baker, as I have said, so little that he scrutinized him. He barely recognized in this eager candidate for war the rather bored young business man he had met in New York. There was a transformation there, a change that went deeper than mere mood. In New York those dark gray eyes seemed lackluster. Now they had a brilliance in them and a sort of look of astonishment. It was the look of a man whose mind and senses are simply assailed by the wealth of meaning they see in what seems to other people insignificant. "So that's what this means, eh?" the look said.

Congressman Kelley took Baker back to his office to study his man before undertaking to vouch for him. At the office an important visitor was waiting for the Congressman and Kelley excused himself, asking Baker to wait in the outer office until the interview was over.

An elderly man, obviously the Congressman's man-of-all-work, was puttering about in the anteroom where Baker sat with nothing to do but use his eyes.

When at last Baker found himself alone with the Congressman he said,

"It must be hard on that Mexican War veteran out there not to be able to get into the fighting."

"Why, has he been complaining?"

"He didn't say a word."

"I thought he wouldn't," said the Congressman. "Eph isn't loquacious at best, certainly not with strangers. Then how did you learn he'd been in the Mexican War and wants to get into this one?"

"I saw the big callus on the palm of his right hand from many years of carrying a musket," Baker said casually. "Must have been in the regular army far enough back to see fighting with the Mexicans. And that lumbago is what's keeping him out of the fight now, isn't it? Also, I caught a surly look from him that said, 'There's another one of those drygoods clerks headed for fighting, while I, a regular army man, have to stay here fiddling about with wastepaper baskets and delivering visiting cards!' "

Kelley talked at some length to Baker; then took him to General Winfield Scott, veteran of two wars already and now launched on his third. Before introducing Baker to him, the Congressman talked with General Scott in private. "I know the man only slightly as a New York business man. I think he can be trusted. And I will say this, I'd hate to have to hide anything from him. Those eyes of his could bore through a wall, I do believe! And what his eyes can't see his mind divines. He'd make a first-class spy."

General Scott called in the young man and looked him over. The shrewdness and the caution of many years went into the scrutiny. Finally he asked Baker,

"Are you willing to spy on the enemy for us?"

"Eager!"

"Do you know what would happen to you if you got caught?"

"Yes."

The veteran's look softened a little, then resumed its wartime directness. "The government can give you no official recognition until you have done something that should be recognized. If you start out, you do so on your own responsibility. I don't know enough about you to issue credentials. The only help I can give you is this——"

From a drawer he took out twenty ten-dollar gold pieces.

Baker put them in his pocket.

"What do you want me to learn about the enemy?" he asked.

General Scott liked his directness. "Go to their headquarters in Richmond. Find out their strength and plans. Particularly I want to know the strength and movements of the 'Black Horse Cavalry.' "

There was something ruthless in the assignment. The hardened war veteran was saying to the eager recruit, "We offer you nothing but a little pocket money and what we want in return is important information to be obtained by you at the risk of death."

Baker, however, seemed to find the terms ample though he understood well enough that he could count on nothing but his own wits to get him out of any scrape. From General Scott's office he went to a dealer in secondhand photographic supplies. He pointed to

a dilapidated camera and tripod. "How much?" he asked.

"It's cheap at four dollars, but you can have it for that."

The dealer was lying; the stuff was not worth four dollars; no one could take photographs with that outfit. But Baker bought it.

Not ignorance but the shrewdest kind of psychology was behind that purchase. Baker wanted a disguise. He reasoned that a spy was expected to choose as a disguise something that would least of all suggest his real purpose. Furthermore, he reasoned, the enemy would expect a spy to avoid having anything in his possession that would be likely to betray him.

Nothing suggests a spy so much as the possession of a camera inside the enemy lines. If he were to take this camera with him and be caught by the enemy one of two things would happen. Either he would be shot as a spy who was fool enough to carry with him a bulky and useless camera. Or he would be taken for a fool who had not even brains enough to know that a war was on and that carrying a camera about at such a time was dangerous.

With the camera and tripod on his back he started for the enemy's capital, Richmond. He started, but he did not get far. First he had to pass through the Union lines. They were soldiers in the same cause as his, but the terms of General Scott's assignment did not give him permission to take advantage of that fact. He struck his first snag in the vanity of some officers of

the Second Maine Regiment who took his word for it that he was an itinerant photographer.

"Good! Take our pictures."

He went through the motions of photographing the group of officers in front of their colonel's tent. That was easy enough. The difficulty would come when the officers would demand to see the photograph. For the most that the camera could produce was the click of the shutter.

"I'll develop the plates to-night when it gets dark," Baker told the officers. "Meanwhile I want to take a view of your whole encampment from the top of that hill."

The top of that hill was so far away that when the "photographer" got there it was the last the officers saw of him.

Baker next tried to get into enemy territory by crawling through the underbrush at a point between the two hostile camps where he thought the picketing by both sides would be least vigilant. But a Union sentry suddenly presented a bayonet at Baker's chest.

"Got you, you sneak! Come along!"

He brought him to General Heintzelman. The war was young and shooting a man suspected of spying was still considered a matter serious enough to refer to the highest authorities.

"I'm convinced you're a spy!" General Heintzelman said, "and I'll let General Scott himself deal with you!"

So a detail of soldiers took the prisoner back to

Washington and he was marched into General Scott's office.

General Scott looked coldly at Baker without the least glimmer of recognition.

"I'll take charge of him," he said to Baker's escort.

When the guards left, a little acid smile showed as the General asked Baker, "What will you do now?"

"Try again," Baker replied.

This time instead of crawling through underbrush Baker took to the high road which was choked with troops going to the front. Watching what he thought was his opportunity he slipped into the procession—only to be dragged out by the collar and sent back to Washington once more.

The third time he started out he made a long detour through the southern counties of Maryland, traveling thirty-five miles in a single day. Finally at a lonely point of river boundary he found a negro with a rowboat and in return for one of his ten-dollar gold pieces was ferried across and guided well within the Confederate lines.

Here he took to the highroad again and started trudging in the direction of Richmond, the worse than useless camera on his back. It was part of his deliberate plan that he made no effort to proceed unseen. So that when he was stopped by a squad of Confederate soldiers he did not look concerned. He was taken to headquarters and questioned by General Bonham.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

Congressman Kelley would not have recognized in Baker now the young man for whose keenness of intelligence he had vouched to General Scott. That "look of astonishment" was there to be sure; but now it was a simpleton's.

"I don't know what you mean by botherin' me this way, Cap'n," Baker said. "I'm an honest citizen born in Knoxville, Tennessee, and am goin' on to Richmond. I've been to California for the last eight years and don't know much of what's been goin' around in these parts. But I've been meetin' more soldiers than there's fleas on a dog. What you-all mean by botherin' me anyhow?"

But it was the General whose questions had to be answered. "What are you doing with that camera?" he demanded. Baker looked troubled.

"Tryin' to make a livin', Cap'n," he replied. "But the old box hasn't been doing so well by me. I just came through Washington where I bought it for four dollars and the man told me it would take as good pictures as the camera the soldiers in Washington took away from me. Well, he lied."

Obviously the man was either a simpleton or clever. The man had been searched and in his pockets were found several letters introducing "Sam Munson of Knoxville" to citizens in the capital of the Confederacy.

"All right, Sam," the General said. "We'll help you get to Richmond."

The "help" consisted of a detail of four soldiers and

an officer. The journey to Richmond was made in a freight car. Baker found himself arrived at his goal sooner than he had expected.

He was locked up in a city prison to await his fate. It was a miniature inferno, peopled by half-witted criminals; others who had gone insane with the darkness, filth and brutality of the place; and many who were trying to find something to steal or take by force from the other poor wretches.

The only gleam of sunshine in the picture visited the place for the first time several days after Baker was thrust into one of its cells. She was obviously a thoroughbred, this girl who came as a visitor of mercy to this prison. There was a brooding tenderness of pity in her warm gray eyes and her head was slightly bowed as if touched by the weight of humanity's assembled sorrows. She was distributing religious tracts and little gifts of food.

She stopped to talk with Baker.

"You're a newcomer, are you not?" she asked gently. "I never saw you here before."

Baker looked dully at her. "Yes'm," he said.

"Why are you here?"

"They sez, ma'am, I'm a spy."

She looked cautiously up and down the corridor to see if there was any chance of their being overheard. Then she whispered,

"Is there any way—any way whatsoever that I can help you?"

Baker looked his gratitude. "You're so kind, miss. And since you ask me, why I *would* like some of that cornbread I saw you give the others."

He got more than he asked. She brought him not only cornbread, but chicken and jellies; and she gave them to him in such a way that the other prisoners would not see. Then one day when he was in the prison courtyard she approached him when there was no one about.

"Won't you let me be of some service to you?" she pleaded.

"Why, miss, you've been powerful good to me already!" Baker protested.

She pointed to the sky where wild geese were flying in their direction.

"Look up and behave as if we were discussing that flock up there," she said in a low tone. "Listen. I feel you can be trusted. The only man I've ever loved or ever will love is a captain in the Seventh Regiment from New York. His friends are my friends, his enemies my enemies. I can't endure any longer being here. I'm going to join him. I don't know how I shall get through the lines, but rather than be away from him any longer I'll run any risk, undergo any hardship. I feel sure that you're on his side. If I try to help you escape from here, will you help me get to Bob?"

You must not forget that Baker was only thirty years old and quite human. The girl would have been lovely to contemplate in any setting; in that prison

yard she was a vision that would have won the heart of any man. And here she was pleading. . . .

But Baker only looked uneasy. "I'm very much obliged to you, miss," he said. "But if I tried to escape they would then be sure I'm a spy."

Her eyes filled with distress.

"Then I must do the best I can unaided. Well, if I must, I must!" She brooded over the prospect; then as if to shake off unhappy visions she turned to him with a smile. "Tell me," she said, pointing up at another flock of geese, "is there any message I can take for you up North—if I should get through?"

It is a temptation to attribute to Baker a "sixth sense" which subtly warned him against this woman. In reality it was only common sense he was exercising—common for Baker. For all he knew, she might be what she claimed. But he was taking no chances.

Perhaps it was just as well that he played safe. For it was Belle Boyd, the spy whose service for the Confederacy had won such a glowing tribute from "Stonewall" Jackson. But she got so little out of Baker that her visits to the prison stopped thereafter.

And one day Baker was taken to be examined by no less a person than Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy.

That high-placed gentleman was not dressed for the part. He wore a light linen coat, but no collar, tie or vest. He greeted Baker with informality, indeed with disarming sociability.

"You came down here by way of Washington, they tell me. What did you see up there?" Davis asked.

Then followed a comedy into the acting of which each man put no mean measure of ability; Davis pretending to trust Baker, Baker pretending to trust Davis. It was Baker, of course, who had the more difficult rôle. He described what he had seen in Washington, telling as much truth as he suspected Davis already knew. And he contributed additions to the truth which sounded plausible enough, but which would serve the Union well should Davis swallow them.

Then the President became personal. "And what are your plans, Mr. Munson?"

"I was hopin' to do a little business in photographin' folks," Baker said. "But your men took my camera away and two letters I had interducin' me to people in this city."

The President leaned back. "Don't worry about those letters," he said with a grim smile. "You say you are from Knoxville. It just so happens that a gentleman from Knoxville is on his way to my office. When he comes here he may be able to vouch for you. If he does"—the President made an eloquent gesture—"why your troubles will be over!"

Baker did his best to look relieved.

He realized now that Fate would open the door to that room at any moment. Davis' genial manner did not blind the spy to the poignancy of his situation. Baker had not the slightest doubt that as things stood

he was already condemned to a spy's fate—unless the man from Knoxville should identify him as "Sam Munson of Knoxville."

Several times that door opened and visitors came in while Baker was waiting. We can feel sure that these entrances were not without interest to Baker. Which of them would be the man to decide his fate?

Those eyes of his and the brain behind them would have to do their best now. For he had settled on a course of action—perhaps "acting" is the better word —in which he would stake his very life on nothing more than a guess.

And the whole success of his gamble depended on giving himself but a single second of time wherein to weigh chances.

Five visitors one after another came and went and with each entrance Baker's lips moved to form the words that should launch him on his gamble. But each time that something within him, the spark on which in that dark hour he depended for illumination, kept him from speaking. It will be remembered that Davis did not tell Baker the name of the man who was coming.

Then a middle-aged man, Jefferson Davis' office attendant, came in with a card for the President. Baker glimpsed the part of the card the attendant's thumb did not hide. "—rock," he saw.

The "r" was not a capital letter. And from the position of the letters, Baker's guess was that there

were no more than one or two letters in front of the "rock."

The attendant brought the card over to Davis, who glanced at it and nodded.

"Send him in."

"Why, Mister Brock, by the Great Guns, I'm glad to see you!"

He had thrown his dice. He gambled on the letter B as the one in front of the "rock" on the visiting card. He gambled on this being the man from Knoxville summoned by Davis to identify him. Most of all he gambled on the very energy he threw into the greeting, an energy that would help propel him to destruction if his gamble miscarried.

And in the peering eyes of the visitor Baker read that for the moment the dice went his way. But also the man said,

"I don't seem to remember you."

Baker not only had to watch his man for guidance, but still more to keep track of how Davis was reacting to it all.

"Why, Mister Brock, don't you remember me, Sam Munson? Judge Ely Munson's son?"

The visitor knew that Jefferson Davis would not be likely to tell Baker his name. Also, so far as he knew this was the first time that Baker had set eyes on him. And yet there he was calling him by his right name and with a gusto of recognition.

There was a Judge Munson in Knoxville who had a son Sam. Baker, who once had visited the city on a

business trip, had taken the precaution to use real names.

"But still I don't remember you," Brock said, peering.

"Well, it's seven years since I left Knoxville for California, but it's just as if I'd seen you only yesterday. *You* haven't changed much. Let's see, I think I can even tell you where I talked to you last. Wasn't it in the law offices of Proctor & Lee? Or maybe at the cotton auction. If not, it *must* have been——"

Anxiously he reeled off the list of places and names. Finally he touched a nerve.

"It may have been at the cotton auction," the visitor said reluctantly.

For Baker's voluble familiarity with Knoxville, playing as it did on the sense of inferiority the other felt about his failing eyes and hearing, had worn Brock down.

From the corner of his eye Baker saw Davis half convinced. But he did not breathe freely until the president of the Confederacy said,

"You two finish your talk outside. Munson, you're to report every other day to Colonel Jameson as on parole."

Baker's face showed every sign of dejection.

"Well, President, I did hope that you'd give me a pass to go to my home city."

"We'll see about that," Davis said. "When I'm convinced, I'll send you down there with an escort."

Baker walked the streets of Richmond that day, a

man temporarily reprieved. If any anxiety remained with him it did not seem to hinder him in the next two weeks from storing away in that excellent memory of his all that he saw and learned in and about Richmond.

He saw what to the average onlooker would seem only the confusion of a capital in wartime. Confusion there certainly was, but Baker found excellent fishing in those troubled waters. He made notes of regimental numbers on uniforms. He shrewdly calculated the probable strength of each fighting unit. He judged each regiment's prosperity or poverty by what equipment passed under his eyes. He listened everywhere and discreetly encouraged comment and speculation on the state of war. He saw the famous Black Horse Cavalry of which General Scott wanted to be informed. He wandered about arsenals and field sheds.

Then he took short trips into the adjacent country, returning in time to report to his parole officer.

Finally he decided it was time to report to his own superior officer, General Scott. Whereupon he headed at top speed in the direction of Washington.

He knew that the first time he failed to report to the parole officer the hunt after him would launch. He got two days' start. But the pursuit was more than likely to be on horseback. And, of course, if he should run into bad luck or be detained for examination, slim would be his chances of reporting to General Scott.

To make speed he had to travel on highways. But highways were watched. So he skirted them as best he could. What little sleeping he did was by day.

On the morning of the third day he was in the country beyond Fredericksburg sleeping deep inside a haystack into which he had burrowed the night before. He was awakened by the sound of men's voices all about him.

It didn't take an acute mind to tell him that those were cavalrymen on the hunt for him. That fact was almost fatally driven home to him when a sword blade came poking into the hay all about him. It must have taken almost superhuman self-control to keep from moving to get out of the way of those sword-thrusts. His relief may be imagined when he finally heard the cavalryman say,

"He ain't in here, that's sho'!"

His next moment of anxiety came late that afternoon while he was trying a short cut through some woods where lumber was being cut down for the army.

He had gone through the strip of timber without seeing anyone, and had begun to hope that he was literally out of the woods, when from behind a pile of logs a brawny figure stepped out, in his hand a timber ax.

The man had curiosity in his eyes which Baker found uncomfortable.

"Where to, stranger?" the man asked pointedly.

Baker looked the questioner over from head to foot then pointed angrily at the pile of logs.

"Why, you blundering idiot, what the hell do you mean by disobeying orders!" he snapped. "Those logs are every one of them cut four feet too short! If I

made that clear once I must have done it seven times that these were to be cut a full twenty feet. I'll teach you! Go and tell your gang boss Mr. Randall himself discharged you!"

There was vibrant anger in that tone, the anger of a leader of men.

"I didn't cut this timber," the man said.

"Well, somebody cut it four feet short and somebody's goin' to sweat for it!" Baker stormed. "Where *is* your boss?"

The lumberman sulkily pointed and Baker strode angrily off in that direction.

He came at last to the shore of the Potomac River where only four miles across the water lay safety in the Union ranks.

At last he discovered a waterlogged skiff, green with the stagnation of a backwater. A single partly-decayed oar was in the boat. But it might have been a treasure ship, so eagerly did Baker examine it.

It was not a treasure ship; nevertheless it was carefully guarded. For just as Baker managed to empty the water out of the skiff two soldiers in gray stuck the muzzles of their rifles over the top of some shrubbery.

"Nev' mind that skiff, Yank, jes' come back here an' be folksy!"

It must have been a tug at Baker's heart to be called back at that moment when before his eyes lay the opposite shore. But he only looked up and smiled.

"I sho' am glad you-all take me for a Yank!" he

drawled. "I only hope they'll think the same of me when I get over the other side of the river."

"Come over and tell us all about it," one of the sentries said.

Baker coolly continued to examine the boat for seaworthiness.

"I'm too busy, Johnny," he said over his shoulder. "You-all can come down and talk to me here. Colonel Robeson and Major Grierson get here to-morrow mornin'. If you want to know much about me and what I'm goin' to use this boat fo', ask them. But," he grinned over his shoulder, "I'm 'fraid they won't tell you very much!"

The names he mentioned were chiefs of what secret service organization the Confederate army had in that district. The names were familiar to these sentries.

"Are they comin' here?" asked one of the sentries.

"You'll know to-morrow mo'nin'," said Baker cryptically.

The sentries made him remain at their post until they should be relieved at midnight. Meanwhile Baker went about trying to make the boat seaworthy with such energy that several times the sentries threatened to shoot him if he didn't stay away from it. Each time Baker smiled, however, as if to say, "You know very well you won't do that!"

Finally he was bold enough to shove the boat into the water to see if it would float. It did. And disregarding profanity he actually got into the boat as if to test the one apology for an oar.

The night had come down and the rest of the scene played itself out in deep twilight.

Baker appeared to lose patience finally.

"I'll leave in this here boat the moment Colonel Robeson gets here," he said. "But if I hear another word out of you I'll start off now and let you shoot me at your own risk!"

And he pushed off.

There was a hurried debate between the two sentries, half a minute of indecision that gave Baker enough start to commit him to the venture.

Lying back as flat in the boat as he could and at the same time tugging away with his one decrepit oar, Baker steered a crazy course away from the shore. Fire spouted over the top of the shrubbery. A bullet whistled and water splashed. Two more shots stabbed the twilight and into the rotting wood of the gunwale went a bullet. Baker knew now that nothing would save him but sheer luck.

His boat made crazy half-circles in the deepening twilight, a twilight punctured with spitfire. But as he now sat up and put every ounce of strength into the two-fisted grip about that oar handle the target he made became more and more dim.

It says something about the ordeal he survived, the fact that when several hours later he stumbled out of his boat on the Union shore of the Potomac he remained lying in the mud of his landing. He lay there unable to summon another bit of strength from the heart and the muscles he had taxed so cruelly.

When in the morning a Union patrol found him, he was shivering from head to foot. But it was with the malaria he had caught and not from any further fear.

What he told General Scott and his subsequent services must have been of value to the Union armies for Abraham Lincoln made him Provost-General and later Brigadier-General in charge of the secret service for both the War and the State Department.

And it is in the capacity of Chief of the Secret Service that he enters into our next story in which a woman's perfume, an initial, and two women spies played part in one of the most brilliant adventures of the Civil War.

Fairfax Court House in Virginia was in the hands of the Union troops, but one would not think so from the picture it made by night in the mansion now occupied by the Union General Stoughton. War is hard and the soldier is entitled to whatever ease and charm he can find in the course of it; Fairfax Court House was well within the Union lines and the enemy was busy elsewhere. The town was a garden of femininity and the southern belles seemed to harbor not too much enmity to the young officers of the enemy who courted them in the lull of battle.

So there was music, lights gleamed and uniforms in blue danced and sat out between dances with hoop-skirts of every hue. General Stoughton himself was no martinet when it came to pleasure. He was a mediocre soldier and it was not talent that made him, after the exploit I am about to relate, one of the most

talked-of men in the Civil War. In his justification let me say only that his men were just as much lulled as he was by the supposed safety of their military position.

But ranging the indeterminate territory where the two hostile armies were seesawing in even battle was a slightly built man on horseback at the head of a troop of riders. They varied in number from twenty-five to two hundred and fifty, according to the kind of exploit they were planning. The more rash their plan the fewer they were. Their leader, wiry and restless, a bantam of a man, with a high forehead, keen sparkling blue eyes, and the thin-lipped mobile mouth of a man of action, had been an attorney when the war broke out.

And the man broke out of his office with the gladness of a prisoner at last set free. Up to the moment the bugle sounded poetry had been his only release; he went corsairing with Byron's pirates, crusaded with Scott's mailed knights, followed Napoleon through the dazzling pages of his history—only to find himself cooped within walls of sheepskin volumes of law.

Then the cannon sounded at Fort Sumter and John Mosby became a man delivered. He fairly leaped into the fight. But he was tired of discipline and to enlist under a commander was not his mood.

So he offered his services to the Confederacy on the condition that he should be given free rein: the free rein of a leader of irregular cavalry waging guerrilla warfare.

So beggarly was the army of the Confederacy that its leaders could not afford to pick and choose, but let Mosby have his way. And so rich was the promise of his personality to young Southerners that in a short while he had at his beck and call three hundred daredevils on horseback.

Mosby's Rangers, people began to call them. For always within twenty-four hours after that troop vaulted into the saddle they gave the country something to talk about. Mosby had picked a specialty for himself and his men. It was kidnaping Union officers and their men from inside the Union lines.

Each exploit was like another. In some town well within the Union lines some fairly important officer sleeping comfortably would wake with a start and find a man in Confederate gray rudely shaking him.

An army revolver was at his head. There were crisp orders; time given only enough to throw on a minimum of clothes. From a score to a hundred mounted men in gray waited outside. A horse was there for the prisoner and other horses for his fellow officers captured at the same time. These and a tale of wild riding through the night were the constant factors of many a Union officer's account of how he had been captured by Mosby's Rangers.

The South was merry and jubilant over each exploit. Northern officers were furious and vowed revenge. Colonel Wyndham, aide to General Stoughton at Fairfax Court House, sent a letter to John Mosby.

It was a challenge by a spirited officer to a spirited guerrilla.

"You're good at stealing horses," the challenge read. "See if you can steal a man—me!"

He received a letter in reply. "I have stolen horses. But the horses had riders and the riders wore Union uniforms of blue and had swords and revolvers. I accept your invitation."

The authorities in Washington were troubled by a certain fact in connection with these kidnapings even more than by the humiliation of the exploits. This was the fact that not one of these raids would have been possible were there not some one supplying Mosby with the most detailed kind of information as to how Union lines were picketed; what danger points the raiders must avoid; where, to the very room, Union officers would be found at the exact moment suitable for Mosby. But Washington was able to do little at first to stop this leak of information.

Then came the night of March 8, 1863. The weather in and about Fairfax Court House was vile, snow melting underfoot, mist and drizzle. It was more pleasant in the stately southern Colonial mansion where General Stoughton was giving a ball. Candles and candelabra, the heavy perfumed air of a ballroom and much dancing eventually made the thought of sleep welcome even to the greediest at the dance.

Officers chivalrously escorted the girls to their homes; then returned to their quarters. Four of them

went back to the now dark mansion where General Stoughton was already asleep.

The roads and other approaches to Fairfax Court House were competently guarded. Down the pike on one side was Centerville, a Union stronghold. In the other direction was Chantilly, another heavily guarded post. Between Fairfax Court House and the Confederates was Cub Run, now swollen with spring floods, a natural barrier against enemy approach.

It is not surprising, therefore, that General Stoughton slept soundly in his mahogany four-poster and that elsewhere through the house young, dance-weary subalterns slept as soundly.

But twenty-five miles to the south of them John Mosby had just finished scrutinizing some papers that had been brought to him. They were hand-drawn maps of the country between him and Fairfax Court House. On each map symbols indicated Union garrisons, batteries, outposts; even individual sentries.

What he studied most was a detailed map of Fairfax Court House with houses marked. When he felt he knew his maps by heart he put on his coat of Confederate gray, a long double-breasted affair with braids on the sleeve all the way up to the elbow and three lines of braid on his officer's collar. He wore no saber, but in his belt were two revolvers.

He went outside and mounted his horse. About him in the darkness were twenty-nine others on horseback. Not one of the troop—except, of course, their leader—knew what was coming or where they were going.

Captain Mosby turned his horse and started off through the night, his twenty-nine men blindly following. At one point when the cavalcade was riding in two columns, half the riders lost the other half; and since only one man knew the destination, an hour was lost before the riders became a single body again.

They were now where the two hostile armies were at grips—or theoretically so. But some one inside the Union lines had discovered a break in the solid wall of Union picketing. It took expert prowling to discover that gap of which the Union officers themselves were not aware. And it was of this break that Mosby had been informed. Now his men softly walked their horses through the gap in the line of sentries.

Between that point and the outskirts of Fairfax Court House Mosby expected no challenge and got none. The group of horsemen held whispered consultation. Then Mosby at the head of a dozen men crossed over to a certain house and took one of several keys out of his pocket.

Unlocking the door he and his dozen entered the house. With candles and drawn revolvers they rushed into a bedroom and surprised three sleeping officers.

"Your hands will stay up, gentlemen!" Mosby said in that low but incisive voice which returned in dreams to more than one Union officer. "Where is Colonel Wyndham?"

"He left for Washington last night," one of the Union officers said surlily, "on order from the Secretary of War."

"I'm sorry to hear it!" Mosby said sarcastically. "I'm here at his express invitation. Here is his letter." It was the Union officer's challenge for Mosby to get him.

Into the street the captured officers were hustled and mounted on horses that had already been "borrowed" from Union stables.

Other captured officers were being assembled silently by Mosby's Rangers, each Ranger holding a tangle of bridles with his left hand and in the other a pistol strategically pointed. Silence—such silence as broods over a powder magazine—was maintained.

Then Mosby and six of his men strode over to the mansion where General Stoughton was. Mosby led.

"Halt! Who goes there?" a sentry challenged.

"Friend!" Mosby sang out cheerfully.

The sentry peered through the drizzle.

"Advance, friend, and give the password!"

Mosby and another briskly advanced. Their cloaks were about them as if to keep out the rain. But when they came to the sentry, the two cloaks whipped about him and down he went. The cry meant to arouse the guard was lost in folds of wool.

Out of his pocket Mosby took a key. Clearly the information service he was receiving was a competent one. Letting himself softly into the house, Mosby, followed by several of his men, mounted the stairs and threw open a door.

General Stoughton must have dreamt of battle when a terrific smack on his back shocked him. He sprang

out of bed and wildly regarded the slightly built man who was looking at him with a grin.

"Who are you?" General Stoughton demanded.

"Do you know who John Mosby is?" came a stage whisper.

"Have you captured him?"—eagerly.

"No, but he's captured you!"

General Stoughton was in his night clothes and few undressed men feel their courage at high fighting pitch, especially when all the weapons are in the hands of the fully clad enemy. Dejectedly he put on his shoes and overcoat and followed his captors into the street. Here he was placed on a horse and surrounded by guards.

A low chirrup and the whole band, Rangers and prisoners, made for the open country. Well provided with information, Mosby again avoided sentry posts.

What he could not avoid was Centerville, the heavily armed Union post, past which he would have to take his band now encumbered with Union officers and stolen horses. Then if he passed that he would have to negotiate Cub Run, which he could hear long before he came near it.

As the cavalcade neared Centerville the Rangers pressed close to their prisoners and brought their pistols still closer. Not a threat was uttered, but none was necessary.

One Union officer, however, knew exactly the point at which a shout and a dash for liberty would make

the most interesting gamble. Captain Barker suddenly dug his heels into his horse's flanks, jerked it a half-turn, and let out a yell as he sped off through the night.

A pistol woke echoes along with his shout and Captain Barker's horse pitched on its head, dragging the captain down. A horseman thundered up to him, yanked him to his feet and rushed him back to the Mosby cavalcade.

But from the barracks at Centerville came shouts, shots, bugles and pursuit.

Mosby had counted on attempting to ford Cub Run several miles farther up where it was comparatively safe. Certainly even a less well-informed leader would not have attempted to send men and horses across that mad stream at that point.

But Centerville was pouring out its troops in every direction except one. Cub Run would take care of that.

Mosby jerked his horse to a standstill at the brink of the roaring water. His men followed suit and got ready to fight. Accustomed as they were to following their leader blindly, they could not conjecture anything else at that moment. He took a few moments to loosen his saddle girth; the others imitated him. Then——

"In!" cried Mosby.

To everyone's surprise he spurred his horse into the stream. Those who looked down saw the river

whisk horse and man away as if they were autumn leaves. But there was no time to determine what became of them.

Mosby owed his leadership to wisdom as much as to rashness. It was a blend of opposites that gave him such a percentage of good fortune that his followers would have followed him into fire as well as water.

So after him they plunged and saw to it that their captives did not stay behind. The river thumped the horses' ribs and sent them rapidly downstream. Above on the bank the night became alive with shooting and shouting. But it was the river that was the danger now.

Perhaps no exploit contributed to Mosby's fame so substantially as the fact that his apparently rash plunge into the river brought him and his cavalcade to safety within the Confederate lines without the loss of a single man or horse.

And, of course, to bring a kidnaped Union general, snatched from a Union stronghold, with the aid of only a handful of men, was something to send down in history.

He brought the half-clad General Stoughton to General Fitzhugh Lee, and the last touch of humiliation was added to General Stoughton's plight when he recognized in the Confederate commander a classmate of West Point Military Academy days.

It became Mosby's most celebrated exploit and once the thing was done and its effect on the morale of both sides registered, General Fitzhugh Lee let his class-

mate go free. But Abraham Lincoln made a caustic comment on Mosby's theft of his general and horses.

"I'm sorry. I can make other brigadier-generals, but I can't replace the horses."

But Brigadier-General Baker, chief of the Union secret service, was not of the replaceable kind and he felt the exploit of Mosby as a challenge to his department. Baker himself went down to Fairfax Court House to break up the excellent espionage service that was keeping Mosby so well informed.

Soon after he arrived a young woman was arrested on the charge of being the one who had sent Mosby his information. She was a young woman of striking beauty, dark, impetuous in temper, Southern to judge by accent and manner. But everyone in Fairfax Court House was surprised at the arrest. For the young woman was a newcomer and little known.

Nevertheless Brigadier-General Baker held her on what he declared was sufficient evidence. A court-martial followed.

Miss Andrews was assigned a lawyer to defend her, while Brigadier-General Baker himself took charge of the prosecution. The proceedings were held in secret.

But Baker's displeasure when he came out of the court-martial was no secret to the world. He left for Washington at once.

Miss Andrews, freed by the court-martial, remained in Fairfax Court House. Her ordeal must have been a severe one for she had a sort of breakdown. Union officers did their best to make amends by giving

her the best accommodations in the military hospital.

But the Southern women in the town felt it only fair to help one who had been tried by a Union court-martial even if it did free her.

So Miss Andrews was taken out of the Yankee military hospital by a Southern matron and given a Southern home with all its famous hospitality. Although she seemed duly appreciative of the kindnesses showered upon her by the Southerners in the town, she proved reticent about herself.

She told only that she was a New Orleans girl who had come to Fairfax Court House to "see something of the war." What she meant by the phrase—for no one believed mere curiosity her real motive—obsessed the girl's hostesses to know.

Finally one of the young women, a Miss Christine Ford, appeared to make some headway with the stranger. Miss Ford was endowed by nature to succeed in getting into the confidence of others. She was a dashing belle, so alive with charm and so lovely to look at that people did not realize how much quiet intelligence was at work behind those good looks of hers. Men—Union officers—confided in her not much less willingly than did women; and it said much of her that women liked her as much as men did.

It is not surprising, therefore, that Miss Andrews gradually became more communicative with Miss Ford as their friendship increased. When she was partly recovered from the ordeal of the court-martial, Miss

Andrews accepted Christine Ford's invitation to make her home with her.

The two became inseparable. Miss Ford even made her guest share her great sunny bedroom. Then one night when the two were plaiting their hair before bed, Christine Ford made her strongest bid for complete confidence between them.

"Look here, Alice!" she protested. "Don't you know yet that you can fully trust me as one devoted to—our side? Why don't you tell me the truth? *Did* you send Mosby word in the General Stoughton affair?"

Miss Andrews looked sharply at her. "You know very well I didn't!"

Miss Ford laughed softly. "I do know. I know it because—— But look here, Goosie, and realize once for all that you can trust me!"

From an old grandfather's clock she drew out a little compartment no one would have suspected existed. Papers were hidden there. One of them Miss Ford showed Miss Andrews.

It was in the handwriting of General J. E. B. Stuart of the Confederate army.

"To All Whom It May Concern," it read. "Reposing special confidence in the patriotism and fidelity of 'F,' I, James E. B. Stuart, by virtue of the power vested in me as Brigadier-General in the Provisional Army of the Confederated States of America, do hereby appoint and commission her my honorary aide-de-camp, to rank as such from this date . . ."

Miss Andrews looked up at her with glowing eyes.

"Then you are 'F,' the spy I have heard of so much?" she exclaimed softly. "And was it you, then, who sent Mosby word all along?"

Miss Ford put the credential away in the grandfather's clock.

"And you, my dear Alice?" she countered. "Now that you know about me—tell me about yourself!"

"I am a spy too!" Miss Andrews said softly.

The two women talked far into the night, planning.

But Miss Ford—the famous 'F' of whom Civil War annals made more or less a glamorous mystery—planned this time in vain.

For the following day a detail of Union soldiers came and arrested her.

She was charged with being a spy, informant of Captain Mosby. And the proof against her was furnished by "Miss Andrews," agent for Brigadier-General Baker.

Miss Ford was taken to the Capitol Prison in Washington and detained pending her trial as a spy.

But one night the door to her cell was left conveniently open and she escaped. It may have been Lincoln's way of disposing of the painful necessity of shooting a woman; or it may have been the work of Confederates. History does not commit itself on the point.

But it does credit Brigadier-General Lafayette Baker with the capture of the mysterious "F."

CHIEF TO 40,000 SPIES

To realize by analogy what the advent of Doctor Stieber did to the history of espionage, consider the matter of shoes. At one time every pair of shoes, and every part of every shoe, was laboriously gotten out by a cobbler with his own hands. Then came the modern mind and the machine; and where formerly hands and fingers toiled to produce a single pair, now a monster of complicated steel daily produces shoes enough for an army; or a hundred armies should the need arise.

Up to the time of Frederick the Great the spy did, to quote again Kipling's rather uninspired line, report for duty "alone, out of sight, out of reach of his fellow." But Frederick had the gift which has made the Germans one of the great races of history, the gift for organizing. Among the things he began to organize was the business of spying. He extended espionage until he boasted that for every cook he carried with him he had a hundred spies. Baron Stein organized his "hundred spies to every cook" into a little army. But with the passing of both Frederick the Great and Baron Stein that army deteriorated—until Doctor Stieber came on the scene.

Stieber did for spying what the modern multiple-factory does for shoes. And it would take a sizable

modern factory to provide enough shoes for the army of spies which Stieber recruited and organized at the height and triumph of his career.

It would have to be a rather bewildering variety of shoes, however. Many hundred pairs of soft-soled shoes for chambermaids and house servants, shoes that would not squeak as they tiptoed to listen at the keyhole. Stout country shoes for "peasants" who did much tramping about in the vicinity of canals and highroads. Sleekly shining shoes for "private secretaries" to provincial bankers and to newspaper owners, to government officials ranging from small-town mayors to ministers to Napoleon III. Dainty ballroom shoes for sirens; gaudy footgear for crude courtesans. Discreet-looking shoes for men in disguise as priests; ornate shoes for others masquerading as procurers.

When Stieber was in his early twenties and still a law student, workers all over Europe were beginning more or less vaguely to feel that political power resided in their vast numbers and in their vital rôle in society. But it was characteristic of the Germans that what others felt only vaguely they should express vigorously in terms of organization. Frederick William, King of Prussia, ruled his masses with a scepter that bore heavily on their backs. Whereat the workers began to organize resistance.

They organized with Teutonic efficiency; according to a deeply thought-out scheme, in regimental form. But they had to do it secretly until such time as they

should be ready to come out in massive protest or, if need be, in open revolt. Socialism was their religion, their philosophy, their war manual. And Silesia, an industrial center, was the hotbed of the growing movement.

It was in Silesia that Stieber, a youth of twenty, made his appearance just after graduating from law school. His was not an outwardly prepossessing appearance. He was medium-sized, but looked short because of an ingratiating stoop to his shoulders and a bit of shamble in his walk. His hands were forever sleekly washing themselves as if he were an obsequious clerk before a rich customer. His ears were large and outstanding, so was his nose; his mouth was also too ample for good looks and his eyes of a washed-out gray were like windows which stare but through which one sees only into an empty interior.

However, those eyes were deceiving. Behind them was a richly furnished mind, but still richer with gifts craving employment. Young Stieber meant at first to become a lawyer. But there is a compulsive power about genius which disregards a man's first blundering choices of career and drives him to use his real gifts as surely as sprouting wings and fins impel flying or swimming. And Stieber's genius was for spying.

He saw on the one hand the growing secret revolt of the workers. On the other was a king who would pay well to anyone who would betray it from the inside. So Stieber became a mere factory hand in the great Schoffel iron works. It was not long before his

voice became heard in the secret councils of the organized workers.

Like every born spy, Stieber had a glib tongue and was a good mixer. Behind his ability to talk well went his lawyer training to build up a good case for any side he espoused, and an actor's talent to put passion into any lines he chose to declaim.

He became an agitator among the workers at the same time that he courted the daughter of one of his employers. The workers finally elected him high in their councils. And Herr Schoffel gave Stieber his daughter in marriage.

Stieber was now about ready to deliver goods to the highest bidder. The only career the workers offered him was the perilous one of revolution. Whereas if he betrayed that revolution there would be opened to him a career as promising for prosperity as that of Prussia itself, at that time launched on a campaign which would make it the ruling state of a united Germany.

Stieber secretly offered his "goods" to the government. To begin with, Stieber went to work to convert his wife's uncle to Socialism. That uncle was a warm-hearted, high-spirited youth, romantic and trustful. Although wealth would be his as a Schoffel, he listened to Stieber and threw his fortune in with the workers.

Then when the generous youth was deeply enough involved in the secret movement, the police came and threw him into prison. Stieber was the first to denounce that arrest passionately at workers' meetings.

And so eloquent was he that the workers elected him to go to Berlin and lead the growing revolt there.

So powerful had the revolutionary movement grown that in Berlin the workers announced the day and the hour at which they meant to parade the streets of the capital in a vast procession. And they challenged the king to show himself in public at that hour.

The hour came. The workers made their promise good that they would fill the main thoroughfares of Berlin like a river at flood. And Frederick William answered the workers' challenge by appearing in public in a carriage at the head of his cortège.

In Dorotheen Strasse the royal procession was cut in two by the turbulent column of workers. At the very head was Stieber. The royal carriage found itself surrounded by a mob and Stieber jumped on the very step of the royal carriage.

Stieber could have been shot by any one of the royal party. But Frederick William had a certain wisdom that matched his present rashness and he let the young agitator talk as a sort of safety valve.

What the workers saw—there was too much commotion for them to hear—was Stieber waving his fist under the very nose of the king, his face contorted with denunciation.

And what the king heard was,

"Sire, have no fear! I am of Your Majesty's side and have taken every precaution for your safety. In the meanwhile I must proceed with my rôle of leading these poor deluded people!"

With a climax of fury, Stieber jumped off the carriage step and royalty departed amid jeering and hooting, while Stieber rode on wildly acclaimed as a truly fearless leader.

Back in his palace the King asked General Radowitz who was with him,

"Did you take the name of the young man who mounted my carriage step with that red flag in his hand?"

"Yes, Sire."

"Good, I will ask for it."

Soon after that misfortune began to overtake the workers. They were urged by new leaders to rebellion at this or that point where the government forces would be surprised and overwhelmed. And in every case it was the workers who were overwhelmed by troops lying in ambush. Blood flowed, but it was workingmen's blood and those who were not shot were thrown into prison.

Stieber was neither shot nor imprisoned. Instead he was called to court.

It was the King himself who introduced Stieber to Von Hinkerley, Prefect of the Police of Prussia.

"My dear Prefect," the King said, "I want to recommend this young man. He is clever and has rendered me a service."

The Prefect felt uneasy. He lowered his voice.

"But, Your Majesty, I know this man to be active among the revolutionists!"

"Come, my dear Prefect," the King broke in im-

patiently. "When I recommend a protégé, you can be sure I know what I am doing!"

Von Hinkerley bowed to His Majesty in apology and to Stieber in acknowledgment of the introduction. But he knew now that he would have to bow later in submission to this man who had managed to intrigue himself into the King's graces behind the backs of the official police.

So it proved. Stieber won promotion at the hands of the King until he towered over the chiefs of the regular police as well as over those who had charge of espionage for the army.

Then followed an interesting struggle between Stieber and those whose influence and very offices were threatened by his rapid rise. Police and army spy chiefs proved mere lambs before a wolf. Stieber proposed to the King a secret service which would be independent of both the regular police and the army, a "modernized and specialized organization adapted to a general service of security both of the interior and of the exterior of the nation; enjoying autonomy under its own chief."

The King authorized the creation of such a service and we need not ask who was made its chief.

Thus began the first and most highly developed modern secret service system which played such a multiplex and vital, dramatic and melodramatic rôle in the Great War whose reverberations are still with us. But never before Stieber or since was espionage such a terrific machine as under Stieber himself.

In Stieber's scheme of "interior" espionage, spies dogged every important state official, worked in banks, in low dives and in glittering resorts of debauchery. They insinuated themselves into every social circle and wove intrigue about the most powerful personages in the state.

Stieber visited the King daily to keep him informed. One day the King said with a laugh, "I don't suppose that even my sons would be safe from your spies—if they were not my sons."

Stieber looked at his monarch with those colorless eyes of his and decided to take a chance. From his portfolio he took two envelopes. "Sire," he said, "since you have not authorized me to concern myself with Their Highnesses, the Princes, I presented you no reports on their movements. But should you be at all interested, here are two envelopes, one on Prince Adalbert for the last twenty-four hours, and the other on Prince Karl."

The King's eyes narrowed; then he remembered that after all this man had taken the liberty only out of zeal of service to him. He opened the envelope on Adalbert and read in part:

"His Highness being already fatigued retired to his apartment and went early to bed at 12:45 A.M. having partaken of a light supper in his study at 11:20. This morning at 10:45 Count X, officer on duty in attendance on His Highness, left in a carriage and brought back with him Professor D., who arrived at the castle at 11:15.

"The consultation between Professor D. and His Highness lasted eleven minutes. On leaving His Highness' room the Professor whispered to General von Radowitz, 'So that young pig gets tipsy every night now, does he?' "

The King hastily put the memorandum in his pocket and opened the report on his other son, Karl.

"Well, this one couldn't have given you much trouble to watch," he said. "He at least doesn't spend his time in a cellar."

"No, Your Majesty," Stieber replied. "But it takes less time to count the visits of His Highness, Prince Adalbert, to the wine-cellar than it does to follow His Highness, Prince Karl, into various and truly numberless bedrooms."

Not all his "interior" spying did Stieber devote to the service of the King. Stieber in person and Stieber the spy were so little attractive to most people that those whose salons figured in the dreams of social climbers kept their doors firmly closed to Stieber and his wife.

What we lack often becomes the object of some of our most strenuous strivings, and Stieber's lack of presentability fired him with a passion to be presented in society. His face and figure were not ornamental, so he strained to collect as many decorations and medals as he could win from the King. The doors of the discriminating were closed to him. So he sent his spies around to the back doors, up back stairs, to keyholes until he learned enough.

Then some of the most exclusive front doors opened to him and his wife more or less graciously lest Stieber open sundry closets with family skeletons therein.

The first notable assignment in his "exterior" espionage Stieber intrusted to no one but himself. Prussia in its scheme of empire had decided to reach out for Bohemia. The seizure would be by force of arms. But that would have to wait until some one had carefully gone over the route of march and prepared every inch of it for the armies of invasion.

So Stieber let his beard grow, dressed up as a peddler, got a wagon and team and laid in his stock. With these he went to Bohemia. There he let his horses trudge as slowly as they pleased over the highways and byways while he "peddled his wares."

There were two classes of people Stieber most wanted to talk to—peasants upon whose farms an invading army would have to forage, and the officers who would lead the army of resistance. To the peasants Stieber sold little religious images and crucifixes. To the officers he offered obscene pictures.

For three years the peddler wandered over the face of Bohemia making endless notes and sketches in minute writing.

Then an unfortunate slip betrayed his mission. A mob of Bohemians stoned him and his wagon while a detail of police was escorting him across the border.

The moment he was put over the line Stieber lashed his poor horses up the street of the border town until he turned a corner out of sight of the angry Bohemians.

He kept on whipping his horses for several streets until he turned another corner. Then still with as much speed as he could force out of his nags he drove straight back over the border into Bohemia.

Finally he finished his work; returned to Berlin; washed, put on court dress, pinned on all his decorations and presented his report to the King and his generals.

Field Marshal von Moltke, famous chief of the Prussian army, read the report. Coming from him what he said of Stieber was indeed praise.

"If I had gone myself," von Moltke said, "I could not have better prepared the ground for our military invasion."

And at the battle of Sadowa the truth of these words was driven home to Austria when she lost to Prussia her leadership among the coalescing German states.

But before the King of Prussia should become the Emperor of a united Germany there were other German states to subdue. So Stieber was assigned to "survey" Saxony in the same way he had "surveyed" Bohemia. History attests to the thoroughness with which he did the job.

Luxemburg was next.

Then came the turn of still other states. And with each visit the power of Prussia grew.

Meanwhile his spies of the "interior" service were keeping him so excellently informed on the doings of every personage at the court that they succeeded only too well. For many important men soon found their

importance threatened by the fact that Stieber knew too much about them.

Whereupon they dropped fighting each other and united to oust Stieber. So powerful was their alliance that even the King was constrained to yield somewhat. He called Stieber.

"The Czar of Russia has been urging me to lend you to him for a while," he said to him. "I am reluctant to spare you even for a short period. But perhaps even in Russia you may be of service to me."

Stieber did not need to be told what that service could be. He was to use his eyes at the Court of the Czar and not always on behalf of the Czar.

Stieber went to Petrograd and in a few months organized the famous secret service of Czarist Russia which lasted up to the revolution of 1917.

Then Stieber demonstrated that he could attend equally well to detailed problems as well. A royal princess—let us call her Xenia—was embarrassing the Czar's court by her exceedingly frank love affairs.

Stieber had his Russian agents do a little spying with German thoroughness.

Then Princess Xenia found to her distress that all her lovers began sedulously keeping away from her. She cornered an officer who had been most ardent.

"What has happened?" she demanded. "A week ago I couldn't get rid of you. Now I can't get you to come near me!"

Even as she said this the man was edging out of the room.

"The devil take that Stieber!" he swore. "Everything I want kept secret he has found out. And if I am seen in the same street with you it will be all over with me!"

Not long after that Princess Xenia acceded to a highly respectable marriage recommended to her by the Czar; and thereafter at least publicly she observed the conventions.

As in Prussia, however, Stieber succeeded only too well in Russia. For the police whose power was supplanted by the secret service Stieber had organized began to plot. The duel of intrigue between them and Stieber must have been fascinating to contemplate. But like the small dog who in his own back yard can beat a bigger dog, the Russian police beat Stieber.

Only to the extent, however, of cutting his visit short. For the Czar lavished as parting gifts on him the Order of Stanislaus, a jeweled sword and money.

By this time the King of Prussia was able to receive Stieber back into court favor. For the day had come when growing Germany was turning its eyes to its powerful neighbor on the west, France.

They were primarily a pair of great cold sea-blue eyes set deep under shaggy brows in an enormous dome of forehead, the head of a thinker on a giant scale. With that top-head went the rugged face of the man of action. There was a look about that face not unlike that of one of the two mastiffs the man kept by his side. And whatever room the man entered he towered head and shoulders above any assembly of men. It

was Prince Otto Leopold von Bismarck, Prussia's "Iron Chancellor," whose ruthless genius was to do for Germany about what Napoleon had done for France.

It was he now who, so to speak, used Stieber as his left hand. And from then on the two worked together.

Bismarck invited Stieber to breakfast one morning. It was a Gargantuan breakfast, at least Bismarck's share of it. He began with an omelette of six eggs; a beefsteak large enough for two; great cups of coffee. Followed then slabs of roast poultry; along with these went platefuls of potatoes and bread. The whole was washed down with a large bottle of Rhine wine. Not until all this food was out of the way did Bismarck take up the matter on which he had summoned Stieber.

Stieber was to "survey" France as he had surveyed Bohemia.

"I give you a free hand," Bismarck said. "As much money, as many men and women, as much time as you think necessary."

"I shall want eighteen months," Stieber said after pondering. "Much money. And many, many men and women."

"They are yours!"

The "survey" began with a trip to Paris where Bismarck took Stieber along on a state visit to Napoleon III. The visit was to be a meeting of monarchs, for Alexander II of Russia was also coming. Needless to say there was politics behind the scheduled festivities.

Napoleon III wanted Alexander II as his ally; a consummation Bismarck wanted to frustrate.

On the special train with Bismarck, von Moltke and other notables went Stieber. As the train crossed into France a letter in cipher was brought to Stieber. He opened it and read,

"The moment you arrive come to my lodging in Rue des Halles."

It was from a subordinate, and although the man was in charge of Stieber's spies in Paris he would not have dared thus address his chief were there not something in the air.

From the railroad station in Paris, Stieber went to a hotel.

He had brought to Paris a black handbag destined later to become famous for his assortment of false beards and wigs it contained. Such disguises are now, of course, futile; but this was an age when men still luxuriated in beards and long hair, and Stieber was no novice at disguises.

Half an hour later from the servants' exit of the hotel a bearded shambling porter issued and made his way to the Rue des Halles.

Stieber's French was so adequate—a gift for languages is one of the talents of a born spy—that when he entered his agent's apartment it took the man some time to recognize his chief in the French porter.

It was an interesting situation the subordinate outlined. It seems that he had insinuated himself into the secret councils of some Polish refugees who were

plotting to assassinate the Czar in Paris. Lots had been drawn to decide which of them was to fire the bullet. A young fanatic by the name of Berezowski had drawn the black cross. The attempt was to be made the following day when the Czar rode out with Napoleon III for the festivities.

Stieber's eyes contemplated possibilities.

"Stay at Berezowski's side until midnight. Then report to me here," he ordered.

Back to his hotel Stieber went and without taking time to change his dress went to Bismarck's room. The Chancellor was about to go out for his daily ride.

"I have important news for you, Excellence!"

Bismarck glanced at him from under bushy brows. "It will keep till I come back from the ride."

"Most urgent news, Excellence!"

"Hurry then and tell me your news."

Stieber told him.

Bismarck was filling his famous long-stemmed pipe as Stieber talked. The room became clouded with smoke which partly obscured the Chancellor's expression, but the screen was not intentional. For when Bismarck replied to Stieber he unveiled what had been partly hidden from him.

"It would be a universal calamity," Bismarck mused aloud, "if so noble and good a prince as Alexander II should die by the hand of an assassin. Therefore I hope you will do all you can to prevent it. But how fortunate for Prussia if—in spite of all that you may be able to do—the assassin actually fired at the Czar

and the bullet through your agency were to go wide!

"For then such an attack in Paris would so incense the Czar—especially should the would-be assassin go unpunished—that an alliance between Russia and France would be averted. With corresponding benefit to ourselves. . . . But I must go for my ride!"

Stieber met his agent at midnight.

"Stay at Berezowski's right hand every moment until his arrest," was the order.

"But suppose he fires?"

"He *must* fire! But the shot must go wide. And you must be the one to arrest him."

All Paris thronged the Avenue des Champs Elysées the next day after the great review; so much so that the imperial carriage with Napoleon III and Alexander II found it impossible to proceed along the scheduled route. The equerry, M. Raimbaux, was ordered to clear the way for the carriage to turn down a side street.

With difficulty his horse cleared a passage for the carriage to turn. Then from the crowd a young man shouldered his way to the royal equipage and, drawing a pistol, aimed it at Alexander II.

He fired. But a hand had knocked the pistol aside at the critical instant and the bullet killed one of the horses. The young man succeeded in firing a second shot which, however, only hit a tree.

Then he was knocked down by Stieber's agent. French police seized the would-be assassin.

In prison the young Pole made his statement.

"I wished to avenge Poland. It is useless to question me further. I have no accomplices. And I accept full responsibility."

He was tried by a jury that included several none-too-prosperous citizens. There is no actual proof existent that the prosperity which a number of the jurors experienced soon after the trial was illegitimately acquired. But the young Pole was acquitted on the ground of "extenuating circumstances."

Which so incensed Alexander II that he drew back from the alliance Napoleon III sought.

And Prussia, thereby the gainer, was ready to proceed against France.

This time Stieber did not set out alone, as he did for Bohemia. First he summoned his two lieutenants, Zernicki and Kaltenbach. Stieber had two aspects to him as a spy. One was the glib good mixer, the actor of many guises, suave, sly, a reader and manipulator of men. The other side of him was the calculating machine; casting up human needs and human lives as cold-bloodedly as if they were so many numerals and ciphers. Each of his two lieutenants represented one of these sides of him; Zernicki, a Pole, was the mixer; Kaltenbach, the calculator.

In Bohemia Stieber was a "peddler." Now in France it was as a personage of means that he traveled; he was a "Greek capitalist" looking about for an outlet to spare millions; and there must have been many

Frenchmen who knew Stieber the Chief of Bismarck's secret service but did not recognize the "Greek capitalist."

And like shadows wherever he went were Zernicki and Kaltenbach, sometimes in his wake; often preceding him; sometimes by his side; occasionally at a distance; precursors of the great shadow soon to be cast over France.

When the three returned to Berlin they began recruiting an army. It was a curious army. First were enlisted over a hundred pretty girls. The moral character of each girl was looked into. If she was likely to be handicapped by considerations of modesty or chastity she was rejected.

These girls were quietly distributed in garrison towns in the eastern part of France to serve as barmaids and purveyors of pleasure to French soldiers. The order given them was to see that their customers had plenty to drink and in return to get all the information they could wheedle.

The second line of recruits were a thousand women of a somewhat higher caliber. These too were distributed throughout eastern France as chambermaids and other servants in hotels where French officers and personages of importance were in the habit of stopping. Others were helped to secure places as servants to French families of the great middle class, in the homes of lawyers, editors, business men, doctors and civil servants of the higher rank.

Then several thousand German "farmhands" were

sent into France and many a French farmer thought himself lucky to get such competent labor at harvest time. But——

"These German plowboys are surely a sober lot," ran later the amused comment among the pleasure-loving French. "When he has a little spare time my Fritz"—with a Gallic smile and shrug—"instead of going to a café or meeting a girl, he takes a walk. Along the road to this or that place; or along the canal; or he goes off to brood by himself on the railroad bridge. Seems to be more interested in geography than in women. Stupid, isn't he?"

A more highly select corps went next, frock-coated young men who were given a short but intensive course in secretarial work. Some of the courses in their curriculum would have made their future employers uneasy. These young men were taught how to open sealed envelopes and to seal them again so that no one would detect they had been tampered with. They were taught to take wax impressions of keys; to imitate handwriting, particularly signatures; to detach seals from documents and replace them with others. Then they were sent to France and helped to find employment.

Most of the young men were university graduates, had discreet manners, showed marked intelligence and dressed well. As their French was excellent and as they were modest in the salaries they asked it is not surprising they found excellent situations with Frenchmen in public life.

All these men and women drifted into France singly, quietly, and each one found his or her appointed place without arousing suspicion. How efficiently this invasion was maneuvered is shown by the fact that by 1870 there were something like 35,000 of Stieber's army strategically distributed between the Prussian border and Paris. And still the French little suspected their presence.

Meanwhile to captain these thousands several hundred retired German officers were sent to France to establish themselves in business, as book dealers, provision merchants, in optical goods and the like. Each of these was what is known in the parlance of modern spy systems as a "letter box." That means a man centrally located in a territory marked off as a spy district, with whom subordinate spies regularly deposit written reports.

To these subordinates in turn the "letter box" handed down instructions he received from his territorial chief. Such chiefs were established in Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Lille, Bordeaux, Valenciennes, Strassburg; at St. Cyr, Saumur, Bourges, Fontainebleau, St. Etienne, Tulle, Le Creusot and other places.

These territorial chiefs in turn reported to and were instructed by superiors, one in Geneva, another in Brussels, a third in Lausanne and a fourth immediately under Stieber in Berlin. These "district supervisors" were forbidden to enter France; forbidden by Stieber. He trusted none but himself, Zernicki and Kaltenbach

with the delicate business of inspecting the secret army that had already overrun France.

The Napoleon of spies and his two lieutenants—Zernicki disguised as a Swede in the pursuit of pleasure, Kaltenbach as a Dutch engineer—covered their territory with Teutonic method and thoroughness. First Stieber arrived at some town at which one of his "letter boxes" was established. Here he took a bird's-eye view of the situation and issued general instructions for that district. Then he went on to the next "letter box."

In his wake at a stated interval followed Zernicki and Kaltenbach. Both saw to it that their chief's general directions had been executed in detail. And each drew up a report with such minuteness that Stieber, to whom it was forwarded at the next stop, knew to a chambermaid or a canteen girl what share each of his spies contributed to the information that was being gathered at the preceding "letter box."

With each visit went praise or blame to the incumbent. Salaries were raised, trebled, quadrupled or cut. But with each doubling of salary went a trebling of work. It is a tribute to the gift Zernicki had of smoothing the ruffled feelings of subordinates, the fact that not a single one of that army grumbled loudly enough for the French to hear.

Finally with 1,650 reports from his various "letter boxes" Stieber and his lieutenants returned to Berlin.

The Prussian army chiefs with von Moltke at the head went to work to digest the reports. What von

Moltke had said of Stieber's single-handed "survey of Bohemia" he subscribed to even more heartily now that he had read his reports on France.

He said so to Bismarck. The Chancellor asked his spy,

"Do you need any more money? Men? Women?"

"No, Excellence, I have enough. My army is intrenched on French soil. It waits only the coming of your troops."

On the basis of Stieber's detailed voluminous report Field Marshal von Moltke formulated his plan for the invasion of France.

And exactly eighteen months later Bismarck gave the word "War!"

Von Moltke was asleep when an officer brought him the news that war had been declared between Prussia and France. Von Moltke only said,

"Go to the files. Take out Folio No. 1. And follow instructions therein."

Then he turned over and went to sleep again, leaving it to his subordinates to start the machinery of war.

Like clockwork all over Prussia barracks and arsenals woke to life. Horses wheeled into place. Tarpaulins were whisked off and cannon rolled ponderously in the direction of France. The country resounded to the tramp of armies on the march. And only too soon that grim rhythm crossed over into France.

The Prussian army rolled over the invaded land with

the crushing power of a steam-roller on a road that had been prepared for it. Village after village, town after town, one city after another strove in vain to resist the advance. But the enemy knew too much and many a defense, apparently undermined beforehand, crumbled at the first onslaught by the enemy.

And in the van of the invasion, along with Bismarck and von Moltke, came Stieber and his two lieutenants.

As the Prussians marched into each town practically the same thing happened. The population would see some peasant seized, handcuffed, often flogged and taken to headquarters where it seemed likely he would come in for still worse treatment unless he supplied the information exacted of him.

Invariably the information was forthcoming, an up-to-the-minute report of the disposition of French troops and what food and war material there were available for the invader. But once closeted with the Prussian inquisitors the "peasant" made his report without the least coercion. For while the beating he had received in public was genuine, the need for it was not, except to fool the French.

Meanwhile through the town crosses and other symbols mysteriously appeared in chalk on various doors. One mark meant suitable quarters for officers; another, that provisions were hidden there by the French; a third showed where horses could be stabled; a fourth how many soldiers the house could accommodate.

Hastily the French threw their armies together and

tried to stem the advance. But battle after battle went to the Prussians.

Meanwhile Stieber was in his element. The machine he had set up on French soil had paved the way with a success indeed machine-like. And now like some motor-driven harvester of to-day it was delivering its sheaves of information to the General Staff—information that worked as much havoc as if Stieber's 40,000 were armed with guns and cannon.

In a hut at Falquemont one night Bismarck was host to his generals and Stieber was present. The mood was exultation. Bismarck himself was serving coffee to his guests and was uttering prophecies as precise as military commands.

"We will take Alsace and Lorraine and we will not return them," he said.

"Our army is invincible!" jubilated an officer.

Stieber was the only one who was not enjoying his evening. The cause for his discomfort went as far back as the time when his spies of the "interior" had made Stieber many powerful enemies. Some of them were high in military councils. And the more indispensable the spy master became to Bismarck the more these military men snubbed him. From a social feud there developed jealousy on the part of the military men of Stieber's influence with Bismarck. Then, too, there was the old-fashioned contempt the soldier who fights in the open feels for the spy. Stieber had long smarted under all this.

And now here was an officer whose family had

snubbed Stieber, exclaiming, "Our army is invincible!"

Stieber boiled over.

"You should say *our armies!* For my army preceded yours by many months. Make no mistake about this —my army prepared victory for you as surely as if with cannon!"

His outbreak met with icy silence.

The feud placed Bismarck in a difficult position. It would be useless to try to compel peace between his espionage and military forces; even an Iron Chancellor cannot force the human heart to feel according to his bidding. But peace there had to be.

If Bismarck should take the side of his generals, Stieber would lose heart; if he gratified Stieber, the generals would sulk. Whereupon Bismarck handled the situation with one of those touches of deftness which he used as effectively as his fist of mail.

He held his tray of coffee cups with his right hand. Then he strode over to Stieber and held out his left hand. His eyes said all that Stieber would have liked to hear in words. So the spymaster grasped Bismarck's hand with both his.

And the military men noticed that it was the left hand Bismarck gave Stieber; and they derived therefrom what Bismarck meant to convey to them but hide from Stieber. And the hawk-eyed spymaster in his hunger for Bismarck's handclasp for once was blind.

On rolled the Prussian advance until at the battle of Sedan the backbone of French resistance broke.

"In twelve days we are due at Versailles," Stieber said to Zernicki at the end of August. "There in the palace of the Bourbons we will crown our King of Prussia as the Emperor of Germany. Go and prepare Versailles for us!"

Zernicki and Kaltenbach went. Between them and their network of spies all over France word was flashed to the spies in the departments of Meurthe, Moselle, Haut-Rhin, Jura, Vosges, Doubs, Ardennes, Haute-Saône and Nord.

"Report at Versailles!"

Three thousand men and women flocked into the city of the royal palace of the Bourbons.

At 3 Boulevard du Roi was one of the finest mansions of the city. It had been selected for Stieber long before the first gun of the war. Now as if by magic the house began to seethe with preparations. Van upon van of furniture arrived at its doors, each piece marked with the precise location it was to occupy in the house.

The ground floor was prepared for Kaltenbach's quarters and as waiting rooms for officials and spies. In one corner a sumptuous room was prepared as private office for Dr. Stieber. On the floor above would be his private apartment. The next floor was for Zernicki. In the rest of the house three dormitories were to house a hundred and twenty secret service men heavily armed. In a pavilion on the grounds eighty others were to be on guard.

And to the hour at the end of twelve days down the

road to Versailles came the triumphant army with the King and Bismarck at its head. Along the road thousands of men and women frantically welcomed the procession. To the world at large it would seem they were French; but they were Stieber's agents.

Through the city went the conquerors and thousands of Frenchmen apparently cheered the spectacle. It is reliably reported that many of these were really French, each hired by Stieber at a franc or two per day to stage the "welcome."

To what an extent the city of Versailles was enmeshed in espionage may be gauged by this incident.

Stieber asked Zernicki one day, "What did the Mayor do this morning?"

Zernicki took a slip out of his portfolio and read in the monotone of a sergeant reporting to his captain,

"M. Rameau, the Mayor, reached his office at ten minutes past nine. He double-locked his doors. In his private office he read his mail. Then he interviewed . . ." Followed a list of municipal councilors. "They said . . ." A verbatim report of conversation.

"Then the Mayor answered his mail. Here are copies of the letters he answered and the replies thereto. His lunch consisted of veal cutlets, salad and a piece of cheese."

The dark hour for French pride was the hour in which the King of Prussia was crowned Emperor of a united Germany in the palace where so many French triumphs had been celebrated. With the coronation

went the loss of Alsace and Lorraine to France—a loss regained only in the Great War fifty years later.

In January after the coronation Jules Favre, as French commissioner, was sent to Versailles to draw up a treaty with Bismarck. The Chancellor wanted to know what instructions Favre carried in his portfolio. "Find out," he said to Stieber.

When Favre got off his train at the station at Sèvres Bridge there was but a single carriage waiting for him. The man disguised as a coachman was Zernicki. Favre was driven to 3 Boulevard du Roi. A servant in livery was assigned to him, a model servant who anticipated every want and was devotion itself.

It was Stieber in disguise again. And closely though M. Favre guarded his portfolio, it yielded up its secrets to Bismarck.

With the birth of modern Germany the picturesque part of Stieber's career ends for us. On his return to Berlin decorations accumulated on his breast; riches and recognition piled up. And when he died in 1892 the public funeral he was given was an event of national importance. He lies buried among the German great. For his most lasting monument has been the introduction of big-scale organization in spying.

THE SPY WHO HAD TO DIE

EVERY government, without any exception worth noting, conducts a "war college."

I do not mean academies where fresh-faced cadets are taught the A B C of war; youths who unfold to the first sympathetic listener their plans, their hopes, their dreams; whose dress parades are pleasant public functions.

A "war college" such as I refer to is not attended by cadets, but by a picked handful of army and navy chiefs. They are crafty past masters of the science of war who study there. The public emphatically is not invited to their sessions. And the last thing in this world these students are likely to do is to divulge to outsiders the least syllable of the plans about which their studies center.

What is it that they study in a "war college"?

Briefly, how to win wars against any and every other nation on the globe.

The "war college" studies and hatches such plans. And the function of the secret service of any country is twofold; to keep foreign spies from learning the secrets brewing in its own "war college"; and to spy out "war college" secrets of other countries.

The Spy Who Had to Die

This is a story of the vital rôle spies play in the success or failure of a "war college."

In the early part of 1900 Alfred Redl, a major in the Austro-Hungarian army, was made chief of the secret service of the Dual Empire. He was still in his early thirties when he achieved that highly strategic position. He was a slender man of medium height, preciously groomed. His black-brown eyes, when no one was looking at them, were greedy; otherwise they were inscrutable. His nose was sharply pointed. His mouth, though thin-lipped, was vivid and sensual; but a carefully curled and pomaded mustache partly hid it.

His office in Vienna at the "Kundschafts Stelle" ("Information Department")—or as it was familiarly known, the "K.S."—was a remarkable room. It was furnished as if to be used only as the living room of an exceedingly sociable, luxury-loving man. Major Redl was all that. But although he entertained there frequently and lavishly such occasions were not always what they seemed.

Take for instance the case of Ito Onaki, a suave young Japanese. Major Redl struck up a drinking acquaintance with him one afternoon at the Central Café. On parting Major Redl said,

"If you like a good glass of Tokay, drop in to see me to-morrow, say at about noon." He gave Onaki a number and a street.

"Charmed!" said Ito.

Neither Major Redl nor Ito had told the other his

real business. But each had a shrewd idea of it. And Ito recognized the address as that of the office of the secret service of Austria-Hungary.

Nevertheless he showed up there next morning and was ushered into the room where Major Redl rose to greet him.

"What a delightful room!" Ito exclaimed.

Underfoot were thick silken rugs. The daylight was subdued by heavy brocaded window draperies except where a sharp shaft of sunlight fell athwart a luxurious armchair by the side of Major Redl's flat-topped writing desk. The air was heavy with incense. On the walls were old paintings in curiously carved ebony frames.

Major Redl with a gesture of invitation indicated the armchair by the desk. Ito sat down with the sunlight on him. His host went to a cabinet inlaid with precious woods. He took out an age-encrusted bottle of Tokay and poured out a glass for his visitor, another for himself.

Then he sat down in his own chair at the desk and, as if unconsciously, tapped the edges of a pile of important looking papers.

"Your health, Herr Onaki!" he said, raising his glass.

"And yours, Herr Korngold!" Major Redl had given that as his name.

They drank and Onaki was sincere in what he said about the wine.

"A cigarette?" Major Redl said, nodding at a gold cigarette box which stood at Onaki's hand. The top

was encrusted with jewels of barbaric splendor, but the gold at the sides was smooth.

Ito declined with the apologetic smile of the non-smoker.

"Then you'll find some delicious bonbons inside that dish."

Ito raised the cover of a bit of exquisite Sèvres; and the bonbons were delicious.

The visit had lasted agreeably for about ten minutes when Major Redl's toe unseen by Ito pressed a slight bump under the thick rug where he stood chatting. Whereupon his desk telephone rang. Major Redl "answered." A short "conversation" followed. Then the host turned to his guest.

"A neighbor wants to see me urgently for about ten minutes," he apologized. "I'd hate to have you leave so soon. Won't you make yourself at home here till I come back?"

"Thank you, I will," said Ito.

Ito heard the door close with heavy dignity. His eyes craftily made sure that he was alone in the room. And outside the window a wide city square made it unlikely that anyone could even with a spyglass see Ito.

For some moments he seemed contented to rest comfortably in his armchair. Suddenly he stood up over the desk and with swift expert fingers went through the pile of papers lying there. A large envelope was marked "Very Confidential." Inside was a sheaf of reports. Each was marked with the name of some

country. Ito glanced at each only long enough to note what land the report covered. But the paper marked Servia held him. His eyes, no longer suave, darted over the contents. In his eagerness to read he thrust the paper full into the shaft of sunlight.

When ten minutes later Major Redl returned the papers on his desk were exactly as he had left them and his guest looked up from a volume of Persian poetry.

Casual talk followed, sophisticated anecdotes, comments on women and wine. Then Ito rose and made a graceful little speech of appreciation. Major Redl escorted him to the door, and the guest left.

No one hindered his leaving. And in the street Ito's training told him after several tests he made that no one was shadowing him.

But he had, so to speak, left a broad trail behind him.

It was true he had not touched the gold cigarette box whose smooth sides were covered with minium; but there were his fingerprints clearly retained by the minium on the Sèvres bonbon dish; and an expert was already photographing them.

When Ito sat in his chair the shaft of sunlight was on his face, as I have said. In the scrollwork on two of the elaborately carved picture frames on the walls were openings in the depths of which camera lenses had been focused on Ito's face. Now two photographs were laid before Major Redl, Ito in full-face and in profile.

In the cabinet from which his host had taken the bottle of wine a phonograph had silently recorded Ito's voice.

Each sheet of the specially faked reports Ito had examined had been treated with a sensitive substance that responded to the action of light. By comparing them Major Redl knew now that it was the report on Servia which had longest engaged Ito's interest.

All these data on Ito unconsciously contributed by him were filed away in Major Redl's "Who's Who" among foreign spies operating in Austria-Hungary.

And what began as a pleasant visit to sip Tokay ended soon after for Ito with an enforced stay behind prison bars.

That room at the "K.S." as well as many other scientific and psychological traps for foreign spies was only part of Major Redl's equipment, the mechanical part of it. Even more effective was the deftness of his personality. The illustration I select may seem curious, inasmuch as it shows Major Redl getting the best of a child. But spies and detectives have told me that it is easier to fish in the well-stocked if guarded minds of adults than in the unformed, rambling and shy mind of a child.

Major Redl called one afternoon at the house of an important state official, apparently on a social visit. He seemed distressed to find everyone out but a six-year-old son of the official and a servant.

"I'll play with little Otto till his father returns," he told the servant.

The visitor so completely entered into the child's conception of play that the servant felt it safe to withdraw to do some housework. The major even invented games. One of them consisted of a kind of hide-and-seek. Each player in turn hid an object which the other tried to find. Major Redl held up a coin.

"Now if this time you can hide this so that I can't find it, the coin is yours," the major said. "I'll give you a hint. Put it some place where your papa hides things, then I surely won't be able to find it."

"I know where!" exclaimed the child. "In this very room!"

"Good! Now I'll turn my face away while you hide your coin there."

The child won the coin. And his father went to prison as a result of what Major Redl found in the hiding place the child had thought safe.

For decades there had been bad blood between Austria-Hungary and its neighbor Servia. Peace and war between the two were in a state of delicate equilibrium. Now, Servia by itself would not have given the "war college" of Austria-Hungary any great concern. But behind Servia was its powerful ally, Russia. And allied to Russia was France with England as another probable ally.

In back of Austria-Hungary on the other hand was the German Empire.

As every schoolboy now knows, this line-up of powers made the Great War. And even in 1900 when Major Redl had charge of the secret service of Austria-Hun-

gary, in every "war college" in Europe there was uneasy knowledge that trouble was brewing.

Taking the German General von Moltke's degree of preparedness as model, the "war college" of Austria-Hungary with General Conrad von Hötzendorf, commander-in-chief of the army, as "professor" studied particularly how best to invade Servia at the instant of war. It takes years to mature such a plan. Railroads have to be so organized, roads so built, provisions made for the transport of such masses of men, cannon, ammunition and food that at the word of war whole armies can be moved with the swiftness of surprise.

If, however, such a movement should be delayed long enough to give the enemy time to prepare for it; or worse still if the enemy should by some means learn the details of such a plan, then, of course, it would be better that the plan should never have been born.

"Plan Three," for the invasion of Servia between Drinamundung and Savemundung was the slowly maturing pet project of the "war college" of Austria-Hungary.

And it was Major Redl's duty to see that no one outside of the "war college" learned as much as a syllable of "Plan Three."

He succeeded apparently so well as chief of the secret service that he won promotion after promotion until he became Colonel Redl and was made member of the Prague Army Corps, and as such was a participant in the formulation of "Plan Three."

At about this time Redl took stock of himself. As a brilliant and quickly rising Austrian army officer he commanded a respectable salary. But Colonel Redl's lust for luxury was anything but respectable in proportion to his income.

Lust and luxury were with him imperative. He could hide his inner self from his closest colleague. But he made no attempt to hide from himself the fact that his appetites came first and foremost of all the loyalties he recognized.

From his own country Redl could count on only a colonel's salary. From Russia—if he chose—he could confidently expect the income of a prince.

One day there came on a visit to gay Vienna a Russian nobleman who held the purse strings of the secret service in his country. Colonel Redl, as a sort of "friendly enemy" colleague helped to make Vienna still more gay for the visitor. Then one day the two, apparently to recuperate from too much Viennese night life, went out into the country for a stroll.

Colonel Redl led to a hilltop from which there was a fine view to be had in every direction. There was not a soul in sight. Whereupon Colonel Redl and the Russian began to talk business.

Both men were hard-headed and psychologically and spiritually spoke the same language. At the end of several hours' talk they understood each other very well indeed.

Then the visitor went back to Russia and Colonel Redl went back to work.

Not long after this the heir to the throne of Austria-

Hungary, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, visited Russia, where he was so lavishly entertained that he felt grateful. Like most royal princes he was rather out of touch with hard reality. As a graceful gesture he asked Colonel Redl that Austro-Hungarian espionage in Russia be reduced.

But just about this time a Russian colonel privately came to see an Austro-Hungarian military attaché in Warsaw. The Russian colonel, like Colonel Redl, had appetites too rich for a mere colonel's salary. So he quietly offered to sell to Austria-Hungary something that had been carefully matured by the Russian "war college."

This was a detailed plan for a Russian military invasion of Germany and Austria-Hungary at the outbreak of war.

The military attaché knew, of course, of Archduke Francis Ferdinand's desire to reduce his country's spying on Russia. But these plans were far too important to pass by, the crown prince notwithstanding. So the attaché did not disturb Archduke Francis Ferdinand, but took the papers and the terms of sale of the Russian colonel directly to Colonel Redl.

Redl read them.

"Did you examine these plans?" he asked sharply.

"No, but I have an idea of how important they are," said the attaché.

Colonel Redl went to his private safe—this was in the "living room" I have described in the "K.S."—and securely locked up the papers.

"I shall cite to your superiors—discreetly, of course,

but to your benefit—your keen judgment in this matter, lieutenant," Colonel Redl said softly. "You did the right thing in coming straight to me. I am sorry to inform you, however, that your Russian colonel is not a traitor as you hoped, but a charlatan. These plans for which he asks a fortune were drawn up not by the Russian 'war college,' but in his own none-too-brilliant imagination. Tell him we will have nothing to do with him."

The lieutenant was disappointed. But he need not have been. For the plans were of the highest importance. They were returned quietly and safely to the archives of the Russian "war college" whence they had been stolen.

And not long after that Colonel Redl anonymously bought a house in Vienna; two shining motors; and luxuriously furnished a private—very private—apartment in Prague.

But the Russian colonel who had offered the plans for sale was visited one night by several of his fellow officers. As regimental comrades they accorded him the privilege of blowing out his brains with his own revolver. Which he did.

There followed for Colonel Redl a long period of prosperity. Financially he flourished far beyond the knowledge of his colleagues. But he also won rapid promotion for services to his country.

One foreign spy after another was lured by him to destruction. In the year 1902 alone Lieutenant Alex von Caric went to prison for four and a half years.

Paul Marstmann, "international spy," and Pietro Contini, working for the Italian "war college," were sentenced to four years in prison each. Which for a peacetime year is not a bad bag for a hunter of spies.

It was true that this success was somewhat offset by the number of distressing fatalities among Austro-Hungarian spies in Russia. Colonel Redl's men were bewildered by the bad luck that seemed to follow his field workers in the Czar's country. It was as if a curse had been laid on them in Russia.

But the staff in Austria was dazzled by the competence and success of their chief at home. He was their model, their ideal, their idol. "How would Colonel Redl do this?" was the standard they set themselves. "What would Colonel Redl think of that?" worried secret service men who blundered.

Only for an hour one afternoon—a critical hour for Colonel Redl—did anyone's faith in the spy chief waver.

It was in 1903 during the trial of a young clerk by the name of Hekailo. He was charged with having betrayed to Russia plans which the "war colleges" of Germany and Austria-Hungary had jointly developed for a military invasion of Russia by way of Thorn.

Dr. Haberditz, a shrewd Viennese lawyer, had charge of the prosecution. Colonel Redl, as head of the "K.S.," was by his side acting as adviser and furnishing him evidence against Hekailo. Proof had been piling up against the prisoner to such an extent that

two of his Austrian accomplices were uncovered and dragged into the dock along with him.

They were Major Ritter von Wienckowski, stationed at Stanislau, and Captain Acht, personal adjutant of the commander at Lemberg.

Suddenly Colonel Redl's attitude toward the prisoners changed.

"I'm afraid I've been mistaken about them," he told Dr. Haberditz. "My case against them isn't as strong as I thought."

The lawyer was puzzled.

"Colonel Redl, this is very strange indeed! I don't understand it, this sudden change of front. What does it mean?"

Colonel Redl regarded him stonily. "I'm not on trial before you, Doctor," he said.

"Perhaps not. But I feel it my duty to take up this matter with the other members of the General Staff."

Colonel Redl bit his mustache. "Give me two hours' time to look into the matter, Dr. Haberditz."

Two hours later Colonel Redl dispelled the suspicion that was dawning in Dr. Haberditz's mind. He came back with such a volume of evidence against the defendants that they were sentenced to terms from eight to twelve years in prison.

And the queer little lapse in Colonel Redl's vigor as a hunter of spies was overlooked and forgotten—until ten years later.

But Colonel Redl had had a narrow escape. For as soon as Major von Wienckowski and Captain Acht

were drawn into the net with Hekailo word came quietly to Redl,

"They are two of our best men, too valuable for us to lose. You must see that they get free."

Clearly it was not from Austro-Hungarian sources that this mandate had come. And the voice of Colonel Redl's secret master was not to be disregarded. Hence the change in his attitude that had so puzzled Dr. Haberditz.

But Dr. Haberditz's threat to report this mysterious change of heart to the General Staff was equally dangerous. So Colonel Redl asked the prosecuting attorney for two hours' respite. During those two hours Redl had to do some delicate and secret bargaining.

"If I try to free von Wienckowski and Acht I shall be suspected. In that case I shall probably cease to be of any further service to you," he said to the emissary of his foreign master. "Make up your mind which is more important to you, they or I."

The emissary weighed values and referred the matter by telegraph code to St. Petersburg.

"Very well," word came back. "Von Wienckowski and Acht shall be sacrificed to save you. But in return you must betray to us two more among your best spies in Russia."

Thus the bargain was sealed. And there was added to Colonel Redl's credit in Austria-Hungary his uncovering of the three traitors, Hekailo, von Wienckowski, and Acht.

Finally the Austro-Hungarian General Staff began

to feel that Colonel Redl was too brilliant a man to be wasted on even such an important position as head of the country's secret service. He was promoted to be Chief of Staff of the Eighth Army Corps stationed at Prague.

This was the corps which would have most to do with the carrying out of "Plan Three" when it came to invading Servia.

Colonel Redl was succeeded by Captain Ronge as Chief of the "K.S." Captain Ronge was a sterling officer, and almost sentimental in his worship of his predecessor's genius.

"I shall attempt to follow worthily in your footsteps, Colonel," he said. This was at a farewell to Colonel Redl. "But I am afraid I cannot fill your shoes."

Colonel Redl put his hand on Ronge's shoulders and looked proudly at the others of the "K.S." staff.

"Captain Ronge and colleagues!" he said. "My greatest achievement is the men I leave behind me at the Kundschafts Stelle!"

It was a graceful speech and true. But Colonel Redl himself did not realize how truly he had spoken—until it came home to him years later.

In addition to the organization he had raised to superb efficiency Colonel Redl left behind him several books written by him. They were all in manuscript and were not in the least for general circulation. They were manuals on how to trap foreign spies; and how to keep from being trapped while spying on foreign soil.

Then he took his new and lofty place in the "war college" of Austria-Hungary.

We come now to the year before the world-wide explosion of 1914. European "war colleges" were maturing their devastating projects. The atmosphere of Europe, as the world learned only too soon—and too late—was as dangerous as a vast storehouse of dynamite. A spark, a revolver shot would set the whole thing off.

In Vienna the secret service was watching the mails. The postal authorities were told that the government was on the lookout for smugglers. This was the reason given why secret service men opened private letters in the General Post Office, read them, and sealing them up again let the mail proceed.

What was really going on was a hunt for foreign spies.

One day the secret service men came across an envelope addressed rather oddly:

"Opera Ball, 13,
Poste Restante,
General Post Office,
Vienna."

Inside was found about $2,800 in Austrian kronen—and not a word of covering letter!

The postmark was Eydtkuhnen in East Prussia, a tiny town on the Russian frontier. Eydtkuhnen! Known to the secret service as the corridor most favored by spies of half a dozen countries for the passing from one country to another.

The envelope was sealed up again and put back in its place to await its owner.

An electrician was called. Under the ledge over which the letter would be handed by the postal clerk to the person who should call for "Opera Ball, 13" a push-button was installed. From it a wire led across the street to a branch police station in the Fleischmarkt.

"The moment the letter is called for," the postal clerk was instructed, "push this button and be as slow as you can in handing over the letter."

In the police station two secret service detectives were assigned to do nothing but wait for the newly installed electric bell to ring.

They waited. They waited a week; two weeks; three; a month. Not a ring from the post office. April passed. May was almost gone. Still not a sound. And there in the post office still lay unclaimed an envelope with $2800 in it. Had news of the trap leaked out?

On the eighty-third day of waiting one of the secret service men was negligent enough to go out for a cup of coffee several doors from the station house. The other was also out of the room washing his hands in the corridor, when he heard a sound that shocked him. The little electric bell was ringing.

Dashing back into the room he snatched up his coat and hat and started for the general delivery window of the post office. But he made a slight detour to call out to his partner at the café.

Both hurried breathlessly over to the post office. They found no one but the clerk at the window.

"You've missed your man!" exclaimed the clerk. "He left by that door about half a minute ago."

The detectives rushed to the street just in time to see a taxi turn the corner. And not another taxi in sight!

The two men looked at each other in dismay. Assigned to such a simple task, with so much depending on it, they had bungled it! The fact that they caught the number on the taxi's license plate cheered them but little. The fox would know enough to double on his trail at the first convenient corner. What would Colonel Redl have said to such stupidity?

"What rotten luck!"

But it turned out that the two men had little reason to complain. As one of them later expressed it when I talked to him in Innsbruck, "We had hunter's luck that day (*Jägergluck*)!"

For, twenty minutes later a taxi rolled by them and there on the license plate was the number they had noted.

They hailed the taxi. "I saw you drive off with my brother-in-law twenty minutes ago," said one of the detectives. "Where did you take him?"

"To the Kaiserhof Café," the driver said.

"Take us there."

On the way to the Kaiserhof the two men searched the taxi. They were products of the Redl system of training and, though they had little reason to hope for

results in this case, they burrowed between the cushions of the taxi largely from force of habit, the habit of minute search.

They found the sheath of a pocketknife, a little sack of gray suède.

But at the Kaiserhof Café they found no one but waiters. And no one had come there within an hour and a half.

Again the detectives bewailed their luck; and again luck favored them. Near the café was a taxi rank. An old man who got small coins for opening carriage doors remembered that a gentleman had taken a taxi there some twenty minutes before and Hotel Klomser was where the gentleman told the taxi driver to take him.

To the Hotel Klomser went the two secret service men.

One of them sat down at a table of periodicals near the door and pretended to read. The other approached the dignitary who presides at the entrance to every continental hotel, the *Portier*.

Had anyone arrived at the hotel within the half hour, asked the detective.

"Yes, several people," replied the *Portier*. "The couple for Room 5, Herr Wormser of Number 11 and the young lady in Number 21. Oh, yes, Colonel Redl also arrived. He has his usual room, Number 1."

"Do you mean *the* Colonel Redl?" one of the detectives asked.

"Colonel Redl of Prague is all I know of him."

The detective almost blushed as he thought again

of what Colonel Redl would say if he learned how he and his partner had blundered that day.

He stooped and pretended to pick something up from the floor.

"Some one has lost this pocketknife sheath," he said, giving it to the *Portier*. "You might ask whose it is."

Then the detective leisurely strolled out of the hotel and, crossing the street, gave himself over to an idle study of the weather.

His partner inside seemed engrossed in a copy of *Simplicissimus,* smiling at what he read.

From the interior of the hotel a dapper gentleman strolled over to the *Portier's* desk and laid down the key to Number 1. The *Portier* touched his gold-braided cap.

"Pardon, Colonel, but have you perhaps lost this pocketknife sheath?" he asked.

The gentleman looked at it and took it. "Yes, thanks, I must have dropped it——" There was only a look of idle speculation as he began. His leisure, his whole manner was that of a man very much at ease in this world.

But suddenly the detective over the top of his *Simplicissimus* saw the face of the gentleman grow deathly white.

He remembered now where he had lost that sheath—in the taxicab where he had used his penknife in opening the envelope he had called for at the post office. Later when in the second cab he took out his penknife

again he found that he had lost the sheath. If now the *Portier* gave it to him, what did it all mean? Who was it knew enough to bring the sheath to the Hotel Klomser?

His posture perhaps a little too stiff for one who was trying to appear at ease, the gentleman strolled out of the hotel.

With the alertness of the born detective he had noted the stranger reading *Simplicissimus*. He would have wondered, had he noted the further fact that the reader of the famous satirical weekly had himself turned pale.

And as soon as the gentleman left the hotel this detective hurried to the telephone booth and tightly closed the door.

"1233408!"

He was given his number quickly, for it was that of the "Kundschafts Stelle."

Captain Ronge, successor to Colonel Redl, himself answered the telephone. What he heard made him snap,

"Blockhead! Do you realize what you are trying to make me believe?"

Nevertheless it was Captain Ronge himself who rushed in a taxi to the General Post Office. Here he secured the receipt signed by the man to whom had been delivered the envelope marked "Opera Ball, 13."

The name signed was unknown to Captain Ronge. That didn't matter; a false name was to be expected.

Back to the "Kundschafts Stelle" Captain Ronge drove.

From a well hidden file he took down several handsomely bound little books in manuscript—the books written in Colonel Redl's own hand. Captain Ronge opened one of them entitled, "Organisation der Auskundschaftung fremder Militärverhältnisse und die Abwehr fremder Spionage im Inlande."

On a leaf of this book telling how to guard Austro-Hungarian military secrets and at the same time ferret the secrets of other "war colleges," Captain Ronge laid the signed receipt for "Opera Ball, 13."

There was no evading the conclusion. The handwriting on the receipt and the handwriting of the manuscript were one!

"Good God!" Captain Ronge whispered.

Meanwhile Colonel Redl was strolling apparently in a mood of leisure down the Herrengasse. At the corner of Strauchgasse he looked into a haberdasher's window.

Yes, in the mirror he saw coming in his direction the man who had been reading *Simplicissimus* and another he had observed standing across the street from the hotel.

He, Colonel Redl, Chief of Staff of the Eighth Army Corps, had been trailed from the General Post Office; to the taxi rank where he had changed vehicles; to Hotel Klomser. The pocketknife sheath had been traced to him. And now he was being shadowed in his own city with a technique he had himself taught his

men in the Kundschafts Stelle! No wonder his face was ghastly.

He must gain a little time to think. He must throw the men off his trail if only long enough to catch a train for Prague and destroy the contents of his desk in the apartment there. Whether even lack of documentary evidence would now save him, he did not allow himself to speculate. He was drowning and one catches at straws at such a time.

Down the Wollnerstrasse he turned. The men in his wake also turned the corner. Colonel Redl put his hand into an inside pocket and taking out some papers he tore them into bits. He did not look to see what he was tearing up. It did not matter; additional evidence could not increase his peril. Time, a little time, a few minutes' gain on his shadows, was all he could hope for. If they stopped to pick up the bits of torn paper—he had trained his men to do that—he might shake them off long enough to escape into the Old Exchange Building which had exits on three streets.

Only one of the men stopped to pick up the bits of paper. With these in his pocket this man rushed in a taxi to the "Kundschafts Stelle." There Captain Ronge pieced together the papers Colonel Redl had torn up.

They were receipts for letters registered and sent to Brussels, Lausanne, and Warsaw. The addresses were all familiar to Captain Ronge.

One was the joint office in Brussels of the Russian

and French secret services. Another was the foreign headquarters of the Italian secret service. The third was that of one of the principal offices of the Russian secret service.

"My greatest achievement," Colonel Redl had said, "is the men I leave behind me at the 'Kundschafts Stelle'!"

One of them was now dogging his steps; and in a little while there were again two. Tricks seemed useless now; escape hopeless. Colonel Redl turned to go back to his hotel.

A hearty hello arrested him. It was Dr. Victor Pollack, a close friend of Colonel Redl's and one of the leading prosecutors in espionage cases.

"We dine at the Riedhof, Alfred!" Dr. Pollack exclaimed.

Redl nodded acceptance. "I'll go dress and meet you at the Riedhof at seven," he said.

As yet no one interfered with him and at seven o'clock exactly he entered the dining room of the Riedhof, immaculate and glittering in his uniform. But as he sat down his friend noticed that Redl was pale.

"What is it, Alfred?" Pollack asked.

Redl did not have to exert his talent as an actor; the depression he felt was genuine. Nevertheless he was playing a game, perhaps his last.

He leaned over the table and began to confess to his friend. He confessed moral lapses, degeneracy, a strain of insanity in his family and a fear that he was himself going insane. He confessed enough to justify gloom in

any man, but he said not a word of the real reason for his depression.

"Do something for me, Victor, my friend!" he entreated softly. A waiter was hovering about and without consciously suspecting him Colonel Redl spoke only when the man was away. "I fear for my sanity at this very moment. I want to go back to Prague—at once—to-night! To my little apartment. I shall feel quiet there. Then you can come and take me to a sanitarium. But I don't want to go to Prague alone. You know Chief of Police Gayer. Ask him to send one of his detectives with me as escort!"

Dr. Pollack rose. "That's easy, Alfred," he said. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

He went to the telephone booth and called up the Chief's home. Herr Gayer was still at his office, he was told. Dr. Pollack called up police headquarters and found Gayer there.

"You're working late to-day, my friend," Pollack said.

"Important case," Gayer said.

"Well, it's about Colonel Redl I want to speak to you," Pollack went on.

"You're dining with him at the Riedhof?"

"Why, how do you know?"

"Oh, I learned it accidentally. What can I do for Colonel Redl?"

Dr. Pollack told him what Colonel Redl wished.

Gayer seemed to sympathize. "But I can spare no

one to-night," he said. "Calm the Colonel and tell him to come to me first thing in the morning."

The secret service man in the guise of a waiter had been listening to Dr. Pollack speaking over the telephone. He was puzzled. He knew whom Dr. Pollack had called up and who it was that promised to do as Colonel Redl wished. Did it mean that the affair was to be hushed up? Then the scandal was so great that there must be no scandal.

But Colonel Redl's face, when Dr. Pollack reported what Gayer had promised, showed no relief.

He said little during the rest of the meal. An orchestra—and it seems to me that nowhere in the world as in Vienna can orchestras woo the heart with such light-hearted charm—was playing a Waldteufel waltz. Redl seemed to be listening to it.

In reality he was brooding over his latest failure. His hope had been that the Chief of Police would send him a detective as escort; that the secret service seeing this would be content to let the detective be the sole watch over him that night. Then there would be only a city detective to outwit.

At eight-thirty Dr. Pollack saw his friend to his room at the Hotel Klomser and left him apparently in a more cheerful frame of mind.

Meanwhile at the Grand Hotel General Conrad von Hötzendorf, Commander-in-Chief of the Austro-Hungarian army, was host to a gay party. French vintage champagne; the famous string ensemble of the

Grand Hotel in those days; faces of lovely Viennese women; good news sent to him by some of his spies in Paris—they all helped to make the architect of "Plan Three" feel pleased with life that evening.

In the midst of dinner a waiter brought him the card of General August Urbanski von Ostromiecz. "Can I speak to you privately?" was written on the back. "I am in the office of the hotel manager."

General von Hötzendorf excused himself to his guests.

"General, who is it?" exclaimed a lovely lady. "I'm jealous!"

"It may be something pleasant I shall share with you," the general smiled.

In the manager's private office he found General Urbanski pacing agitatedly up and down.

"As serious as that?" von Hötzendorf asked with a bit of banter.

"General!"

The head of the united secret services of Austria-Hungary told the Commander-in-Chief his news. He told it with the brevity of a soldier making his report. He spoke in so hushed a tone that the strains of the orchestra drifting into the room seemed at times louder than his voice.

General von Hötzendorf seemed to be aging momentarily as he listened. His face turned livid. A fine dew broke out on his forehead.

"He must be caught!" he cried hoarsely.

"He's under surveillance!"

"He must be made to reveal the extent of his treason!"

"It shall be done!"

"Then he must die!"

General Urbanski caught up his gloves.

"And under no circumstances must the manner or reason of his death be made known!"

"I understand, General!"

"If Russia should learn that we have discovered Redl—— Oh, why doesn't that hellish orchestra stop!"

Then a thought struck him. *"Good God, if Plan Three should be known——* General, everything must take place to-night!"

"At your orders!"

"You, Captain Ronge, Major Hofer and Wenzel Vorlicek will see to it. Then report at once!"

At the Hotel Klomser Colonel Redl was writing in his room when at midnight there was a sharp knock on the door. Without invitation four officers in full uniform entered.

Colonel Redl, white-faced, immaculate, holding himself very straight, rose as they entered.

"I know why you come," he said slowly. "I have written it all in these letters."

"Any accomplices?"

"None."

"Your activities, how long and to what extent?"

"In my apartment in Prague you will find all the proofs."

"Colonel, have you a revolver?"

"May I borrow yours, Major?"

He was handed a Browning revolver.

"Thank you," Redl said. "Good-night, gentlemen!"

The officers left without a word.

One of them posted himself across the street from the hotel. The others went to the Central Café and waited.

At five in the morning one of the two secret service men who had shadowed Colonel Redl was summoned to the café.

"Go to Colonel Redl's room at the Klomser," General Urbanski ordered. "If his door is locked, use this pass key. No matter what has happened in his room you are to raise no alarm. Report back here."

The secret service man went to the hotel and showed the night porter his badge of office. "Colonel Redl expects me to deliver this letter in person," he told him.

The detective went to Room Number One alone.

But there was no reply to his knock on the door. The detective found it unlocked and entering closed the door behind him.

The lights were on. The silk shades of two of them were so tilted that a strong light would fall on anyone who stood before the ceiling-high mirror.

On the rug before the mirror lay Redl motionless. His fingers were tight about the Browning.

The secret service man left the hotel quietly and reported to his superiors in the café.

A quarter of an hour later the telephone bell at the reception desk of the Hotel Klomser rang. The night porter answered it.

"Request Colonel Redl to come to the instrument you are using," a voice said over the wire.

"He is sleeping," protested the porter. "Who are you?"

"Do as you're told!"

The porter recognized the voice of authority and obeyed it.

It was thus that the "regrettable suicide" of Colonel Redl was made public. The world was informed that "following a long period of melancholia, Colonel Alfred Redl, Chief of Staff of the Eighth Army Corps, committed suicide last night."

But a small group was closeted with General von Hötzendorf.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I shall require of every one of you a special vow of absolute silence in the matter of Colonel Redl. Not even our Emperor must know of it!"

The newspapers of Austria-Hungary gave top space to the announcement, but made no comment. First, because they knew of no comment to make other than obituary praise. Second, the press of Austria-Hungary in those days was under the heel of the military.

A special train took General von Hötzendorf, General Urbanski and Captain Ronge to Prague where they went at once to Colonel Redl's apartment. Strong especially constructed locks on the door halted them.

Captain Ronge went in search of a locksmith and found a young fellow by the name of Wagner. "Come with me!" he ordered.

"But I don't work on Sundays," Wagner protested. "And I'm fullback on my football team which plays Union V. this morning!"

Then the young man found that he had no choice; he was drafted for "temporary military service."

He broke open the locks on Colonel Redl's doors and various strongboxes and desks. The three military men pounced on the contents. Wagner caught glimpses of maps, sketches, photographs, blue prints, reports of all kinds. He heard the oldest of the group exclaim with a sort of horror,

"How was it possible!"

And he caught a murmur of the word, "Russia."

Wagner was a good locksmith but lacked curiosity. What he had seen impressed him but little.

Because of his absence his team lost the game. Next day his captain, who during the week was assistant sporting editor on the *Prager Tagblatt,* lectured him for not showing up to play.

"I couldn't," Wagner explained. "The military made me break open some locks for them. It was Colonel Redl's apartment."

And he told his captain as much as he knew of what had happened.

The football captain was no fool. Putting together the official statement of Colonel Redl's suicide with

what Wagner told him, the assistant editor realized that he had a sensation in his possession.

He took it to his editorial chief. There was no mistake, they decided, Colonel Redl must have been unearthed as a spy!

But it was a dangerous bomb for a newspaper in Austria-Hungary to handle. Truth would not protect the paper from the explosion. And yet the story was too big to let go. So this is what appeared in the *Prager Tagblatt* on Tuesday morning:

> We are asked by a high authority to contradict rumors which have been spread, particularly in army circles, about the Chief of the Staff of the Prague Army Corps, Colonel A. Redl, who, as already reported, committed suicide in Vienna on Sunday morning. The rumors are to the effect that the colonel had been guilty of betraying military secrets to a foreign Power, believed to be Russia. As a matter of fact, the commission of high officers who came to Prague to carry out a search in the dead Colonel's house were investigating quite another matter. . . .

An uproar followed; for, of course, everyone read between the lines. Reporters mobbed news sources of the story. In Parliament there was commotion. And telegraph wires and cables fairly sputtered as the story spread throughout the world.

Then several months later a Servian student fired his revolver at the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary, killing him and his wife.

Whereupon the Great War broke out.

Hoping against hope that "Plan Three" was still a secret, General von Hötzendorf hurled an Austro-Hungarian army into Servia. At every point of attack the Servians, under Marshal Putnik, were there, mysteriously prepared. Thrice von Hötzendorf tried variants of "Plan Three." And each time he met with catastrophe.

If ghosts ever meet, thousands of Austrians killed on Servian soil will have something to say to Alfred Redl.

But I traveled a hundred miles to ask one of the principals in this story a single question.

"Suppose Colonel Redl had refused to blow out his brains?"

The man looked grimly across the vista of time and great change and obviously was back to the hour of which we had been speaking. His smile was not pleasant to see. Then it went.

"It would not have done him any good!" he said.

ENGLAND SETS A SPY TRAP

In the sunny spring of 1914 the warships of the world were wearing their peacetime colors. The yachting season was on and to the races in English waters came German royalty and nobility as guests of the King of England; a squadron of the British fleet in turn went to the Kaiser's yacht races off Kiel as his guests. English officers played courtier to German princesses and maids of honor. It was all of it as gracious a picture of the world at peace as anyone could wish to see.

Certainly no well-bred English or German host or guest at any of these interchanges of hospitality made any reference to the fact that the British fleet was the most powerful in the world and that Germany was racing hard to grow up to it against the day when the two must clash. This was one of those brutal realities which polished people ignore at polite functions.

But elsewhere in England and in Germany there were men and women who were realistically preoccupied not with yacht-racing but with the grim race in warship building between these two powers. The outward aspects of the lives of these realists, however, gave little clue to the business that absorbed them most.

At Felixstowe for instance in a small hut on a cliff overlooking the Suffolk coast and the sea lived Dr. Carl Leibrand, who said he was a hydraulic engineer disgusted with his native land, Germany, which did not appreciate men of vision. To his Suffolk neighbors he unfolded at great length his latest vision. It was a scheme to link up all the towns on that coast with electric lines; to dam up the Orwell; and so to treat the whole estuary that it would make one enormous dock and thereby assure for Felixstowe "colossal prosperity," as he put it.

No one thought it strange therefore that along with his propaganda for Suffolk's future he should carry on an exhaustive study of the coast and the adjoining country. He hired motor-boats and took soundings. In his automobile he explored every road of importance. He took many photographs, made numberless sketches; and his maps were expert and detailed.

The bay window in his study looked out over the sea toward Europe and at night fishermen for miles off the coast knew when Dr. Leibrand was at work by the light of the powerful electric lamp over his desk. He could even have signaled to them if he wished by switching his light on and off.

Throughout Great Britain, usually near some naval base, other men and women were engaged in pursuits that seemed to have not the slightest connection with Dr. Leibrand's. In Portsmouth for instance a Dane was writing the British chapter of a book on the navies

of the world and conscientiously trying to get as close to his material as he could.

Along the Southampton docks a sailor who had left a Dutch freighter was working as a free-lance stevedore. For a manual laborer he seemed a studious chap, and spent many of his evenings writing in his room in a sailors' lodging house.

In the household of a member of parliament a personable young woman acted as a Swiss governess. She spoke several languages, had brains and was so well up on politics that it was a pleasure to talk to her; which is what many a young parliamentarian did who visited the family.

Traveling salesmen for Swedish canneries and for Dutch cigar makers covered the length and breadth of England. Two "sisters" in vaudeville danced their way into the confidences of many a young naval officer. A photographer for a Franco-Belgian newspaper syndicate was industrious along the Channel coast.

And so it went.

Germany of course was not the only government to have spies abroad in those piping times of peace. For instance in the North Sea not far from the Kiel Canal loafed a little pleasure craft manned by two young Englishmen apparently interested only in deep-sea fishing. In a German garrison town a tailor specialized in custom clothes for German officers. In Berlin, in every other important German city and in many a place which to a civilian's eye seemed of little impor-

tance men and women were leading obviously respectable lives strictly minding their own business; but it was a business which the signs on their doors did not reveal.

In England it was the task of Scotland Yard's "Special Branch" and of the secret services of the Admiralty and of the Army to look out for foreign spies at work in the United Kingdom. We may take it for granted that in a general way they knew there were such spies. For who does not know that in every country of importance at any given time there are spies at work for every other country?

But it looked as if the British secret services were asleep; for up to the summer of 1914 arrests in England for espionage were few and far between.

Then late in June a young man in Sarajevo in Bosnia fired his revolver at the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary and killed him and his wife. The shot awoke reverberations which to everyone's dismay grew and grew. The skies darkened. The Kaiser's yacht races were suddenly abandoned and the guest squadron of the British fleet discreetly faded from the scene. Then with the first days of August the big guns began and the world was indeed shaken.

Whereupon in England without warning Dr. Leibrand and the dancing sisters, the Danish historian and the Southampton stevedore, the Swiss governess and the traveling salesmen found themselves caught up like so many eels in a net and taken to Scotland Yard. Twenty-two professional spies and scores of

their accomplices were quietly—very quietly—sent off to internment camps.

It is a commonplace in the technique of spy-hunting that even after you have learned of a spy in your bailiwick it pays to give him a certain amount of rope. Without letting him know, you keep your eye on him. You shadow him and those with whom he consorts. With the coöperation of the postal authorities you steam open his letters and read his telegrams; then you let them proceed to their destination.

In this way the Special Intelligence Service—the name for the secret services of the Admiralty, the Army and Scotland Yard combined at the outbreak of war—acquired a working knowledge of the literary style, so to speak, of every German spy in England, his or her real name and code number; who his or her correspondents were; which "canneries" and "cigar factories" in Sweden, Holland, Belgium or Switzerland were really divisional headquarters of the German secret service; which spies used invisible inks and what chemical reagents would bring out the writing; and much other knowledge useful to "Special Intelligence."

When therefore the first spies were sent off to internment camps, the British secret service was enabled to keep on sending letters and cables abroad as if the German spy system in England were still functioning with its one-time smoothness and thoroughness. That was why "Special Intelligence" was so modest about the scoop it had made; it did not want the news to reach Number 70 Königgrätzer Strasse in Berlin,

headquarters for the secret service of the German Empire.

And for some time Berlin did not know what had happened. Then it was shocked to learn that a whole British army had been assembled, shipped across the English Channel and landed on the Continent before the German High Command knew anything about it.

It was only then that Berlin realized she no longer had a spy organization in England; and it did not require astuteness on the part of the British secret service to figure out that before long Königgrätzer Strasse would be sending new spies in the place of those interned.

They would have to be spies of a different caliber, however, for the penalty for being caught would be different. A peacetime spy gets several years in prison. But once war is declared the best a convicted spy can hope for is the compliment of being shot by a squad of soldiers; otherwise it is likely to be the common hangman for him.

British secret service therefore prepared for newcomers.

Thousands of men and women were set to work in post offices and elsewhere to scrutinize every word that went into and out of England. The whole country was divided into spy districts or "control areas," each under the supervision of a senior intelligence officer. To each officer was assigned a squad of trained detectives. Each of these in turn employed a varying number of civilian "indicators." It was the task of the latter to

report to the divisional chief—discreetly of course—the arrivals of newcomers in the district and what seemed to be their business there.

All this was the merely mechanical part of the vast trap England was setting wherein to catch spies. There were other devices and arrangements quickly in operation which to this day are unknown to the public. But be it remembered that the British secret service operates also outside of Great Britain; and that whether he knew it or not a foreign spy bound for England was likely to have invisible meshes about him even in the very capital of the country that sent him.

Now let us see what the Germans did about it.

Carl Hans Lody was remembered in his little native town near Stuttgart as a serious child who loved trees; he used to watch an oak, for instance, to "catch it growing." In the university, however, his love turned to languages and travel. When he came of military age it was the navy he joined.

Patriotism was with him bound up with religion; and to his naval studies he devoted himself as to a service of his God. He won an officer's commission. But when his time was up he decided to leave the navy and took employment with the Hamburg-American Steamship Line as a guide for tourists. In this capacity he traveled much in England and later found himself in America. Here for a time he decided to settle down and in St. Louis he married.

It was a marriage that turned out to be more a Platonic friendship than a husband-and-wife attrac-

tion. When Lody and his wife came to realize this they divorced but remained friends.

For Lody, however, America came to be associated with the break-up of his dream of marital happiness; and he went back to Germany. It was nothing more than coincidence that he got there just as the Great War broke out.

He was at once called to the colors as a reserve officer and fully expected to rejoin the navy.

But the Kaiser himself knew of his qualifications for other service. Lody received word, therefore, to report to 70 Königgrätzer Strasse.

Here he was given a short, intensive course in the spy school conducted by Major Steinhauer, chief of the German secret service. In spy parlance, Lody was being sent as a "specialist," in his case as an expert in naval matters.

A dramatic coach rehearsed him in how a tourist of middling means would dress and act, and Lody's American accent was polished up. A spy expert taught him the technique of getting people to impart military information. A chemist showed him how to use invisible inks. He was made to memorize ciphers and codes. Veteran spies taught him how to calculate numerical and fighting strength of army and navy detachments. And he learned a few tricks for use in tight places.

Then a bicycle was furnished him and he was ready to go.

In Berlin at that time an American business man,

Mr. Charles A. Inglis, felt that, although the United States was as yet not involved in the war, he would be more comfortable outside of Germany; so he took his passport to the German Foreign Office for a visa to leave the country. He was told to leave his passport and come back next day.

When he did come back he was kept waiting a long time in an anteroom. Then a clerk came out with all the signs of genuine distress on his countenance.

"Herr Inglis," he said, "I am most extremely sorry but something unfortunate has happened. We seem to have lost your passport. It is inexcusable, of course, but you must remember our so understandable agitation at present, being surrounded as we are on all sides by a ring of enemies with whom we are at war. We will, of course, do everything in our power to minimize the inconvenience caused you by the loss of your passport."

There was nothing for Mr. Inglis to do but to take the matter philosophically; and the Foreign Office did expedite his leaving Germany.

But the photograph on the passport was meanwhile detached by an expert and that of Carl Hans Lody was pasted in its place and stamped with an excellent counterfeit of the seal of the United States. The written description of the bearer of the passport was also changed to tally with that of Lody, though the name, of course, remained Charles A. Inglis.

The passport now showed the clean-cut features of a Nordic of refinement, smooth-shaven and lean, the

hair neatly groomed, the forehead wide and intelligent, in the light-colored eyes the grave straightforward look of a man who finds life a very serious business.

With sufficient funds, a new kind of automatic revolver that combined a maximum of efficiency with a minimum of bulk, and with his bicycle crated and marked for shipment to England, Lody left Berlin.

We see him next cycling about England and Scotland in the rôle of an American tourist. He puts up only at such hotels as are within the means of a man of modest income. Evenings find him making acquaintances in hotel lobbies and restaurants, cafés and wherever people get together for casual chat. He is sociable but not unreserved. He is curious to know things, but apparently only as a sympathetic American. As such, too, he is willing to treat to drinks, but never exceeds good taste or discretion.

He soon strikes up the acquaintance of an amiable and rather talkative young Canadian, who, as correspondent for a Montreal weekly, is seeing a good deal of England. John Terrill's heart has a badly leaking valve which disqualified him from military service; otherwise, he told "Inglis," he would long have been "potting those damn Huns."

But he was doing his bit by sending as cheerful news to his paper as he could of England's excellent fighting health. And as a sort of neighbor Terrill, the Canadian, felt no hesitation in telling Inglis, the American, much of what he had seen at various naval bases, in-

formation so interesting that no reporter would dare to try to get it past the postal censorship.

"Inglis" was so sympathetic a listener that Terrill became a sort of tourist guide to him. The American was traveling footloose, he said, and could change his itinerary at will. The relation between the two became so cordial that "Inglis" decided to visit several cities with Terrill.

Eventually, however, he and Terrill parted, agreeing to meet later in London. But when Lody got to London he did not keep his appointment; there was too much he could find out for himself without involving anybody else. The night he arrived in the capital, for instance, there was an effulgent full moon. What in peacetime would have been a pleasant visitation now brought only the expectancy of a terror new to mankind—bombardment from the sky. Moonlight meant Zeppelins and bombing planes from across the Channel.

Through the streets of London sounded the siren wail of alarm. An air raid was coming. Out went every light. Men, women and children scuttled for the nearest shelter. Then firing sounded, anti-aircraft guns, and the heavy detonation of bombs. To Londoners the night became a horror; to Lody a matter for study.

He went about studying the means taken to protect various public buildings from air raids; the location of anti-aircraft guns; the landing places of the bombs dropped.

All this information he wrote out as reports. Some of it he wrote with invisible ink between the lines of a seemingly commonplace business letter written in Swedish. Some he wrote in ordinary ink but in disguised language. Both kinds were sent in envelopes addressed to "Adolf Burchard," presumably a business man in Stockholm.

In Stockholm "Burchard" and his staff brought out with chemicals what had been written with invisible ink; and decoded and deciphered Lody's other reports. Then they were sent on to Berlin.

In London Lody caught the first murmurs of a rumor which, soldier though he was, sent fear through him, fear for his country. At first it was a mere whisper that "something" was coming which would end the war in very short order. Later the "something" took on definiteness in the whispers and gossip exchanged in hotel lobbies and music-hall promenades, in restaurants and alehouses, until the matter became too exciting and the excitement too widespread for any further pretense of secrecy.

It seemed that Russia, that land of teeming millions and superabundant natural wealth, was even richer in men than had been dreamed. For so vast was her war wealth that she had actually dispatched—in secret—by way of Archangel, the White Sea and west around Sweden and Norway a large number of troop transports to England, thence to be landed in France to overwhelm the Germans by this surprise flood of reinforcements.

Anxiously Lody went about for other versions of the rumors. His task became only too easy, an embarrassment of riches. From every side there poured in on him reports, reports of reports, tales that were patently harebrained; others that had the ring of truth.

Among the latter were reports of contracts signed by great English shipping firms for the transport from Archangel to Aberdeen of many shiploads full of "furs for army greatcoats." Again there came to Lody rumors of the route along which the Russian army of reinforcements would come to London from Aberdeen by way of Edinburgh.

Even the date of the probable landing was now a matter of common gossip.

Lody had been taught in the spy school in Königgrätzer Strasse something of the technique of measuring the degree of truth in what he heard. He did not want to pass this rumor on to Berlin unless there should prove to be some fire behind the smoke. For if he were to judge by the effect on himself such a rumor spread through Germany would have a powerfully depressing effect on his countrymen.

He determined not to go off half-cocked on this important matter.

Then in the House of Commons one day a member arose and asked the question,

"What basis is there to the rumor that Russia has dispatched troops for the western front by way of England?"

The reply by the Government was,

"It is not in the interest of the country to give out information on troop movements."

Still Lody felt uncertain. In the spy school he had learned to what lengths a government will go to fool a spy; and why. It is nerves that animate muscles; and in a fight if you fool an opponent's nerves you may rob him of his advantage in brawn. Might not this story of a Russian overflow of troops to the west front be deliberate fake, even to the question and answer in the House; a device aimed at the Germans' morale, to take the heart out of their fighting?

Lody felt a heavy responsibility resting upon him. He knew that his superiors would attach weight to his reports. Dare he send as fact what thus far he knew only as rumor? But if Russians were being hurried to the west front, dare he wait for confirmation?

He exhausted every device taught him at the spy school to get a glimpse of something that would confirm the Russian report, something he could report as seen, a bit of evidence that would put an end to his wavering.

To the nervous strain of indecision was added the growing realization that he was being watched. He had seen a certain stolid-looking Britisher in several places now. Taught in Königgrätzer Strasse how to test out whether he was being shadowed Lody found reason to worry about this man.

His suspicion must have been guessed by the other man for the shadow disappeared. But another took his place, a man unmistakably policeman in type.

Everywhere Lody went he found himself trailed. Finally he decided to quiet his nerves by a bit of drastic treatment. If he was really being followed, suspected, perhaps prepared for a trap, the sooner he knew of the matter the better.

He waited one evening until he saw his man doggedly on the trail. Lody entered a crowded restaurant and took a place at a table by himself. The other man sat down near him. Lody rose and strode over to him. His manner and the scene he made gave Lody at once the center of the stage.

"Look here," he said angrily, "you've been following me. I'm sick of it. If you're a detective take me to your superiors. If you're not, stop following me or I'll lay you out!"

Manner, accent and speech were excellently American and his very aggression won from the crowd belief in him. Nor was there anything in the other man's reply to shake their confidence.

"I'm not a regular detective," he said, "but if you'll come with me to my chief you'll get a chance to clear yourself."

"Of what?" Lody demanded.

"Yes, of what?" many echoed.

The man clung doggedly to a losing cause. "He's a foreigner and until we know he's all right we've a right to suspect him," he said. "Will you come?"

"Certainly!" Lody cried.

A voice from the direction of the door broke in on the tension.

"Why, hello, Inglis, old chap! What's up?"

It was Terrill, the Canadian reporter, and when he heard "what was up" he became an indignant ally of Lody's. "Why, I've traveled with this man and know he's an American and straight. I'll go along with you, old chap, if you wish. I know a couple of fellows at New Scotland Yard who'll vouch for me and I'll vouch for you."

Lody was taken to the man in charge of a "spy control area" by the man who had been following him, who proved to be a civilian "indicator." The district chief questioned Lody at some length. Terrill was given a chance to say something on his behalf; and two Scotland Yard men vouched for Terrill.

"Inglis" was finally declared "all right" by the examining officer, who even apologized.

"We can't be too careful about spies these days, you know," he said.

"I know," Lody replied.

That night he had dinner with Terrill.

"I say, Terrill, how did you get to those Scotland Yard chaps?" he asked casually. "They're useful people to know."

Terrill chuckled. "These days even a Canadian is a foreigner when it comes to spy hunting. I've been put through the inquisition mill just as you were. Then I sprang several rather prominent London relatives on the man who questioned me. A former Lord Mayor of London is my first cousin and one of the vice-presidents of Lloyds' is an uncle of mine. Since then I can

cash my check at Scotland Yard if I wish. But, look here, I've got exciting news!"

And he confided to Lody that Russia was sending troops to France by way of England. Lody pretended it was new to him.

"But probably only rumor," was his comment.

"That's just what I want to run down," Terrill said. "If it's true, I want to be able to write my editor that I saw it with my own eyes—that is, after the censorship is lifted. Now, I figure the worst places to try to see would be at the landing place or the point of debarkation. The guard would be too far-flung. One couldn't get near the show. But one should be able to get a glimpse of the troop trains of Russians *en route* between Aberdeen and wherever it is they jump off for France. I say, wouldn't you like to try it with me?"

Lody looked regretful. "I'm sorry but I have to be off for Edinburgh."

He had done some quick thinking even as Terrill asked the question. Edinburgh would be a good place to catch a glimpse of the Russian troop trains.

"Well, suppose I go along," Terrill suggested eagerly. "Edinburgh would do. That is—unless I'm in the way."

Lody rose. "Not in the least. Come along. I leave in the morning."

He felt that if Terrill were along it would be safer to prowl about the railroad stations. And if Terrill himself had to be watched by Lody—it is a spy's first

law to suspect everyone—nothing would be gained by telling him he wasn't wanted.

When they got to Edinburgh the next day they found excuses for paying frequent visits to the railroad stations where they might see what they were after. Terrill was as excited as a boy, but Lody pretended to be only mildly interested.

Actually, however, he was in a state of painful suspense. Either as a denial or as a confirmation a report on the rumor would have to be sent. The matter was becoming too urgent.

All day the two met disappointment. "But I rather expect it is at night that they'll run the trains," Terrill held. "Naturally they don't want to advertise the show."

Terrill had brought along some letters of introduction to Edinburgh which got him access to places where the general public was frowned upon; and he introduced Lody everywhere as "an American cousin."

"For you Americans *are* cousins, aren't you?" he said with a wink at Lody.

Armed with permission to wait on the railroad station for "a friend," Terrill and Lody came there late in the evening and Terrill speculated aloud for the benefit of all listeners as to when that "friend" would arrive.

Toward half-past two in the morning the whistle of a through train warned those at the station that it was not going to stop nor even slacken. With an unremitting roar a long train of day coaches and an unusual number of baggage cars whirled through the station.

The blind of every window in the train was closely drawn.

"Did you see it?" Terrill exclaimed.

Before Lody answered the shrill warning of a second whistle sounded; and another train like the preceding whizzed by, every window closely curtained. But they caught sight of a man in foreign uniform in the partly open door of a baggage car.

"Russian!" Terrill said softly. His face lit up excitedly. "We've got the Huns licked!"

All night they watched the trains go by. Then Terrill said with a weary but happy smile,

"Now I can sleep!"

Lody could not sleep, however. And the first thing he did when he got back to his hotel was to write a letter to "Burchard" in Stockholm. He was laboring under such tension that he forgot to use any precautions other than the address and wrote quite openly:

"Dear Sir,

"Will you kindly communicate with Berlin at once by wire (code or whatever system you have at your disposal) that on September 5 great masses of Russian soldiers have passed through Edinburgh on the way to London and France. Estimated about 60,000 men. I went to the depot and noticed trains passing at high speed, blinds drawn. Landing in Scotland took place at Aberdeen.

Yours truly,

"CHARLES."

He wrote the letter on plain stationery and included no address or any clue to himself other than his handwriting. Nevertheless it was a dangerous thing to do and surprising in the circumstances. Perhaps he felt that his task in England was over.

If so, he was undeceived, for two days later he received by a secret route instructions from his superiors in Stockholm to proceed to Ireland.

He bade good-by to Terrill and went to Dublin. From there he started for Killarney. At a railroad station several members of the Royal Irish Constabulary approached his train. He saw them coming directly for his car and something about their manner told him trouble was coming with them.

He had long had it out with himself as to what he would do should he be convinced that he was about to be caught. His automatic revolver was cleverly hidden and convenient. If there should be the least chance of escape he meant to use it.

But the squad was already at the door. He could not hope to escape. To shoot would be useless murder. Lody buried the revolver in the cushions of the car and accepted his fate.

"Very sorry, sir, but we've instructions from Scotland Yard to take you there," said the officer in command.

Lody, pale, courteous, quietly replied, "Very well."

Courteous in turn, the police refrained from handcuffs.

It was Sir Basil Thomson, head of Special Branch

at that time, who was to question Lody. When subsequently I went to his office in New Scotland Yard to ask him about Lody and others, Sir Basil invited me to take a low, comfortable red morocco leather chair in front of the cheerful fire in his office. He himself usually sat in a rather tall but otherwise ordinary wooden chair.

Sir Basil is tall, slim, urbane, a writer and at home in several languages and their cultures. His manner even toward prisoners was always marked with that civility which a man of cultivation expects of himself at all times.

When I sat down in that red morocco leather chair I had nothing on my conscience so far as Sir Basil was concerned. But in a few minutes I found myself vaguely uncomfortable; not physically; but into the background of my consciousness there began to emerge —to my surprise—all sorts of things I wanted kept secret from the world.

Then I realized that I had become uncomfortable also physically, for I was trying to sit up on a level with Sir Basil's eyes. He was talking of Lody, but a quiet little quizzical smile intruded on his talk—a smile I soon saw was at my expense. Finally he said,

"Yes, it's the chair that's making you feel guilty. It is so low and so relaxes the body that at first it disarms you with its comfort. Then you begin to feel as if you were lying exposed to attack by an enemy. The man in my own chair affects you as if you were a guilty

pupil under the eye of a schoolmaster, or an uneasy witness on the stand."

Lody was invited to make himself at home in that chair by Sir Basil. He had intended to take Sir Basil's cue and make the examination a courteous unemotional scene. But after a few minutes in the chair he sprang to his feet with a flush on his face.

"If you don't mind, Sir Basil, I will stand," he said.

Sir Basil nodded and went on with his questions which Lody courteously declined to answer.

But at the trial for espionage at the Guildhall, Westminster, his counsel did not attempt to dispute the evidence against Lody. His letter to Burchard reporting the passing of the Russian trains, a notebook reporting a naval fight that had taken place in the North Sea, as well as other things found on his person, condemned him.

In extenuation of his client Lody's counsel told that a grandfather of the accused man had once defended a fortress against Napoleon and that his client viewed his situation as similar in moral aspect. What he had done was in the line of duty for his fatherland, and he had gone into the thing with his eyes open. Now that he had to face the consequences he would accept whatever decision the court chose to make and would meet it without recrimination or complaint.

He was found guilty and sentence was passed. He was to be shot in five days.

Lody impressed everyone with his simple dignity and quiet courage.

On the fourth day he wrote a letter to his family in Stuttgart.

"My dear ones,

"I have trusted in God and He has decided. My hour has come and I must start on the journey through the Dark Valley like so many of my comrades in this terrible war of the nations. . . . A hero's death on the battlefield is certainly finer, but such is not to be my lot. . . . I have had just judges and I shall die as an officer, not as a spy.

"Farewell, God bless you.

"HANS."

Another letter he wrote to the officer in charge of his guards.

"Sir,

"I feel it my duty as a German officer to express my sincere thanks and appreciation towards the staff of officers and men who were in charge of my person. Their kind and considerate treatment has called forth my highest esteem and admiration as regard good-fellowship even towards the enemy, and if I may be permitted I would thank you to make this known.

"I am, Sir, with profound respect,

"CARL HANS LODY,

"Senior Lieutenant, Imperial German Naval Reserve."

His ring he asked to have forwarded to his former wife in America.

Sir Basil invited him to spend that night with him in his cozy office at Special Branch. This time Lody found his ease in that red morocco chair. The two men smoked and discussed Goethe, Beethoven, English literature, philosophy.

At dawn they called for Lody. He bade Sir Basil a quiet good-by as if they were to continue the night-long chat next time they met.

In the Tower of London there is a miniature shooting range. For more than a century and a half no executions had taken place in the Tower. Lody was the first man to be convicted as a spy in England since the outbreak of war; and executions for espionage were an uncomfortable novelty as yet. Also Lody had so won the admiration and respect of everyone during his trial and imprisonment that a strong movement had been started to commute his death sentence to imprisonment.

But now he stood in the Tower. To the Assistant Provost Marshal he said,

"I suppose you won't shake hands with a spy?"

"I'll shake hands with a brave man!" said the official and did.

A firing squad marched in. He asked that his eyes should not be bandaged. Then gravely he bowed and so died.

To the end he thought it was his letter from England that had doomed him. He was wrong. He was a marked man even in Berlin at the spy school. The loss of Mr. Inglis' passport was also noted by British

secret service in Berlin. But Lody was allowed to land in England and to travel about with a minimum of interference.

The British secret service needed his freedom. They wanted him to send a report to Germany on the bit of theater that was being staged—the whirling of empty trains with drawn blinds through the railroad station at Edinburgh. For, as all the world now knows, Russia had need within her own borders of all the men she could gather.

When a too zealous civilian "indicator" made himself noticeable to Lody, "Terrill" had to rescue him. It was only when Lody's work for the British was done that he was arrested.

But in his native town near Stuttgart an oak was planted by its citizens named after and in honor of the little boy who used to watch oaks in the hope of catching one growing.

A NETFUL OF SPIES

Consider a sea into which a fisherman has cast his net; vast as is the ratio between the sea and the net in size some daily yield usually there is. Then think of the problem that confronted the British secret service during the war. Lurking and hiding in a sea of humanity in England were individuals that had to be captured, in the ratio of about one spy to every two million inhabitants. Furtive by nature, some of them trained in German spy schools in how to hide and remain hidden, these spies kept sending reports out of England. With invisible ink or disguised as commonplace letters, in code and cipher, addressed apparently to neutrals in Holland or Sweden, Switzerland or Spain, these reports were a more deadly menace than the Big Berthas that shelled Paris and the Zeppelins over London; for while bombardment from the skies is tragic enough to scores of civilians, the effect on the troops at the front is practically negligible; whereas a spy aims at the very heart of a nation's fighting strength.

One chance of success out of two million is disheartening to human effort; nevertheless the British secret service spread its net. Part of it consisted of men and women stationed in postal, telegraph and cable offices

to fish in the sea of a nation's mail. Like some vast tide with a simultaneous come and go, millions upon millions of letters poured back and forth, in and out of England and within its borders. And on any given day perhaps a single one of these letters, innocent on the face of it—oh, so innocent!—is the fish for which the net has been spread. One looks but for the slimmest catch, if any, in such circumstances. Yet here is a netful of spies and the stories of how they were captured.

For some time, post-office censors had been noticing that from various parts of England advertising sections of English newspapers were being sent to a certain address in Amsterdam, each newspaper showing at least one advertisement marked with pencil. Usually it was an advertisement offering a none too remarkable bargain in tobacco. Now on the face of it there would seem to be little in this to attract the attention of anyone but dealers in tobacco.

But British secret service men had previously been snooping about in Amsterdam and found themselves interested in a shabby little office; presumably that of a Dutchman in the tobacco business. It was to this address that the marked advertisements were being sent from England. Hence the special notice given to them by the postal censors and the secret service.

Each newspaper intercepted by the British was sent to the laboratory of the secret service. There the mailing wrapper was carefully removed so as to betray no

signs of tampering. The marked advertisement was treated with a series of chemical reagents to invisible ink.

These tests yielded nothing, so the advertisements were photographed. Then the newspapers were put back in their original wrappers and sent on to the address in Amsterdam as if nothing had happened.

But the photographs of a whole series of such advertisements were now studied by experts in uncovering cipher systems. Of ciphers there is an infinite variety and discovering the key to one is almost always a task, difficult according to the ingenuity of those who drew up the cipher. German secret service experts were no children at designing secret communication. Nevertheless "Special Intelligence" in London began to learn the real alphabet employed in the innocent-appearing tobacco advertisements. For "tobacco" they began to read "ammunition," for "wrapper" the word "shells," for "boxes," "shipments," and so on.

And one day an announcement of a bargain in Honduras tobacco was deciphered as really reading this:

"Have first-class information for 120 in reference to shipment of ammunition to Italy."

Something, of course, was gained by this discovery; but not much; and until the sender of these advertisements was located nothing could be done but to watch for other messages sent to the same address.

Then one day a letter was netted. It was quite short and said something hopelessly commonplace, ending with "Love and kisses to the family." The signature

was "L. Cohen" and an address was given, "22, High Street, Deptford."

Cautiously, very cautiously, "Special Intelligence" looked up "L. Cohen, 22, High Street, Deptford." The letter might be a decoy to see if British secret service was on the trail of the correspondence. Some one might be watching to see if "L. Cohen" was being looked for. This caution on the part of "Special Intelligence" proved wise for no "L. Cohen" could be found.

Evidently "L. Cohen" felt satisfied with his test, for other letters to Amsterdam went with increasing frequency.

And literally between the lines of these letters was revealed in the laboratory of the secret service the real contents of each letter. The writer was becoming angry with the tobacco dealer in Amsterdam.

"How do you expect me to get you valuable information if you do not send me money?" complained one letter. In another, "I am sending you news which is of enormous value, and am daily in peril of my life."

Evidently these complaints had their effect; for the letters grew less plaintive. But the more the complaining diminished the more unhappy grew the British secret service. Money was flowing into England; and "Special Intelligence" knew enough about German secret service to be sure of value received for that money, value in the form of news out of England.

Then one day "Special Intelligence" felt a little better; a message was netted that read in invisible ink,

"C. has gone to Newcastle so I am writing this from 201 instead."

There was no signature. But the postmark was "Deptford."

At first sight there would appear to be little in this note to cheer up the British secret service. Nor was there—at first.

But "Special Branch" of Scotland Yard—which took over the less secret activities of "Special Intelligence"—proceeded on the basis that "201" was part of an address. It was ready to investigate every house in the United Kingdom that bore the number. But it did not have to go so far.

They began with Deptford and found that in that town only High Street was long enough to achieve such a number. Discreet investigation brought out the fact that at that address there lived a baker by the name of Peter Hahn.

In all countries the secret service keeps under cover even in the matter of making arrests; for obvious reasons it does not want its agents known. When an arrest is to be made the job is handed over to the police authorities. Two Scotland Yard men, therefore, went to the bakery shop of Peter Hahn for a look about.

They found a stolid young man selling bread behind a counter. The Scotland Yard men waited till every customer was out of the shop. Then they began to ask the young baker pointed questions.

"Who is 'C'?"

The young man proved stolid indeed. "Don't know."

"Where is he?" "Find him."

They made Hahn come with them into the back room, where they did some expert searching. The find that interested them was a cardboard box containing articles which to the inexperienced would seem of little import. There were several sheets of blank writing paper; a ball-pointed pen; some ammonia in a bottle; a bit of wool; and another small bottle of colorless liquid.

But the Scotland Yard men recognized in the blank sheets the same kind of paper as that on which the intercepted letters were written. The rest was an outfit for writing with invisible ink.

The Scotland Yard men waited until nightfall before they took Peter Hahn out for a ride in their machine. The limelight of publicity was not being sought in this arrest.

Later in the evening a man canvassed Hahn's neighbors for information. Hahn had been arrested, he told them, for violation of some war ordinance pertaining to bakers; but it seemed that he was acting under orders from some one else. Did the neighbors know who was his most frequent visitor?

One of the neighbors, a woman, told of "a tall Russian gentleman who lived in Bloomsbury." That was all she knew of him except that he was objectionable to her because of his attempts to be very friendly.

With this vague indication Scotland Yard began one

of its patient, plodding searches. Every house in Bloomsbury was visited on one pretext or another. Finally in a boarding house the landlady recognized one of her lodgers from the description.

"His name is Muller. And he sells foreign stocks and bonds," she said. "But just now he is in Newcastle for a few days. What has he done?"

"Hasn't registered properly," she was told.

Two days later the lodger returned. Two men asked him to come down to Scotland Yard to straighten out the matter of "registration."

Muller, a tall, spare, nervous individual, unlike Hahn, was very willing to tell all about himself. He was born in Libau, Russia; had never been in Germany, did not like Germans, and could not even speak the language although he spoke several others. He had been in turn hotel-keeper, traveling salesman, automobile salesman, and now he was selling stock.

"Well, that sounds all right," said the Scotland Yard man who was questioning him. "But we had better get the facts down in black and white. Perhaps you will write out your account of yourself and swear to it as correct."

"With pleasure!"

And he wrote at considerable length a statement of his activities and affiliations which included everything but spying.

Scotland Yard loaned the document to "Special Intelligence," who in turn gave it to an expert for study. His expertness lay in the direction of imitating hand-

writing. When he had "studied" Muller's handwriting long enough the statement was handed back to Scotland Yard to be used in connection with the coming trial of Hahn and Muller on the charge of spying.

The trial of the two men was conducted with a minimum of publicity as had been their arrest. Neither Hahn's stubborn silence nor Muller's too obliging loquacity saved them. They were found guilty.

Hahn was a British subject; also he was so stupid and so obviously a mere tool of Muller's that his sentence was seven years in prison.

Muller was clearly a German spy; but unlike Lody it was not patriotism but money that was the leading motive with him. Nor did he show Lody's spiritual fortitude on the eve of his execution; for he broke down and wept. But at dawn he pulled himself together and when he faced the firing squad in the Tower he insisted on shaking hands with each man before he died.

The execution, like everything else about the case, was kept as quiet as possible. Meanwhile letters from England continued to the "tobacco dealer" in Amsterdam; letters in Muller's style and apparently his handwriting, on the paper and with the invisible ink that were found in Hahn's bakery.

The information conveyed in these letters must have seemed of value to the "tobacco dealer," for he replied frequently and generously. His generosity eventually attained the respectable sum of £400.

But that disillusionment which is the lot of most of

us in this vale of tears seems finally to have overtaken the gentleman in Amsterdam. For one day instead of a remittance there came only a brusque note:

"Owing to a sequence of wrong information coming from you," read his decoded letter, "which has misled us, we are herewith dispensing with your services."

Thus ruthlessly cast aside, Scotland Yard consoled itself by buying an automobile with the money from Amsterdam. With a certain irony the automobile was named "Muller" and after a number of years it wore itself out in the service of Scotland Yard.

The net of postal censorship which had caught, among others, Muller and Hahn, proved itself still finer in mesh in another case.

A letter addressed to Rotterdam was in the ordinary course of events read by a censor in a post office on the English coast. There was nothing in the least remarkable about the contents; the writer seemed to be one of those mechanical-minded people who assimilate only trite phrases and think it worth while passing them on to others. The censor was about to allow the letter to go through when a thought struck him. It was really remarkable, the censor decided, that anyone should take the trouble to write a letter that apparently said so little. From the vague impression of character which handwriting sometimes gives, the censor visualized a heavy personality who would not easily be moved to write.

Acting purely on this guess the censor had the letter taken to the laboratory of "Special Intelligence."

There a series of chemical reagents was applied to the paper with visible results.

Out came a report of a trip across the Atlantic Ocean on a steamer named; the warships seen on the voyage were also named and described; and the letter added, "To-morrow I leave for Dublin."

The signature was a numeral, "5." The invisible ink used was plain lemon juice. The letter was written with a ball-pointed pen. The stationery was hopeless as a clue, so common was it in kind. And the postmark was Liverpool.

As will be seen, "Special Intelligence" had little to work with other than the fact that the writer was either leaving or had already left for Dublin. But Scotland Yard detectives scrutinized every passenger on the next boat to Dublin. The results did not seem encouraging at first, the most promising suspect being a man whose American passport gave his name as Anthony Kupferle, a member of a firm of Kupferle & Co., manufacturer of woolens in New York. He had come to England several days before on the *Arabic,* his passport showed; and he gave as his reason for coming to England, "to sell my products."

He was stiff and Teutonic in type and his accent and English were distinctly foreign. His passport said that he was a Dutchman by birth and he volunteered the information that he had moved to America too late in life to acquire either grammar or American accent in his English.

He had a square, blunt face, intense eyes of pale

blue, broad cheek bones, the flaring nostrils of a fanatic and a stubborn mouth. His mind, like his body, moved heavily, but there was a power of passion in the man that was the only thing impressive about him; for in intelligence he seemed commonplace.

He had been examined exactly as the other passengers and when told he could proceed he had little reason to suspect that he had been singled out for further investigation. As a matter of fact the Scotland Yard men looked further into his case only because he had crossed on the *Arabic;* and his accent was more German than Dutch.

The Scotland Yard men permitted themselves to look at his handwriting. Whereupon the trail got warmer; it was the handwriting of the report on the warships seen on the Atlantic voyage.

Without troubling him in the matter the detectives then searched his belongings while Kupferle was out of his hotel. The only thing they took away was a ball-pointed pen. But another exactly like it in appearance was left in its place.

The pen was taken to the laboratory of "Special Intelligence." Under chemical tests traces of lemon juice were found on the pen point. Lemon juice makes invisible ink and, it will be remembered, was used on the incriminating letter.

For some time Kupferle was allowed to roam about while he was being investigated, in England as well as in America.

Then on his return to London as he got off the train

two men quietly invited him to Scotland Yard. Kupferle glared at them with his icy blue eyes.

"Vat for?" he demanded.

He was told. But the man's imagination was so lacking that the arrest did not move him. He thought his passport would still explain everything satisfactorily; and he went with the police silent but as yet unalarmed.

Meanwhile Scotland Yard learned that he had been in the German army on the west front, but had been sent to America from there to make his way to England as a spy. In America he was helped by the German secret system to secure a false passport.

While awaiting trial Kupferle must have begun to brood on the chances that awaited him. His face grew gauntly fierce and he retired into a silence he seldom broke.

On the opening day of his trial he wore a black frock coat buttoned tightly across his chest. There was an oddly pathetic effect to his appearance as if he were dressed for his own funeral.

As the Attorney-General laid before the court with deadly precision the case against Kupferle, the prisoner took in each individual word. When court adjourned that afternoon the case against Kupferle, although to be continued the following day, was already complete. He would have his chance for defense to-morrow; but Kupferle knew.

As he left the courtroom he wound a long silk scarf about his throat with the absent air of a man whose

mind was so intensely elsewhere that his bodily movements were automatic.

Back in his cell in Brixton Prison that night Kupferle could not sleep. He called the keeper and begged him to bring a certain book he had seen in the prison library, a huge volume on philosophy. The keeper, knowing how limited Kupferle's life span was likely to be, obliged him; then went back to his post.

Half an hour later he heard a curious sound coming from Kupferle's cell. Approaching, he looked in. Then he raised an alarm.

One end of Kupferle's long scarf was tied to the ventilator grating high on the wall; the other was in a noose about Kupferle's throat. He had used the big volume to stand on, then kicked it away.

On a prison slate he had written his last word in life:

"To whom it may concern:

"My name is Kupferle, nee to (born in) Sollingen, A/Rastatt I/B (Baden). I am a soldier with rank I do not desire to mention. in regard on my behalf lately. I can say that I have had a fair trial of the U. Kingdom, but I am unable to stand the strain any longer and take the law in my own hand. I fought many a battles and death is only a saviour to me.

"I hope the Allmighty Architect of this Universe will lead me in the Unknown Land in the East. I am not dying as a spy, but as a soldier: my fate I stood as a man, but can't be a liar and perjur myself. Kindly I shall permit to ask to notify my uncle, Arbros Droll,

Sollingen, A/Rastatt I/B Germany; and all my estate shall go to him.

"What I done, I have done for my country. I shall express my thanks and may the Lord bless your all.

"Yours,

"ANTON KUPFERLE."

The bad luck the German secret service had been having with sending German spies to England must have caused a change of tactics in Berlin. For those thereafter caught in the net spread by "Special Intelligence" were practically all from neutral countries, men and women whose sole interest was money and the zest of the game.

Let us go back once more to that widespread net, the British postal censorship. This time the scene is the telegraph and cable service. Orders for "3,000 Coronas," "4,000 Rothschilds," "10,000 Cabañas" and other cigars became quite common.

These orders were cabled from such places as Portsmouth, Dover, Chatham, Devonport, all naval bases. The cable censors applied intelligence to these dispatches. Curious, they decided, that the flood of orders for cigars came not at all from the large inland cities, but only from ports.

Quietly a canvass was made. Cigar dealers were interviewed. An approximation was reached of about the number of cigars sold, say, in Portsmouth, before the war. It was then found that judging from the cabled orders there would have to be an overnight multiplication of the demand for cigars in Portsmouth.

Now the arrival of crews of war vessels of every kind might possibly account for some of the increased demand for tobacco. But what puzzled "Special Intelligence" was the knowledge that sailors do not as a rule favor cigars. Some other explanation, therefore, had to be found for "3,000 Coronas," "4,000 Rothschilds" and "10,000 Cabañas."

Some of the cable orders were signed "Roos," others "Janssen." But when Scotland Yard men quietly searched—one of their dogged, widespread, thorough efforts—nobody was found to answer to such names.

"Special Intelligence" then sent word to its agents in Rotterdam discreetly to investigate "Dierks & Co." at such-and-such an address. The answer came back that "Dierks & Co." had a tiny office where a few moldy sample cigars were on exhibition. Very little commercial activity was visible about that office.

This, decided "Special Intelligence," was remarkable because, to judge by the orders sent "Dierks & Co." by "Roos" and "Janssen" alone, business must be booming.

Thereafter letters and cables coming from Rotterdam into England were scrutinized with increased care and the recipients were investigated without arousing too much attention to the fact. In this way the interest of "Special Intelligence" operators gradually concentrated on two Dutchmen.

Each was shadowed. One of them, a tall, black-bearded man, was found to be sending the cablegrams signed "Janssen." The other was a smooth-shaven

youth with clear gray eyes and a devil-may-care light in them. He sent the cablegrams signed "Roos."

Thereafter these cables, unknown to their senders, were studied from every possible angle of meaning. Experts in ciphers worked with investigators who reported the various changes in the ports from which the cablegrams were sent.

The following conclusions were arrived at:

When four battleships arrived in Portsmouth "Janssen" sent at once a cable for "4,000 Cabañas." If along with the battleships five cruisers and eight destroyers came, "Janssen" or "Roos" ordered "5,000 Rothschilds" and "8,000 Coronas."

When the chain of coincidence became long enough "Janssen" and "Roos" were gathered in and brought to Scotland Yard.

"Janssen" was questioned first. He was self-possessed and even imperturbable. His story was that he was a Dutch citizen, and followed the sea for a living until he found it hard to get a ship. When, therefore, "Dierks & Co." approached him and offered to let him travel for them in England to drum up orders for cigars, he accepted. That was his story and with Dutch tenacity he stuck to it.

"Were you able to secure any orders for cigars?"

"Janssen" could not prove a single order.

"And yet you sent all these cablegrams for great quantities of cigars?"

"I didn't send any cablegrams."

"Do you know 'Roos'?"

"No."

"Roos" was was brought in next. "Janssen" tried to catch his eye with a mute message. But "Roos" was either too stupid or too gayly indifferent to the situation to show concern. His story was that he knew "Janssen" and like him was a traveling salesman for "Dierks & Co."

Then from "Janssen's" face he saw that their two stories did not tally and that there were signs in the weather of trouble ahead.

Each with wrists handcuffed was taken to a different cell in the police station. "Janssen" remained dour. "Roos" made his guardians feel as if he were either a fool or gayly heroic. For he seemed to find the situation almost a joke.

Toward evening, however, he said to the cell keeper:

"It's a bit stuffy in here, isn't it? I wonder if you would mind very much taking me into the yard for a little air."

It was a reasonable request and, although the man was an important prisoner, there seemed to be no harm in it since an effort to escape would be senseless, so well was the yard closed in and guarded.

With his wrists still in handcuffs and the keeper by his side "Roos" circled the yard several times, his spirits apparently rising. He came to a door the panels of which were of heavy glass over which was a widely spaced grille of iron bars.

"Where does this door lead to?" "Roos" asked.

"To the upper cell tier."

"If you were in my place now and wanted to escape

you wouldn't consider that door, would you?" Roos asked with a smile.

"Hardly!" the guard smiled back.

"Well—I would!"

And before the guard could stop him, Rocs dashed at the door and with his manacled hands smashed the panes. The guard was dumfounded. Certainly the man could not be trying to escape through that door.

But he was. Roos was sawing the blood vessels of his wrists against the broken glass.

He failed in his attempt at suicide and thereafter he no longer put on his gay disguise. All through the trial of himself and Janssen for espionage he seemed indifferent to what was in store for him.

They were found guilty and sentenced to be shot.

"Janssen" went first and went through his ordeal stolidly.

Then "Roos" was led in. For the first time since his attempted suicide his wide blue eyes were alight again.

"May I smoke a cigarette?" he asked.

He was given one. The hand that lighted it was steady. But each pull at his cigarette he inhaled with a greed that was almost sensual. His eyes narrowed and his nostrils dilated with the lust of his last minute of life. Close to his fingers came the lighted end. A last deep puff and the fire touched him. Slowly he crushed it out between thumb and forefinger and looked at the bit of still smoking ash.

Then with his thumb he flipped it contemptuously away.

THE SPY WHO FOUND HIGH ADVENTURE

Curious, often dramatic in contrast, are the ways of human nature seeking outlet, self-expression. A spirit like Napoleon undermines mountains, overflows barriers and forcing a channel sweeps the edifices of an epoch like so much wreckage before a torrent. Another, Louise de Bettignies, like an aimless stream deflected by little hills, meanders this way or that, shallow and powerless. Suddenly, virtually by accident, it meets a mere rift in the earth; and rushing down its predestined channel the stream becomes powerful with rapids and waterfalls, straightens out its course and comes to dominate the land. It, too, has found its high adventure.

For the story of Louise de Bettignies let us go back to August 1, 1914. The dreaded word "War!" is flashing round the world. Electric currents have set in motion the ponderous sensitive machinery of modern armies. The greatest of these, the most modern, the most highly organized are the armies of Imperial Germany; and, at the expected word several of them—millions of mechanized men, giant artillery, air fleets, engineering corps, and battalions of secret service sweep treaties and troops aside and, overwhelming Belgium, turn flanking south into France.

Before the ruthless tramp of these armies flees the panic-stricken civil population of Belgium and northern France, women and children in the main, pell-mell for the English Channel, and as many of them as can be crowded on board ship cross to England.

Those who land at Folkestone are shepherded into lines to wait while every man, woman and child is examined by British military officials: first for identification; then for news of the enemy.

It is not with much hope that the officers question the refugees for military information. Panic-stricken civilians in flight do not make good observers of what is in back of them. The questioning at Folkestone, therefore, is hasty and perfunctory, especially as the pressure of new arrivals increases hourly.

Suddenly something holds up the line and the refugees wonder why; necks are craned, questions fly. But no information is forthcoming.

What has happened is that the examining officers have struck, not a snag, but a mine of riches in a young Frenchwoman whose turn has come to answer questions. She is petite and pretty; rich chestnut hair, shining dominating brown eyes, an oval face fair and delicate of skin, full mobile lips and a flashing smile. She is slightly built, but fine stock and athletics give her body sturdiness and grace.

The officer in charge seeing a Frenchwoman began his perfunctory questioning in French.

"Can you tell us anything about the Army of Occupation?"

She began in French, then in her eagerness to help him continued in English as flawless as his own. But what arrested him from the first was the quality and quantity of what she had to say. A trained military observer could not have absorbed information more shrewdly than she did in flight. All a reporter's gifts were there—eyes, ears, intuition, judgment, knowledge, memory, the ability to pack much in a brief report.

Other officers crowded to listen. "Why, one would have to understand German perfectly to have gathered all this!" one of them exclaimed.

"I know German," she said.

"Who are you?"

She is Louise de Bettignies; born in northern France; her home is in Lille, now in the hands of the Germans; and she wants to get to St. Omer in France to join her mother. She is rich in ancestry and education, but poor in pocket. For fifteen years up to the outbreak of war she had been governess to rich and titled French and German families; once she refused service with the family of the heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary. Because she was an aristocrat herself her employers treated her as an equal; they took her on luxury trips all over Europe; she was invited to take a hand at bridge with princely guests. She is out of employment now.

The officers consult in whispers. She is told she is free to join her mother; but the British secret service would appreciate it if she consented to stay over a day

or two for a consultation. She agrees; and the line of refugees moves forward again.

That evening she learns what the chiefs of the British secret service want her to do. It is to go back to Lille. There on the inside of the German occupation she is not only to act as a spy herself, but also to organize a network of espionage for the whole region about Lille. She is to institute a daily delivery of military information that should find its way somehow to Field-Marshal French in St. Omer, where her mother is, and to military intelligence chiefs at Folkestone. Is she willing to do all this, they ask.

As she realizes what they are asking the color goes out of her face. She knows how thoroughly a German army polices an occupied area; how highly organized is its service of counter-espionage; and, of course, she knows what will happen to her if the Germans catch her as a spy.

Then gradually the color in her face returns. After the first shock of the proposal her mind goes on to consider how she would execute that assignment. And as she ponders a glow deepens in her cheeks, her eyes, her whole being seems irradiated. It is as though for the first time something that had long been pent up in her were about to find expression.

She inherited the high courage of her Crusader ancestors; but a sheltered existence had not called upon her to exercise it. She is blessed with buoyant health, but has never had to tax it. She has a mind and character that could "forge the anchors and spin the gossa-

mers" of thought and action; but what scope was there for them in the job of a governess? Her spirit found delight in a dress, but dreamed of rapture whether with love for a man or in martyrdom for a cause. She has not met her man. But here is the call of Cause!

"I'll do it!"

In St. Omer her mother caught her in her arms thanking God for a child rescued from the Germans. Then Louise had to tell her she was going back to Lille; and why. The poor woman almost swooned. But there was nothing she could do about it.

Louise then went to her confessor, Father Boulange, for advice. As a spy and the head of an organization of spies the lives of others as well as her own would depend on what she did or did not do in this or that emergency. She would perhaps be called upon to lie, cheat, steal; if necessary to debase herself; perhaps—who could tell?—to kill. How far would the end justify the means, she asked the priest.

What he told her we shall never know. But next day she reported to the Chief of the British Army in France. He schooled her in the kind of information he wanted out of the Lille area. Then handing over to her a large sum of money to be used at her discretion he bade her Godspeed.

Back to Folkestone she crossed and again across the English Channel to Vlissingen in Holland. From there she went to Philipine, a village on the boundary line between Holland and Belgium.

For four years that boundary line was perhaps the

most amazing scene in this often insane world of ours. Here was a fence, extending the whole length of the Dutch-Belgian frontier. On one side of the fence was war, the most devastating war in the world's history. On the Belgian side of the fence a man trying to escape through it could be shot down like game in open season. But if he managed to dive through that fence he was in a land of peace and plenty and entitled to sanctuary even from the hunter whose hand could reach from the other side and hold him.

The Germans, of course, saw to it that this fence was kept efficient. It was of steel, barbed, high and so charged with electric current that there was little to choose between touching it and being shot dead.

Then at regular intervals powerful searchlights were set up which at night were more cruel to a fugitive than daylight.

Further to discourage prowling on the Belgian side of the fence there were wires concealed in brush and undergrowth, in fields and in the woods. So cunningly hidden were the loops that they escaped notice even by daylight. But the poor devil whose foot caught in one of them was blown to bits by the mine he set off.

It is at night on the Dutch side of this zone that we see Louise waiting to make her first crossing into Belgium. She is wearing a black hat and a black cloak; and waiting for a guide. The British secret service chief had told her of one.

"His name is Alphonse Verstapen, a Belgian. He is a huge ruffianly looking chap and by profession a

smuggler. But the German invasion seems to have brought about a sort of sea-change in him. He is keen to do his bit now and he certainly knows the Dutch-Belgian border. I think we can trust his patriotism. But I don't know how far one can trust him alone with a pretty woman. So if you feel the least hesitation, we'll arrange for another guide."

It is this man who now, like a shadow, approaches Louise as she stands by the steel fence. He mutters a word of identification and Louise whispers the required password. The big fellow bends down to peer at her and she almost flinches before the towering presence and the reek mingled of tobacco and brandy. For some moments he scrutinizes her; then takes her hand. Without a word he leads her into a strip of dense wood. Whatever may be her thoughts there is no tremor in the small hand the giant holds.

Before a high steel barbed fence they stop and the giant kneels on the ground. With his hands he digs at the loam. Although he moves cautiously he makes such rapid progress that obviously the hole in the ground he uncovers had been previously prepared. He crawls into it and on hands and knees Louise follows. When they stand up again the steel fence is just at their backs.

Alphonse almost literally feels his way forward in the dark. And literally he has to know every inch of the ground to avoid the creeping vines of concealed wires. Louise steps on his very shadow.

Suddenly the night is slashed by a shaft of search-

light. Alphonse drops to the ground, so does Louise. They must show no shadow or spot of color; so they lie face down and motionless while the icy white light glides through the dark like some rigid tentacle. They know that alongside of each questing searchlight stands a sharpshooter.

Along that border shots in the night sound frequently and many a morning reveals what the riflemen had brought down. The terror inspired by that border was illustrated pitifully by what happened to a Belgian woman who set out one night with her year-old infant in her arms. Life in the occupied area had become so difficult that she thought she would try to escape into Holland. Only two miles lay between her and safety.

Several times the searchlights caught her, but as she at once dropped to the ground she escaped being seen by the men who stood behind the powerful arcs, fingers on trigger. Then dimly ahead of her she made out two other fugitives stealing across a field. She knew who they were, neighbors.

Suddenly under the two came a blinding flash and the roar of an explosion. The woman did not see what happened to the couple nor did she stop to look. She knew only too well. With her infant clutched fiercely to her breast she fled back to her home. When she got there she found that in her terror she had crushed the breath out of her child.

The shafts of light playing over Alphonse and Louise are joined by others. Are they discovered? But no

shots ring out and after what must have seemed to the two endless waiting the searchlights move elsewhere.

Alphonse and Louise get to their feet and again move forward through the night.

When morning comes the steel fence, the land mines and the searchlights are miles behind them. But now almost at every crossroad they are challenged by German sentries. Passports, permission to travel, the purpose of their errand and other information is demanded of them at each challenge. The sentries range in character from elderly veterans of former wars to keen-faced members of the Imperial counter-espionage service.

But the British have provided Louise and Alphonse with a wealth of skillfully concocted papers of identification. "Special Intelligence" in London had a passport factory as well equipped as the one at 70 Königgrätzer Strasse, Berlin.

In a private dwelling in Rue d'Isly in Lille, Clothilde, a domestic, the only occupant at the time, heard in the middle of the night the doorbell ring. Accustomed as she was to visits by German patrols, she was nevertheless too frightened at first to open the door. Then she heard a ripple of laughter and a familiar voice.

"Clothilde, ouvre, c'est moi!"

"Mon Dieu, c'est Mademoiselle Louise!"

Clothilde admitted her mistress and a huge bearded stranger.

Alphonse hugely enjoyed the warm meal and the

wine Clothilde managed to provide. But he declined Louise's invitation to stop and rest.

"I must be back at Mouscron by morning," he said.

Then he looked down curiously at the travel-grimed young woman who was urging him to take his rest there. A queer expression came into his bold bearded face as his eyes took in her lithe petite figure, her fair skin and warm color.

"And you were not once afraid the whole trip!" he said, puzzled and admiring.

"Oh, more than once!" she laughed. "They are terrible, these Boches! But I knew you would get me safely home!"

He went to the door and opened it. "I wasn't meaning the Boches!" he said, and left.

For an hour Louise luxuriated in a warm bath. Then, although she must have been nearly dead with fatigue, nothing would do her but to try on one pretty dress after another that she took out of her wardrobe. She was saying hello again to dear friends she had had to desert in haste when the Germans came.

Although she had not slept the night before, she told Clothilde to wake her early in the morning. Had the servant known why she would not have had the heart to obey.

Louise entered on her new duties the moment her eyes opened. For an hour she questioned Clothilde. Then she put on a suit of dark shabbily genteel material and a little brown felt toque. This was to be her working garb.

She had brought with her a rather large well-worn handbag of imitation leather. It was to figure largely in her adventures thereafter. Just then it contained among other things papers identifying her as "Alice Dubois," maker and seller of laces. And it was by this "war name" that she became known, then famous.

After breakfast Alice went out for a survey. The face of the city was pock-marked with the minimum of fighting it cost the Germans to capture it. From afar on the breeze there came occasionally the rumor of artillery; but as the German advance swept on, Lille heard only the growl and snarling of a "dog fight" in the air when some bold Allied aviator ventured a visit.

Everywhere the measured tread of the iron heel of occupation. Sentries and patrols, patrols and sentries. And to her more dangerous still, because invisible, was the sensitive complicated network of counter-espionage she knew the Germans had laid throughout the occupied area, much more cunningly devised than the tangle of wires over the land mines at the Dutch border.

She would have to beware of some of her very neighbors, weak or crushed spirits enlisted by the conquerors. She would have to beware of those who employed them, graduates of the best spy school in the world, men and women of high technique in spying and uncovering spies.

And the thought of all these complex dangers set Alice's heart pounding; not with fear, but with the excitement a chess master must feel when a game takes

on a complicated beauty; an excitement that only keys up the mind to keener pitch.

Alice went about Lille and the surrounding country "selling lace." In reality, of course, she was weaving her own intricate design. In a little shop she met a short energetic young woman no taller than herself. Marie-Léonie Vanhoutte was of peasant stock turned to keeping shop, and between her and Alice all the deep-lying traits of the French were embraced.

They took to each other on sight. Without hesitation Alice asked Marie-Léonie to become her lieutenant, and the response was eager. Thereafter Marie-Léonie became "Charlotte," itinerant peddler of cheeses.

In the town of Mouscron lived a chemist and his wife, the de Geyters. Louise enlisted them too in her service, and their home became one of her many stopping places. In M. de Geyter's laboratory strange equipment appeared; cameras of various kinds and magnifying glasses; chemicals that became invisible inks; steel dies with blank surfaces to be engraved upon; a hand-press whose parts could in a minute be assembled or scattered among various hiding places; materials for the repair of wireless outfits. The possession of any one of these things, if discovered by the Germans, would send the owner far along the road to trouble.

A manufacturer, Louis Sion, and his son, Etienne, gave their services and, until the Germans requisitioned them. their automobiles to Alice. In the town

of Santes a map-maker, Paul Bernard, and his fine-pointed calligraphic pen were enlisted. In time, with the aid of magnifying glasses and a shorthand system, M. Bernard was able to crowd a 3,000-word report for Alice by means of his calligraphic pen in invisible ink on a bit of transparent paper which she could paste on one of the lenses of a pair of spectacles.

In Trelinghien Monsieur and Madame Destombes-Lutin; at Helemmes, Monsieur Milon; in Tourcoing, Monsieur Lenfant, the former superintendent of police; at her estate in Mouveaux, Madame Paul Prouvost-Masurel; in a dozen, then a score, and with time still more places men and women in every walk of life placed their services, all their means and their very lives at Alice's disposal.

And of these burghers and servants, shopkeepers and aristocrats, peasants and townspeople, artisans and laborers, of their possessions and their varied mentalities and spirits Alice wove that network of hers which must finely coördinate and yet be so detached, one part from the others, that should catastrophe overtake any one of her people or herself, the rest would not be betrayed and could go on functioning.

One thing she took special care to impress upon her people:

"If to-morrow I or any one of you should be found out by the Germans and brought before any of our comrades for identification, your memory must stop working. The unfortunate one, no matter who, is a stranger to you and must be left to his fate or hers.

Pity, friendship, at such a time would only sign the death warrant for yourselves and others whose lives depend upon us. Remember!"

They remembered; it was only Alice who for a terrible moment would forget.

Then her organization began to function. For instance, there had been a major battle and it was important for the Allies to know how much damage in men the Germans had suffered. The trains of wounded would pass through Lille. The windows of a house that overlooked the railroad tracks were curtained by day and dark at night. They had to be, otherwise a German patrol would pay the house a visit or perhaps only send a bullet or two through the window that showed a face or a light.

But there was a small hole in one of the window blinds through which an eye could see the railroad tracks. When the long trains of wounded passed, with each car there sounded in the room the slight tap of a foot. It was barely loud enough to reach the next room where a school child sat apparently doing arithmetic. But at the sound of each tap from the window down went a little pencil stroke on paper. One—two—three—four—and a stroke across the four for the fifth tap.

When the last of these trains had passed the arithmetic lesson was over. So many hundred times five were cast up. The total number was multiplied by another, the average number of wounded men the Germans crowded into a car. The gross total came to the

number of wounded the Germans had lost in that major battle.

A match reduced the arithmetic lesson to paper ash. And the student left the house murmuring a large number to herself over and over like some sort of inaudible prayer. The schoolgirl passed the number to some one she met in the street and on the instant proceeded to forget it. Finally the murmur reached the ears of Alice, who in turn told it to M. Bernard. He with his fine calligraphic pen put the number down in minute figures in the current report Alice was preparing.

Then she set out herself to deliver the report to her superior, Major Edward Cameron across the Channel at Folkestone. This meant that Alice would have to make her way through occupied Belgium, through cordon after cordon of inspection; and through the zone of horror at the border with all the wealth of possibilities that lay in such a journey. She made such journeys back and forth sometimes as often as a week. She could pardonably have assigned this perilous commuting to some subordinate. But she did not. And those many journeys make a sort of little modern Odyssey of adventures in peril and escape.

Sometimes she traveled alone, more often with some one of her lieutenants. The easier part of their plotting was to furnish satisfactory accounts of themselves as demanded by the scores of sentries and examining officers who held them up. For Alice had set up a passport factory of her own in the laboratory of M. de

Geyter; and good-looking "cards of identity," "visas," "permissions to travel," "acknowledgments of registration," "passports" and "certificates" were always available to Alice and her confederates.

The real hazards began when questions were followed by Teutonically thorough search of the clothing and the person. Then it was that to be found in possession of one of Alice's reports meant sure death. It was only toward the end that M. Bernard's fine pen performed such miracles of minuteness as when a 3,000-word report could be carried unobserved on a spectacle lens. Before such efficiency was reached a report took up a certain amount of space. And the delicate problem was how to dispose of it about one's person beyond the ingenuity of the Germans to find it. For it must be always remembered that the Germans were no amateurs themselves at spies' tricks.

Alice had the joy one day of watching a German official stamp the Imperial eagle on the photograph that went with her new "carte d'identité." The photograph had a nice glossy surface. And the gloss was due to a film of translucent paper that had been pasted over it, on which with invisible ink M. Bernard had penned one of Alice's most ample reports.

But that, too, was in the later, more expert phase of her activity. Prior to that she and her lieutenants had more trouble hiding the sheets of Japanese rice paper on which so much depended. But also for Alice there had been more sport in the game. One night, for instance, she was swinging along the road, in her hand a

lantern containing a burning candle. Just before she got to the house where she had to deliver her report a patrol surrounded her. She knew she would be taken to the guardhouse where she would be expertly searched by a woman who was formerly a German police matron. For her squat figure she had been nicknamed "La Grenouille," The Frog, by those who had reason to hate and fear her.

But all that Alice seemed to find in the situation was the waste of her candle. Thriftily she blew it out; then cheerfully submitted to the search. The Frog undressed her to the skin; but finding nothing incriminating on her surlily permitted her to go.

She should have looked, however, inside the candle.

On another occasion, also at night, when another patrol stopped Alice, unobserved she threw a ball of black knitting wool into the bushes. But she held onto one end of it until she knew the ball had fallen some distance away. This end she left to rest on a bush she located. Then after she had been thoroughly searched she went back to her bush, found the end of her strand and hauled her report in.

One morning in a hotel she got a bad fright. The night before she had put her shoes outside of the door to be shined. When she looked for them in the morning they were gone. It was not the loss of her shoes, of course, that scared her so badly as what would happen to her if the slips of paper she had hidden in the heels were found.

As a matter of fact the German police of the town

had taken her shoes. They were minutely examining every transient and wanted no departures from the town until they had had a chance to examine everyone. Taking a guest's shoes was one way of insuring this. And after they got around to Alice they gave her back her shoes neatly shined, questioned her, then let her go.

Other hiding places used for reports were corsets and skirt hems; in neckties and in shoelaces; the handles of umbrellas, of bags and brief-cases; false bottoms of market bags and boxes of cake or fruit. One day she and Charlotte, her lieutenant, were gathered in by a patrol. The two girls were apparently bound for an innocent picnic for they were already munching some of the contents of their basket.

They were again taken to be searched by The Frog. Charlotte seemed carefree, even kindly disposed toward all humanity including The Frog, for she offered the latter a bite of her bar of chocolate. The Frog contemptuously spurned the bribe to her good nature. She searched Charlotte only the more thoroughly; but found nothing forbidden on her—because she had spurned the chocolate.

But Alice for once seemed greatly agitated. For when her turn came to be searched eagerly she thrust her handbag at The Frog, but clung fearfully to a length of sausage of which she had taken a bite.

It was not for nothing that The Frog was dreaded. She could read women "without error," as she herself described it, and saw through their tricks as if they

were children. Since Alice was eager to have her bag searched and alarmed about her sausage, it was the sausage that interested The Frog. With a sharp knife she cut it open carefully, then still more finely sliced it.

She was so disgusted at finding nothing inside that she gave up the search and thrust the two girls out of the guardhouse. When they were on the highway again Alice gave vent to that chuckle of hers and Charlotte, with her bar of chocolate back in the basket, joined her chief in glee.

Then with sheer exuberance they kissed the handbag The Frog had neglected and safely delivered the reports boldly hidden therein.

"Really," Alice laughed, "they are too stupid for words!"

It was exuberance and not tempered judgment that uttered these words. For before they were through with the Germans Alice and her confederates were destined to pass many a dark hour because the Germans were anything but stupid. Indeed many of the hardships Alice and Charlotte accepted as part of the day's routine should have kept Alice from the remark.

So thoroughly, for instance, was the Dutch border patrolled that at one point there was no way for the girls to pass except on a dark night over a deep canal. For these crossings Alice used a specially designed costume of knickers, a waist and a skirt all of material dark in color but light in weight; for she was an excellent swimmer.

But Charlotte could not swim; and for a raft had

to depend on a large kneading trough furnished her by a friendly baker. This finicky craft with its passenger Alice had to push as she swam. More than once in the storm season blustery winds made it possible that if the girls survived the crossing they would yet be in danger of pneumonia.

Their adventures with the German military police kept their wits at work without respite; for seldom did hazard present itself twice in the same way, and each new surprise had to be met with as quick a counter. Once when they were on board a train it was stopped between stations for a search by German detectives.

The search began at the front end of the train. The two girls were in the rear car. Slipping out from their compartment to the tracks they crept under the cars toward the front of the train, taking the chance that at any moment it might start and kill them. Then at the front end of the train they got out and stole into the first car, until the moving train told them that once more they had been reprieved.

At another time near the Dutch border they found a sentry posted at a point where no sentry had been provided for in their plans for crossing. His eyes and attention were a danger to the two girls who had to cross his path without challenge inside of thirty minutes, after which the element of time itself would become one of the perils of the situation.

Alice carried with her one of those little mechanical "crickets" with which lecturers signal to those manipulating a stereopticon. The sentry paid no

attention to what sounded like a cricket in some shrubbery.

But from a short distance up the road two rowdy-looking youngsters, boys, strolled toward the sentry quarreling as they came. Their quarrel came to exploding point just as they reached him and with yells and passion they fell to pommeling each other. The sentry ordered them to stop, but the youngsters seemed to have caught the contagious insanity of their elders and kept up a fury of fighting until they rolled between the sentry's legs.

With an oath he leaned his gun against a tree, and with some effort tore them apart. They did not stay apart, however, and the moment he let them go were at it again. Then the sentry concentrated on administering to each boy a spanking such as they would never forget so long as they lived. They never did forget it. But it was with pride that the boys told of it as their contribution in helping Alice and Charlotte cross the danger point.

It tells much of Alice's versatility and of the patriotism of those who helped her that even children played a part in her service. At a certain inn in Ghent, for example, where Alice often stopped while carrying reports, searches by the military were nightly occurrences. Precisely because of that danger Alice chose the inn for her purpose. The frequency of their visits made the police more perfunctory in their examination of the rooms.

At the first alarm of their coming Alice slipped out of her bed, threw her dark cloak over her and climbed out of the window onto the roof of a shed and escaped. But her disarranged bed remained and her absence might have told the police something.

But the landlady of the inn had her two children expressly sleep in one bed in the room next to Alice's. The moment Alice was out of the window one of the children stole out of their bed and when the police came to Alice's room her bed had an occupant.

Bolder with each success grew Alice until her spirits, which went on a lark at the slightest provocation, took impish delight in teasing danger. Once an officer of high rank became curious about her and began to ask pointed questions. As usual there was every reason in the world why Alice should not arouse German animosity.

But she felt insolent and to the officer's astonishment he found himself submerged by a torrent of fury poured out in purest German, the vocabulary of a young lady of imperious temper. Only a genuine German aristocrat, his nerves argued, would dare so to abuse an officer of his rank and do it with such a perfect Mecklenburg accent. It had the effect on him of a flag or a superior's uniform. For some moments he tried to glare down the fury in the girl's eyes. Then he touched his cap—and apologized to Alice.

The incident went to her head, steady though it ordinarily was. One day she was trying to get out of

an area specially guarded because it was the headquarters of Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, commander of the German armies for that sector.

She was carrying with her a sheaf of reports to deliver to Major Cameron and she had them—in her handbag. Every time she opened it to show the various sentries her "permission to travel" the reports showed too. She had reached a state of mind in which only the finest line divided keenest wisdom from utter folly.

A sentry looked at her "permission to travel."

"No good here," he said. "You need a *special* permission to travel through this zone."

She tried indignation; but he knew his orders and was too stolid to be tricked. She dropped a little purse in which sounded the clink of gold. But he was too substantial to be bribed. She tried wheedling; but stopped it when he began to show signs of interest in her persistence. In despair she was about to turn back when from a mansion near the sentry a personage of highest rank came out attended by several other officers.

She recognized him. It was Prince Rupprecht.

There flashed into her mind a day in Baden-Baden several years before. The German family with whom she was governess told her of a session at bridge they had with Prince Rupprecht in which he lost a considerable sum. Without hesitation she now crossed the road and halted the Prince.

"Your Highness, don't you remember me?" she de-

manded, smiling. "I beat you at bridge at the house of Contessa Orlando in Baden-Baden several years ago."

He did not recognize her. But he remembered Baden-Baden, the Contessa, and his remarkably poor luck at bridge. Men of a certain age become sensitive about the keenness of their memory. He saluted genially.

"To have won from me at bridge that season was no distinction," he smiled. "But you I remember."

She shook her head at him. "I'm afraid Your Highness is being more gallant than truthful. So I shan't hold you to it."

He laughed and with a bit of raillery passed on.

But the dialogue had its effect on the sentry. And Alice delivered that night to Major Cameron a detailed report of the number and positions of Prince Rupprecht's batteries in an important zone.

By this time her information service was growing so important to the Allies that more diversified means for forwarding it had to be provided. One day Alice came back from her chiefs with a paper box full of deflated little rubber balloons.

She made no effort to conceal them. A sentry wanted to know their use. "Toys for the kiddies," she told him. "Of course if you're afraid I mean to use them to escape in you can have them."

As usual her insolence had its way and the sentry, a sentimental veteran with children of his own, let her keep them.

But the next strong breeze blowing east carried a flock of little gas-filled toy balloons to which were tied bits of message. These were looked for on the Allied front and shot down.

At another time an airplane at night landed in a field near Mouscron; and after dumping off several wicker crates, flew off again before the German pursuit planes got to it.

And for a fortnight thereafter Alice had a flock of champion carrier pigeons for messengers to St. Omer.

Finally she felt assured enough to demand a wireless outfit from her chiefs. They hesitated and argued the peril of it for her and her workers. The Germans were superb technicians at locating a hidden wireless.

But she felt she knew her ground and fought her chiefs on the issue. Reluctantly they acquiesced; and the day she received the last part of the portable wireless outfit she was as gleeful as if it were a dress from Paris she had just got.

Meanwhile, however, the German counter-espionage service had not been idle. It is not generally known that two hundred and twenty-six men and women in Belgium and France had been caught, tried and shot by the Germans for spying. Many others were imprisoned.

For some time the local secret service under Major Rotselaer were aware of an active leak of information in the district. But try as they would they had been unable to locate it. Orders were given for greater severity of scrutiny on the part of sentries and exam-

ining officials. Patrols were i[illegible] Several specialists were imported from other [illegible]as. Alice knew this but it seemed to make no difference in the gayety of her spirits.

The more timorous of Alice's many lieutenants began to worry about her recklessness. From worry about that they went on to doubt the value of all this risk of their lives too. For it must be realized that all they saw of the progress of the war was from within the enemy's camp. The enemy saw to it that news of its victories was magnified for the psychological effect on the population; and at that time they could also afford to tell the truth.

Finally one of Alice's lieutenants voiced the feelings of many.

"You expose yourself too much," he protested. "And thereby us. I don't know what good all our work does anyway. We know you send information out. But whether our people pay the least attention to it——" He shrugged his shoulders.

Alice was too good a general to undervalue the effect of weakening morale. She knew that this was a "key" man, that on his mood depended the mood of others. He must not be left to doubt.

"Propose a test that will show how our information service is regarded," she challenged.

He pondered. "All right," he said finally. "You know the Boches are accumulating ammunition near the railroad station at Tourcoing. If your superiors think enough of our service let them send us proof.

Let them send an airplane to blow up that ammunition dump."

"Name the day and hour!"

"Thursday between midnight and one in the morning."

Alice made the trip across the occupied area herself next day. She came back to Tourcoing Wednesday. At midnight the wavering and the doubters were gathered in Alice's headquarters there.

The house was in darkness and the gathering sat in silence. Edith Cavell, the English nurse who helped wounded Belgians and French to escape, had been arrested and was certain to be shot. Others, neighbors, had been caught and shot. And though none of them belonged to Alice's particular unit, the effect on her people was depressing.

Midnight came. The silence in the room deepened. "Between midnight and one in the morning" would come the test. The minutes crawled by; the quarter hours went. Matchlight showed ten minutes to one. It was the "key" man who had lit the match and whose expression the others caught. Alice bit her lip.

One o'clock came—and went. Silently the group rose and without a word they left.

But before they got to their homes they stopped to listen. The drone of a plane came faintly from great heights. Nearer it came. Well, the Germans used planes at night too. The next sound, however, was anti-aircraft artillery.

Alice ran to her window.

Several heavier reports followed, bombs. Then the

earth was rocked by a ponderous explosion and the night was gashed by spurts of flame. The ammunition dump at Tourcoing had gone up.

Back to Alice came the doubting ones and their tears as they kissed her were as expressive as hers.

The success of the test encouraged Alice to make a map. On it she marked off her bailiwick in squares. M. Bernard with his needle-pointed pen subdivided each square into such minute areas that single houses made outstanding landmarks in each subdivision. On this map was charted every ammunition dump in the region of Lille.

It is history now that every one of these masses of ammunition went the way of the first one.

And for reward Alice's chiefs gave her—more work. She was ordered to extend her organization over an additional district.

How she and Charlotte took this is shown by a little incident one night when they were tramping along a road in their new territory. They were discussing details of their new organization, each fired by the other, spark striking spark. Their walk turned to skipping, until at one point they did a little dance-around in the road.

"One lives!" Alice cried with a ring to her voice.

For she had found her high adventure. In a world of men at war, pitted against the most expert makers of war, she, only a governess, had to be counted with as surely as though she were a brigade of troops armed with artillery and cunning!

Then one day when Alice was in Holland Charlotte

received in her mail a postcard and a letter. The postcard was from Alice and in disguised terms told Charlotte that all was well with her.

The letter was in an unknown hand.

"Come as soon as you get this to the Lion Belge," it read. "It concerns Alice."

Poor Charlotte turned pale. What told her of danger was that from the postcard she knew Alice was safe. Then the letter, if it hinted that Alice was in danger, must really be a trap.

To disregard the letter might be as dangerous as to heed it. She went to the Lion Belge.

A tall, dark, clean-shaven man with sparkling black eyes approached her and murmured:

"If you will walk up the road with me, I have news for you from Alice."

She turned her look squarely on him and in a voice that could be overheard by others asked:

"Who is Alice? I don't know what you're talking about!"

For an hour the two kept on fencing. But against the man's shrewdest thrusts Charlotte's parry was always the same, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

Finally, when Charlotte could no longer learn anything more from the man, she abruptly left him and went home.

She was still awake at three in the morning when two men burst into her room with drawn revolvers. One of them was the man who had offered "news of Alice."

"You are under arrest!"

She heard men all over her house, searching. But as the visit was not unexpected all they got out of it was Charlotte.

She was taken to the prison of Saint Gilles at Roubaix. The cell in which she was locked up was of stone and spotlessly clean. It was about eight feet by twelve. For exercise she used to pace its length, her hands behind her, until her movements became as mechanical as those of a squirrel in a cage.

Meanwhile Alice came back and at once heard from her people what had happened. It meant that she was being tracked too, although the fact that she had not been arrested immediately on reëntering Belgium gave her time to breathe. She could still escape if she wished. She knew that her freedom meant not a trap but as yet ignorance on the part of the Germans as to her whereabouts.

Her first step was to reorganize her unit so that if she too should be arrested it would go on functioning.

Then she drew up a report that had been urgently asked for by her chiefs. M. Bernard wrote the complicated figures down on a minute slip of Japanese rice paper. Alice memorized it. Then she made a ring of the bit of paper and with a hairpin tamped it into the space between her finger and a ring she persisted in wearing, on which the de Bettignies seal showed.

She had sent word to one of her girls, Marguerite, to meet her on the road between Mouscron and Tournai. Her instructions were that the girl was to secure for herself a "permission to travel."

Marguerite too knew that Charlotte was arrested. The event had struck such fear into her heart that she did not have the courage to apply for the necessary paper. But so great was her confidence in Alice that she met her at the rendezvous and told her of her neglect to provide herself with the "permission to travel."

"But, Alice, the sentry at the barrier is so stupid that I am sure you can trick him and get us through," the girl said.

For the first time one of Alice's workers was destined to discover a side in her chief they had never suspected. Alice turned on her with a cold fury before which the girl cringed. A Prussian martinet would have sounded a mere blusterer compared to the steel with which Alice's words pierced her subordinate's heart. The girl was made to realize what a crime she had committed, the lives she had placed in jeopardy, the least important of them being their own.

The punishment driven home, Alice, since she had no choice, had to proceed with the handicap of their extra hazard.

She told the girl to wait for her in a house near the barrier. Then she went forward herself, showed the sentry her "permission to travel"—on which no photograph was as yet required. As she held it out her thumb hid the name.

The sentry glanced perfunctorily at the card, saw the proper color, and let Alice pass.

She stopped at a house on the other side of the

barrier and coached a small boy as to what to do. With Alice's "permission to travel" in his shoe the boy went on an errand that took him, duly passed by the sentry, to Marguerite. Now provided with a card herself Marguerite was enabled to join Alice on the other side of the barrier.

The two were walking along, each occupied with her own thoughts, when two burly men in civilian garb stopped them.

"Your papers!"

Marguerite turned pale. But Alice summoned anger.

"We just showed our papers at the barrier! And who are you to ask them again?"

One of the men took out of his pocket a badge and showed it. "German authority!" he said.

Alice had let Marguerite keep the paper lest just such a *contretemps* occur. She now pretended to search for her papers of identification, exclaiming she must have lost them.

"Come along, both!" was the reply.

An automobile was requisitioned and the two women were taken away. The curtains in the closed car were pulled down by the men to prevent possible accomplices from learning of the arrest.

On the sidewalk ahead of them Alice saw M. and Mme. de Geyter. She was doing some rapid thinking.

"If you don't believe me," she said to one of her captors, "ask M. and Mme. de Geyter who I am!"

The machine was stopped in front of the couple

and the Germans confronted them with Alice. Before either of the detectives could open his mouth Alice cried out:

"Don't you know Arline, who sews for you, Mme. de Geyter?" she pleaded. She did not dare say anything with her eyes, for one of the detectives was avidly watching her, the other the de Geyters. "Isn't it is true, madame, that I am a refugee from Neuve Eglise, and that I have been sewing for you for the last six months?"

It was a terrible moment for the de Geyters as well as for Alice. Which did she want them to do, say yes? Or must they remember the Alice who had so often said, "If to-morrow I or any one of you is found out by the Germans and brought before any of our comrades for identification, your memory must stop working. The unfortunate one, no matter who, is a stranger to you and must be left to his fate or hers!"

Mme. de Geyter looked hard at Alice. Then she shrugged her shoulders.

"No, Mademoiselle, I do not know you!"

"Nevertheless," said one of the detectives, "you two will also come along with us!"

The four prisoners were taken to Saint Gilles, where Charlotte already was.

A searching party was hurried to the de Geyters' home. But Alice's organization had many eyes. The arrest of the de Geyters, sudden though it was, had been seen, and by the time the police reached their

home much had been accomplished. The de Geyters were eventually released.

Meanwhile Alice was taken to the office of the commandant of the prison, presumably to be questioned. Only one of her captors, however, came with her into the room. He said:

"I'm going to leave you alone for a few minutes. I advise you not to try to escape."

He then left the room and turned the key in the lock. She was apparently alone. But she knew that at any moment the man would return with her old enemy, The Frog, who would search her from the top of her head to the tips of her shoes.

Also Alice took nothing for granted, not even that she was alone or unobserved in the room. Between her finger and her ring was the report that must be destroyed. Working the bit of paper free, she put it into her mouth and began to chew on it.

Suddenly the door flew open and the detective who had left her alone rushed in.

"Stop it!" he shouted. "You're swallowing something! Let me have it!"

She gulped it down. "It's nervousness, that's all," she said.

He ran out and in a few moments came back with The Frog. The latter searched Alice's person with more than her wonted care. But her manner was unusual, friendly.

"I've met this girl any number of times," she said to the detective, "and I know she is all right."

"Well," grumbled the detective, "apparently we've made a mistake. But she can't go on until Major Rotselaer has questioned her."

The Frog turned to Alice. "Poor child," she said, "you must be frightened to death! I'll bring you something to drink that will quiet your nerves."

She returned with a glass of warm milk.

"Thank you," Alice said. "I don't want it."

She knew as if she had been present that an emetic had been put into the milk to retrieve the report she had swallowed. At her refusal to drink the detective flew into a rage.

"Drink it!" the detective roared. "Or say why you won't!"

Alice took the glass. "Well, if you're angry about it, of course I'll drink it!"

She brought the glass to her lips. But it slipped out of her fingers and only the office floor got the benefit of its contents. The Frog knew that by the time she got a second draught ready it would be too late.

Alice was put into a cell on the door of which was chalked in German, "Dangerous person." An hour later Charlotte was brought in.

"Do you know this woman?" Alice was asked.

"No!"

There was not the flicker of an eyelash in the expression of either woman.

"Do you know her?" Charlotte was asked.

"No!"

"You lie!"

"No!"

And "No, no, no!" was their refrain until the day of their court-martial.

But their denial was useless. Major Rotselaer, The Frog and others had not been idle while Alice and Charlotte were in prison. The court-martial which tried the two women on the charge of spying, brought in the verdict of guilty. Sentence followed.

"For Louise de Bettignies, death.

"For Léonie Vanhoutte, death."

The two white-faced women heard their doom without moving or a sound. Then Alice addressed the court.

"Messieurs!" She addressed the court in German so that Charlotte would not understand. "I beg of you not to shoot my friend. She is young. I implore you to have pity on her. For my part, I am quite ready to die."

It was Charlotte's turn to address the court.

"I accept my sentence," she said. "But before dying I ask one favor—pardon for Louise de Bettignies."

The two girls were sent back to their cells. Their German wardens, who had grown attached to them, were as agitated by the verdict as if they were kinsmen.

"Poor souls!" they cried. "So they have condemned you to death! Ask for anything that you wish. Who would have the heart to deny you!"

It was not until the night before the date set for

their execution that the two prisoners availed themselves of this promise of kindness.

They sent a request to the governor of the prison that they should be allowed to spend their last night in the same cell.

The kindest of their keepers took the request to the governor. He returned with a radiant face.

"He has refused it!" he whispered to Alice. "Thank God! It means that they will not shoot you in the morning. Otherwise he would not have denied you!"

The dawn was late with clouds and rain. The two women were not the only ones sentenced to die that day. And they heard footsteps on the tier below them.

A beautiful girl, Gabrielle Petit, came out with firm step on the landing. Suddenly her voice rang out through the prison.

"Salut! O mon dernier matin!"

The cry shook the hearts of the two women awaiting their turn. Would they too have the spirit to cry out a salute to this, the last morning of their lives?

But the keeper knew what he was talking about. From General von Bissing came word:

"Germans know how to render homage to heroism. The sentence of Léonie Vanhoutte has been changed to fifteen years' hard labor. For Louise de Bettignies, life imprisonment!"

They were sent to prison in Germany.

Meanwhile prior to her arrest so well had Louise planned and worked that although the heads of her organization were gone, the rest were saved.

But in the German prison typhus finally overtook the woman who had had her high adventure. Louise caught the disease. The doctors in the prison tried to save her.

But when the British entered Cologne they found in a cemetery there a simple wooden white cross with the words:

LOUISE DE BETTIGNIES
GEST.
27/9/18

That was all. But when her funeral was held in France it was with full military honors. On a cushion four medals were pinned, two by the British, two by the French. The citation that went with the Croix de Guerre was:

". . . For having voluntarily devoted herself for many months . . . to the service of her country; for having affronted, with an inflexible courage, the perils and difficulties of this great work; for having surmounted, thanks to her exceptional abilities, the greatest obstacles, risking her life continually, and assuming during the whole of her services tremendous responsibilities; a heroism which has rarely been surpassed."

As for Charlotte, she and her fellow prisoners in Germany one day heard a great crowd approaching the prison, and on the wind borne before it some exultant chant as yet undistinguishable in words.

Then their keepers threw open their cell doors.

"You are free!" they cried. "The Republic has been declared!"

Imperial Germany had been overwhelmed. The German people themselves had overthrown their emperor.

And Léonie Vanhoutte, also decorated by her country, returned from her high adventure to keep shop again in Roubaix.

THE SPY WHO DANCED HER WAY TO DEATH

The temptation in telling the story of Mata Hari, the dancer spy, is to retail the accepted version. She was an Oriental of Satanic bent, runs the story; in secret temples in India the born vampire spent years studying the art of ensnaring men; then she descended on Europe and with her bewitching beauty and sinister powers she lured the great to their ruin and sent whole armies to their graves.

The destruction she brought about is, alas, history. The rest of the tale is borrowed from grand opera and the melodrama of yesterday, romantic tinsel which is beginning to look shoddy before the steely glitter of the new romance. For to the incorrigible believer each new age has its own different glamour of story; and that of Mata Hari does not need yesterday's trappings.

In and out of her story swoop the airplanes of war. Part of the hunt for her went on in the limitless ether, by secret wireless code. In the night from the depths of the sea rose submarines to play their rôle in her machinations. That newly hatched steel monster, the "Mark IX" super-tank, with its crushing bulk and its tusks of fire waddles through the tale. Part of the

blame for the collapse of a major offensive is laid to her. Subalterns and ministers of war, cabinet officers, a crown prince and two kings were agitated in the turmoil of her coming and going.

And all this makes a story not because she was a wonder in herself; quite the contrary; her story is all the better for the fact that in reality she was a completely commonplace woman without a single gift more subtle than that of seductive body and face. But she was part of one great modern spy organization pitted against another in a world war; and thereby hangs a tale as new as to-day, as complex as our age, and yet reminiscent gorgeously of the Arabian Nights.

Mata Hari herself has written the story of her life. According to her she was born in Java, her Dutch father a rich banker, her mother a famous Javanese beauty. The daughter at the age of fourteen, says the journal, was placed in a temple of mystic cult in India to be trained as a dancing priestess dedicated to a life of chastity. For her beauty the priests named her Mata Hari, "Eye of the Morning." When she was sixteen a Scotch nobleman, Sir Campbell McLeod, high in British military service in India, saw her dance, fell in love and stole her from the temple.

They lived lavishly in India, where she gave birth to a son and a daughter. A native gardener poisoned the son, so Mata Hari killed him with her husband's revolver. She, her husband and her little daughter had to fly to Europe.

Here her marital romance died. The child was

placed in a convent. Mata Hari got a divorce. And she looked about for a career. "I decided finally," says her journal, "by means of the dance to interpret the soul of the Orient to the rest of the world."

Then one day in Berlin she was asked by a personage high in the Imperial government to entertain both as hostess and dancer a Russian ambassador who would be passing through Berlin. A lavishly furnished mansion in Dorotheen Strasse was placed at her disposal. She was to call herself "Countess von Linden" and was to use the mansion as her home.

She did so and, according to her journal, thereby found herself entangled in the Imperial German secret service system. Once in its toils no man or woman can escape except through the gate of death. "That was how I came to be a spy."

Mata Hari wrote this journal on the eve of her execution, at a time when presumably nothing but the truth might be expected. But she was the born hireling spy; and such a spy is a liar by birth, circumstance, habit and choice. Chief among those to whom such a spy lies is himself; and Mata Hari's journal, as even casual investigation proves, is a lot of rather rubbishy romancing. But it is the basis of the Mata Hari legend.

About her beauty there is of course no legend; it was there. Sinuous, round-limbed and almost six feet tall, her body had the lure an Occidental imagines in a siren of the Orient. From some near ancestor she inherited a dusky amber skin. She had large languor-

ous eyes of luminous brown which with the expression on her full lips gave her an ambiguous smile; it might mean love or cruelty or both.

As a matter of fact it meant neither. She had no heart, but neither was she cruel. Her character was as commonplace as her mind, and that was commonplace indeed. There have been professional mistresses in history who had high intelligence. Mata Hari knew only one thing, how to cater to men's lust. But this, particularly in a time of war, can effect a lot of mischief; and behind Mata Hari, the commonplace, stood her director, the secret service of Imperial Germany, whose intelligence was anything but commonplace.

She was born not in Java but in Holland. Her Dutch parents were small shopkeepers. Her name was Marguerite Zelle. Her schooling was not in a temple in India but in a small convent near The Hague. The man she married was not a nobleman by birth, title or character. What attracted the convent girl to him was his uniform as captain in the British army.

He took her to India to live, where the climate helped to rot the man's already degenerate character. Drink, debauchery and cruelty put a quick end to whatever there may have been of romance in the marriage. Matters got so that McLeod used to send his wife to his officer friends to "borrow" money on any terms they pleased. And his wife learned to execute these commissions without feeling too much repugnance.

While in India too she took up the Oriental dance not in the service of a religious cult but as a possible money-maker in Europe. The name Mata Hari she gave herself.

The McLeods returned to Europe with a little daughter. The child was placed in a Dutch convent. Then the parents divorced.

Mata Hari toured the capitals of Europe with her dance. The dance attracted attention only because of its nudity. But the woman herself, seductive physically and by her guise as an Oriental, acquired a distinguished clientele. In her native country, Holland, the head of the Cabinet. In Berlin the Crown Prince and after him members of the nobility. In France a Minister of War. And lesser suitors in every metropolis in Europe.

Modern psychology has made the lot of the liar more difficult; in the past when a story was found to be "nothing but a tissue of falsehood" it was thrown out of court completely. To-day we know that no matter how wildly a liar may lie he betrays himself by the very choices in his lying; and rightly scrutinized "a tissue of falsehood" may net considerable information about the liar. In this light we may read Mata Hari's "autobiography" with profit.

Take her story for instance of the "Russian ambassador" she was asked by a "personage high in the Imperial government" to entertain as hostess in a lavishly furnished mansion in Dorotheen Strasse. Investigation reveals that the "personage" was one

of the chiefs of the German secret service and that the "entertainment" she was engaged to furnish called more for the female in her than the artist.

But the story of the mansion in Dorotheen Strasse needed no embroidering by her. The neighborhood knew it as the home of a rich woman of title who loved pleasure more than respectability. It was furnished in character with such a tenant. Luxury and sensuality was what the uninformed eye saw as its underlying character. What was not so apparent was that its many mirrors were placed less to satisfy vanity than to aid spying. Many a man in that house who thought himself left alone in a room should have given more thought to the relation of various mirrors to each other and to a ventilator grille near the ceiling. The silk-covered wires apparently serving lamps of luxurious design led in reality to dictaphones in the next room.

But the most important part of the equipment in that house consisted of a wine-cellar. It was rich in appeal to every taste and nationality. German, French, Italian and Spanish wines of famous vintage; vodka and arrack; cognacs, whiskies, gins and rum; *tequila* and even sake; no matter from what land the visitor came to the Dorotheen Strasse mansion he was plied with the liquor of his homeland.

And for a time Mata Hari was the hostess there. The assumed name she gives in her account, Countess von Linden, was the name she really assumed. But the "Russian ambassador" was a courier carrying a

diplomatic pouch from Russia to the Russian ambassador in France.

Mata Hari had been given the following report from the files of the German secret service: "Lvov-Melikof; age 32; Caucasian Tartar; religion, Orthodox; former captain of the Imperial Guards; speaks French, German, English, Italian, Spanish and a little Burmese; has brother in Burma; hates Germans; Anglophile; superstitious, almost fanatic, impulsive, fond of women and gallant, courageous; incorruptible."

It was Mata Hari's assignment to board his train at Posen and in the rôle of a pampered noblewoman get into an "altercation" presumably with the conductor of the train; actually it was a secret service man. In the scene that followed the "conductor" was so rude to the lovely aristocrat that the gallant Russian came to her rescue.

She proved so grateful, so appreciative of the service, that her invitation to dine at her home in Berlin aroused little suspicion in the Russian's mind, especially as she spoke of a "husband" who would also want "personally to express his thanks."

The courier expected to go on straight to Paris. But the train he had counted on taking in Berlin developed some unprecedented ailment and he had no choice but to stop there overnight. In the circumstances he saw no harm in telephoning the "Countess von Linden" that he would be charmed to dine with her at her home in Dorotheen Strasse.

When he came there he found his hostess almost in

tears because her husband had been called away to a dying relative in Stuttgart. She showed the telegram. But she tried to make up for his absence by her cordiality at dinner. With her cordiality went much wine and vodka. The former captain of the Guards was famous for his capacity for holding much liquor and at the same time holding on to his wits.

The butler who was serving the liquor finally decided that quantity alone would not put the Russian under the table. So Mata Hari caught a look from him that made her careful as to which of them drank from the next bottle of vodka the butler brought.

Half an hour later the Russian was asleep in the "guest room" while experts were going through his pockets and the portfolio which he carried with him wherever he went. One specialist picked without injuring it the patent lock on the portfolio. The papers were taken to a room in the basement of the house and photographed; then they were returned to the portfolio.

Another expert on hiding places for reports became interested in the Russian's fountain pen, which was of exceptional thickness. He opened it and in what was supposed to be the ink barrel found a tightly rolled document on rice paper. This too was photographed, then put back in its place.

Later a restorative was given the Russian and the butler tactfully explained to him that he had fallen asleep at the dinner table. The courier in consterna-

tion, after a quick survey of his belongings, took his departure at once.

What suspicions may have entered his mind somewhat abated when he found all his papers intact. He even apologized by way of the butler—his hostess was asleep at the time he left—for his discourtesy in falling asleep at the table.

Then he went on to Paris. But not long after that he lost his prestige with his employers and for a time his liberty. For a secret of importance to the Franco-Russian *entente* had leaked out and he was suspected not of selling out but of carelessness.

The next assignment to Mata Hari in Dorotheen Strasse of interest to us concerned Abbas Nuri. German secret service in Berlin got word that an Egyptian princeling and close friend of the Khedive of Egypt was on his way from Paris to Constantinople and would stop in Berlin for several days. The information was that he was influential with a Turkish commission which was selecting one hundred and fifty young Turks to send abroad for study. Abbas Nuri, in the interests of France and England, would use his influence to have the young Turks sent to colleges in those two countries; for within a decade those youths would help decide in which direction Turkish alliance would tend. And Germany felt that German *Kultur* was best for them.

Hence Mata Hari's extreme cordiality to Abbas Nuri when he arrived in Berlin. She was introduced to him as a Eurasian of much wealth to whom the Oriental

dance was a career in art. The woman of Oriental allure found little difficulty in completely captivating the impressionable young princeling of Egypt. If anything it was he who angled for an invitation to the lady's home.

He got it. And his enthusiasm when he came to the house at its luxury promised well for the evening. He insisted on being shown through the mansion and was told where he could buy duplicates of some of its furnishings. Mata Hari showed him as much of her "home" as was discreet. Then she plied him with hospitalities unhampered either by discretion or by convention.

Abbas Nuri too fell asleep from apparently too much festivity. But this was not, as in the case of the Russian, particularly the design of Mata Hari's chief. No melodrama was contemplated that evening. Mata Hari's instructions were simply to become an influence with Abbas Nuri and to get herself invited to accompany him on his mission to Turkey.

If therefore he fell asleep in the Dorotheen Strasse house it was his own doing. When he woke he too found himself in the "guest room" alone. His watch told him it was three in the morning. He rose unsteadily to his feet and took stock of himself in the mirror. He did not seem to recognize his surroundings and groggily he set out to explore the house.

Eventually the "butler" found him stubbornly trying to get into a room in the basement whose door refused to yield. Tactfully the butler led the guest

back to the "guest room" and persuaded him to make himself at home there for the night.

Apparently nothing melodramatic did happen that night. In the morning Abbas Nuri, considerably sobered, breakfasted with his charming hostess. And two days later she was about to leave with him for Constantinople as his invited guest when an unexpected telegram changed all his plans. He was called back to Paris.

It was the famous "Second Division" of the French secret service that called him back, though its signature did not appear in the telegram. Nor was there any indication in the text that Abbas Nuri was in reality a French secret service man who had been assigned to explore the Dorotheen Strasse mansion. For the exploit of the Russian courier, Lvov-Melikof, had made it quite clear that Mata Hari's hospitality was not paid for by herself. Clear, that is, to the secret services of Russia and France.

But the Imperial German secret service had clear vision of its own in quarters unsuspected in Russia and France. And one day the mansion in Dorotheen Strasse was suddenly dismantled. Thereafter Mata Hari was sent on traveling missions only.

One incident in her travels should have warned her as to her ultimate fate were she a woman of exceptional intelligence, which she was not. She was sent to Sofia to intrigue an Englishman, Major Eric Henderson. He was an ace in the British secret service, a suave but on occasions vitriolic gentleman.

It was he who figured in an exploit in Afghanistan for which the German secret service never forgave him. The Kaiser had sent the draft in German of a secret treaty he proposed to the Ameer of Afghanistan. With the German text went a translation for the benefit of the Emir.

The translation was not one that would bear scrutiny for honesty and it would bring more advantage to the Germans than the Ameer would dream of if he signed.

The treaty was sent in an embassy pouch. The lock on it was of special construction. The man who took it from Berlin to Afghanistan was one of the ablest of the Imperial German secret service and with him went as watchdogs two of the keenest men in its counter-espionage branch.

The diplomatic pouch was finally safely housed in the strongbox in the office of the German consulate in Afghanistan. The three men who had brought it there were in conference with the German Commissioner when the door of the room was flung open and in stalked the tall, sinewy, sandy-haired Englishman, Major Henderson, who according to latest reports should have been at that moment in Sydney, Australia.

He broke in on the conference without ceremony and threw on the table two documents.

"Gentlemen," he snapped as though it were a grievance of his, "the translation is highly inaccurate. I have brought it to the attention of the Ameer and

he is extremely vexed at your ignorance of the Afghan language!"

He stalked out, leaving four men looking very sick. For before them on the table lay the supposedly secret treaty in the original and the "doctored" translation, both of which they had believed to be at that moment in the strongbox.

It was this Major Henderson to whom Mata Hari was presented in Sofia by the German ambassador. The hope of her chief was not that she could get Henderson to give away valuable information; neither Mata Hari nor her chief had any such exalted expectations; but they did hope that she would make herself interesting enough to keep Henderson diverted while German secret service men elsewhere busied themselves on a matter with which they did not want to burden his attention.

On being introduced Mata Hari turned her glowing brown eyes on the tall Englishman and with an inviting smile asked:

"Aren't we old friends, Major Henderson? I think we met in Bombay, didn't we?"

"Berlin, most likely!" he said dryly.

Mata Hari was slightly disconcerted and took another tack.

"Perhaps," she said. "I go about everywhere, trying by means of the dance to interpret the soul of the Orient."

"The soul of the Orient," he retorted, "has been

sold to the highest bidder, who is the most consummate jackass in Europe!"

And turning on his heel he left Mata Hari brooding on how to report her failure to her chief.

But as her success was not expected her failure was not long held against her; especially as throughout the world there began to resound the increasing mutter of an approaching war. Mata Hari's chief was among the few who knew with a fair degree of precision when, where, and how that war would break; though not even *his* chief, the Kaiser, knew how vast a war it would turn out to be.

Not even on that fateful day in August, 1914, when the War began.

Mata Hari was called to 70 Königgrätzer Strasse.

"You will proceed to Paris," said her chief. "There you will devote all your energies and use all the resources at our command to win the confidence of a member of the French cabinet. Here is a report on his character and ways of approaching him. At the same time you will bring under your influence as many other men as possible. They must be high in the military, naval and merchant marine services. From them get all possible information of use to us.

"There will be one exception to this. Under no consideration are you to ask the Cabinet Minister anything in the way of information. Is this clear?"

He meant, "Is the order clear?" It was. What was not so clear to Mata Hari was the motive behind it. She wished she knew. But ten years with the German

secret service had taught her not to ask too many questions—of her superiors.

Mata Hari had retained throughout her Dutch citizenship. She found no difficulty therefore in getting into Paris. She was no stranger in that city and already a number of men powerful with political influence were impatiently awaiting her promised arrival. An apartment was ready for her in Neuilly and soon a court began to form about Mata Hari, with courtiers competing for her favor.

It was a member of the French Cabinet who became court favorite—though the fact was very little advertised.

Mata Hari obeyed her chief's order—which she still did not quite understand—and did not ask her distinguished favorite anything about the war.

She made up for this, however, with her other lovers. She favored the fighting branches of the Allied forces; "because my husband was a British officer," she told them. They found little suspicious therefore about her keen interest in military and naval affairs. She asked questions with the adroitness taught her in the best spy schools in the world; and they talked to her as war-worn men on leave so often talk to lovely women who question them.

The problem of sending on what she found out was not hers. For instance, one evening she was dining at Marguery's with an official of the merchant marine. They were to go on to a benefit performance later

and Mata Hari was in gorgeous décolleté. She was languidly playing with her closed fan, an opulent creation of ostrich plumes.

Her partner had found her rather difficult to please that evening. Then a caprice seemed to change her mood and she asked him for a small gift to be had from Spain but hard at that time to get in Paris. He beamed.

"That's easy. I'll wire my agents in Barcelona to send the mantilla by the next boat," he promised.

"When will that be?" she asked almost with indifference.

"Let me see, what's to-day, Tuesday? Then the *Corona* will sail Thursday at midnight."

"And I can expect the mantilla—when?"

"Well, the *Corona* should reach St. Nazaire by, say, Thursday. And by Saturday I hope to have the pleasure of placing my little gift about your shoulders."

She opened her fan to three-quarters of its arc and languidly waved it several times. "You are good to me," she murmured. "More than I deserve."

"Impossible!" he rhapsodized.

At a neighboring table a man was lazily watching them through the blue smoke of his after-dinner cigar. He noted the degree to which Mata Hari's fan was opened; the number of times she moved it in fanning herself; the direction in which the fan pointed when she laid it down on resuming eating.

Then the man paid his check and left. Over a long-distance telephone he communicated to someone in

Brest the latest bulletin on a patient presumably having a difficult time with pneumonia.

From Brest went a telegram to Holland ordering so many boxes of canned fish for a local restaurant. From Holland a wireless in secret code went out to the wide, wide world.

Several nights later the Bay of Biscay was in a lather of storm through which a freighter out of Barcelona was poking along, her lights blanketed. A sharp lookout was being maintained. But the sky was a fury of wind-piled clouds and visibility was bad.

The lookout on the freighter did not note therefore that almost straight in the path of the boat the snout of a periscope poked up barely above the waves. By this time the freighter was so near that a torpedo would have been a waste; direct fire is cheaper.

From the depths of the Bay rose a slender turret; then the water sluiced off the sides of a submarine. By then the freighter was sounding an alarm. But the submarine let rip a volley from its guns and scored a "down" in seventeen minutes.

Mata Hari did not get the mantilla, but the fact did not grieve her as much as her suitor had feared.

In the sinister kaleidoscope of the Great War of all the races there was perhaps no flash of chaos so colorful as the next phase of Mata Hari's activities. There she was in Paris, a Dutchwoman with a tint of the Orient in her skin, glamorous in Rue de la Paix finery, dining and dancing. And because she ordered a certain vintage wine in a given restaurant where she had asked

her escort to bring her—she repeated the date of the vintage rather emphatically to the waiter—off the coast of Africa five days later a small troopship packed to the gunwales with colored French colonial troops was sent to the bottom.

And not one but at least eighteen such troopships plying between North Africa and Marseilles had Mata Hari in Paris to thank for the catastrophes that overtook them in the Mediterranean; always at night and always through the agency of German submarines guided by this woman of Dutch birth and citizenship working for Germany in the capital of France.

One of the axioms in espionage is that a woman cannot very long be trusted as a spy. This distrust is based not so much on a belief in feminine dishonesty —spy masters have none too much faith in anybody's integrity—as on the fact that a woman is more prone to fall in love with the man she must exploit only for her superiors. Mata Hari's chiefs had no such uneasiness on her score. As I said earlier in this account, she had not much heart. She got no particular pleasure out of sending men to their death; but neither did she feel any horror. She simply felt nothing either way.

Occasionally, however, she took a fancy to a man. And such a man was a Russian who at the outbreak of the war had enlisted in the French Foreign Legion and was blinded in one of the first engagements. By some caprice Mata Hari developed a real tenderness

for him. She wrote him many letters when they were apart.

But when she followed him to Vittel, where he was sent to a hospital, her action was determined less by love than by the fact that an important aviation base was developing there.

One way to get a spy into hostile territory in a hurry is to send him at night by airplane and either drop him behind the enemy lines by way of a parachute or actually land him. In the urgency of those days the Allies often resorted to this.

Mata Hari was devoted to the blinded Russian when she got to Vittel. But she also found time to cultivate many friendships among the aviators there.

And soon after she got there fatalities more frequently than before began to overtake the spies and the aviators who left Vittel for Germany. No matter where the landing was made, there were Germans waiting for them.

Then apparently weary of her blind lover Mata Hari returned to Paris.

Her automobile with her own chauffeur met her at the station. She got into the closed car and settled herself for the drive to her apartment in Neuilly. Paris was no novelty to her, and her thoughts as she rode along were elsewhere. It was with a shock therefore when the machine stopped that she found herself in a part of the city strange to her.

The door of her car was opened from the outside and as she stepped out several men closed in about

her. Outwardly polite they were not in the least cordial.

"Madame will please accompany us!" the spokesman said.

Something in her quailed at that, but she did not betray that fact. She protested in the grand manner of a court favorite until finally in the private office where she was taken she encountered a pair of steel-blue eyes in a man who began to question her. He was in civilian dress but there was no mistaking the professional military man. Before his grilling her hauteur began to droop.

His questions were guided largely by a sheaf of reports on the desk before him. His manner had little of the courtier in it and he asked pointed questions indeed. Then he accused her of frequent meetings with German secret service men. And though she was well trained to parry such thrusts she found herself retreating, so to speak, to a wall of stone.

"So you've been gathering information on military and naval movements!" the officer summed up.

She had only a last card to play.

"Only, I assure you, to serve the Allies!" was her refrain. "I admit associating with German secret service authorities. But my husband was a British officer. And some of my most beloved friends are Allied chiefs. Although I am Dutch my heart is with the Allies. I have waited to prove it. Now I am ready. The Boches think I am their friend. I have let them think so. As my lovers they tell me vitally

important military secrets. Enroll me in your espionage service, messieurs, and I will put these secrets at your disposal!"

Only a sophisticated outlook will enable us to understand what followed. A naïve reader would see an immediate finish for Mata Hari. But the "Second Division" of the French secret service were anything but naïve. They knew what powerful friends in France Mata Hari had; that overwhelming indeed would have to be the proof that would send her to her death. Evidence enough to "scorch" an ordinary spy would not be enough in this case. Later developments proved this.

The chiefs of the "Second Division" consulted in whispers while Mata Hari surveyed them with her glamorous eyes. Then their spokesman turned to her.

"Madame," he said deliberately, "you are under grave suspicion. But we will give you a chance to clear yourself. We accept your offer to work with us. We need your services in occupied Belgium. We will give you a list of thirty of our agents there. Recently we have been having difficulty in getting their reports through the German counter-espionage service. Will you undertake to collect these reports for us and bring them back to Paris?"

Mata Hari drew a deep breath. "Gladly," she said.

She was given every facility to leave France and cross the Channel. She was supposed to go on from there to Belgium. But the British authorities developed an ungracious lack of faith in Mata Hari's pro-

testations that she was needed by her little daughter in Holland.

Instead of letting her proceed to her native land they deported her to Spain.

But the list of names she was given by the "Second Division," presumably those of agents in Belgium for the French secret service, went on to Belgium just the same. Of this list of thirty the Germans would locate only one man, for the excellent reason that the others were nonexistent.

The only genuine name on the list was that of a man known in spy parlance as an *"agent double."* To the Germans he pretended as loyal spy service as to the French. And to some extent he was telling the truth; for he served both sides and drew wages from both, though he did not let, so to speak, his right hand know what his left was doing.

It was the French who first learned the truth about him. And their way of dealing with him was to put his name on the list given to Mata Hari.

One hour after the list reached Belgium the gentleman in question was taken out by a German firing squad and dispatched. Two days later the news reached the "Second Division."

By that time Mata Hari was in Madrid living at the Grand Hotel. The room assigned to her adjoined that of an officer recently arrived from England. He was a young Britisher on leave, and although the tab on his collar said he was a captain in the infantry, Mata Hari knew better. For immediately on her

arrival in Madrid she was called into conference by the resident representative of her employers.

They told her of a mysterious park that was being inclosed by twenty-foot walls in an inland county in England. Extraordinary measures to hide what was going on behind those walls had hitherto baffled the German secret service. All they knew so far was that inside the inclosure there had been reconstructed a section of a typical modern battlefield, trenches, barbed wire, shell-holes, machine-gun nests and every other feature of such terrain.

From inside the inclosure came the sounds of powerful gasoline engines propelling some curious landcraft of caterpillar traction. Rumor had it that what was being developed there was an armored vehicle for the transport of water and other necessities to front-line trenches. "Tanks" was the sketchy name by which this experiment in vehicles was known to the few who knew anything at all about it.

Among these few was the young Britisher next to whose room at the Grand Hotel Mata Hari was given hers. Her assignment was the usual one. And in a few days she was having her accustomed success.

But there were other secret service eyes in Madrid besides German. And the British officer received sudden word to leave Madrid and proceed to Paris.

Mata Hari was told to follow him there. For the first time she protested. Her last visit to Paris had been to her a distinctly unpleasant experience and she was not anxious to go through it again. But she was

met with a combination of coercion and reassurance.

The coercion was an old story. No one who had been in the German secret service as long as she could safely visit any country if her employers chose to betray her; this she well knew; also she knew of recalcitrant spies who had come to mysterious and disastrous ends no matter where they found themselves.

But what persuaded her more than the fear of her superiors were letters from powerful friends in Paris pleading with her to return. Among them was her Cabinet Minister. With such protection Mata Hari, who, whatever may have been her deficiencies, had no lack of courage, decided to chance again a visit to the lion's cage.

But she held out for an impressive appropriation for her expenses. She met with no opposition on this score. From the German embassy in Madrid there went out into the ether a message in secret code to the German embassy in Holland. The wireless message instructed that some thirty thousand marks in gold were to be given Mata Hari on her arrival in Paris through the Dutch embassy there. The Amsterdam office of the German secret service wirelessed back, "Money on the way."

Mata Hari had written her powerful protectors in France of her experience with the "Second Division" and her "annoyance" thereat. She received assurance from high quarters that no such outrage would be again tolerated.

Reassured, Mata Hari promised her newly made friend, the British officer she had cultivated in Madrid, that she would be no less kind to him in Paris.

This time on her reëntry into "The City of Light" she was met at the railroad station only by the British officer. She kept her amiable promise to him for the few days that she had his company. Then as before he was suddenly called away.

Her success on this mission was not great; but the fault was not hers. The secrecy that surrounded the birth of the "Mark-IX" super-tank was carried out more successfully than Mata Hari carried out her assignment. With all the good will in the world her British officer himself could not have told her very much about the "tanks," that new engine of war destined to play such an important part in battles thereafter.

But something Mata Hari must have learned. For when the Allies finally sprang their surprise and the ponderous monsters of steel first waddled out on a modern battlefield they were met by fire from specially constructed German guns. The armored juggernauts tore their way through entanglements and trenches and crushed into so much powder machine-gun nests of cement and brick. But from the Germans came shells and bullets of new design that penetrated some of the supposedly bullet-proof tanks.

Once again in the amazing pattern of story woven by modern spy organization we must place side by side as cause and effect such incongruous pictures as

that of a beautiful woman in her boudoir in Paris pressing kisses on a man and on a shell-torn battlefield a steel pachyderm partly crippled through the agency of her kisses.

Then in the spring of 1917 Mata Hari received secret word from Berlin.

"We are countermanding our previous order that you abstain from questioning your friend in the Ministry. We are informed that a major offensive is contemplated by the French high command. At any cost secure data on this."

"At any cost" gave Mata Hari something to think about. For the first time she realized why up to then her superiors had forbidden her to do the expected, to question her distinguished French lover. They did not think her intelligent enough to cope with the man and, in the American phrase, "get away with it." They preferred to use that "friendship" as a means of securing her stay in France. Now, however, the new order meant that for the least syllable of data on the coming French offensive Mata Hari's chiefs were willing to deprive her of her only chance for life. If she obeyed the order she could no longer reply to French accusers:

"One of your war chiefs was my lover. Have I ever asked him a single question on the war?"

Mata Hari dared not disobey the order, for the obvious reason that the Germans would expose her to the French. And if she obeyed it she would find herself in peril as great.

She obeyed it—by asking everybody but her dis-

tinguished lover. And so many men were in her meshes that Berlin was almost satisfied with what she was able to net on that particular fishing expedition.

For in April, 1917, General Nivelle finally launched his offensive against the Germans in Champagne.

And he was met by a crushing German rejoinder that almost cost the Allies the war.

Mata Hari naked in her boudoir—it is the only word for her morning room—was basking in the sunshine that came through the windows when without warning the door was thrown open and three men strode in.

"H21, dress and come!" the leader snapped.

Mata Hari did not stir. She eyed the spokesman searchingly for some hold on him.

"Useless, I suppose, to ask for a little privacy in which to dress," she said slowly. She needed time in which to think. That they addressed her by her identification number with the German secret service promised badly for the visit. "But at least, monsieur will be gallant enough to let me have my dressing gown."

He handed her instead her street clothes. Then with a nod he signed for his colleagues to search the room while he kept his eyes on her least movement. Mata Hari with a sinking heart realized that his eyes were not on a beautiful woman but a spy.

The others were making a workmanlike job of ransacking the room for papers.

Her mood as she dressed seemed to change to hostility.

"My nostrils are sensitive," she said with disdain.

And striking a match she dropped the flame into a large Hindu incense pot of green bronze covered with a grille of gold. "A little incense while I dress——" she began.

As if this were the indication for which her watchman had been looking he pounced forward and snatching the cover off the incense pot smudged out the flame before it could set fire to some letters that lay inside.

Greedily his eyes scanned the contents, then the signature.

"M——y," he saw at the bottom of each letter.

They were the cloying love letters of an infatuated elderly man of power politically but slavish before a semi-senile love.

Mata Hari held out her hands, now sincerely pleading.

"Ah, monsieur, I implore you, do not read the letters!" she cried.

He had finished reading.

"From whom are they?" he demanded.

He knew very well who the writer was. The whole "Second Division" knew. But the bit of anonymity of the dashes in the signature—and a design of his own—made the secret service man try for identification by her. "Who is he?"

She resumed dressing.

"That, monsieur," she said quietly, "is something I shall never reveal!"

For here must be recorded the one note of grace in Mata Hari's career. She had been saving these letters against the day when she might have to use them to save her life. Yet now that the moment of soul-searching came, she had tried to burn them. With the bewildering inconsistency of the human heart the situation had touched the only sense of *noblesse oblige* of which she was capable. She, who had sold her body a thousand times over, who professionally betrayed many men to their death, balked now at betraying the writer of these letters.

Men tell their secrets confidently to members of four professions—priests, doctors, lawyers, and—in their loneliness—to prostitutes. The law recognizes the right of the respectable guilds to keep such secrets inviolate. But few people even know how often the prostitute is sought by lonely men more for relief to a burdened heart than out of lust. And fewer still realize that in a prostitute's pathetic search for self-respect often she clings to the trust which men in their helplessness thus repose in her.

Mata Hari, the spy, casting about her for resources in her hour of need, fell back on the only dignity she knew—a prostitute's one credo of sportsmanship. She finished dressing without replying to the man's insistent question:

"Who is your lover?"

Skillfully as the others had searched they found nothing but these letters; Mata Hari had been too well trained.

Her court-martial excited tremendous agitation in the press and throughout the world. But its proceedings were held in utmost secrecy. Only what the "Second Division" chose to give out to the world came out from behind those closed doors.

Her record was made public, a record going back to the days of the Dorotheen Strasse mansion; to her meeting with Major Henderson; she was already shadowed then.

Her machinations were now revealed. The wireless in secret code that had been sent from Madrid instructing the German secret service in Amsterdam to pay Mata Hari thirty thousand marks in Paris had been intercepted by the Eiffel Tower and decoded by the "Second Division."

Mata Hari's sole defense was, "Courtesan, yes. Spy, no!"

And the court-martial, finding her guilty, sentenced her to be shot.

Then began an impressive campaign to save her life. Men of highest station pleaded for her. How high her influence went was shown by two letters, among many, that reached the President of France begging clemency for Mata Hari. One of these letters was signed by the king of a neutral country. The other came from the monarch of a country whose soldiers were fighting on the side of the Allies.

But Mata Hari was securely behind the steel bars of Saint-Lazare. Her only refuge from reality was

writing her "autobiography" which, as I have said, was more fiction than fact.

Two Sisters of Mercy were assigned to prepare Mata Hari for her ordeal. But Mata Hari would have nothing to do with them. Particularly did she repulse Sister Marie, a diminutive nun. Sister Marie, however, would not stay repulsed and persisted in trying to win Mata Hari's heart.

In the main the prospect ahead of the spy did not unduly shake Mata Hari—until the day before the execution. Then her courage ebbed and Mata Hari was dispirited indeed.

Whereupon Sister Marie said to her:

"You used to dance for others. Won't you do it now for yourself?"

For the first time Mata Hari looked at Sister Marie with friendliness.

"Why not?" she asked aloud.

And with an audience of two black-robed Sisters of Mercy Mata Hari for the last time danced and seemed to feel the better for it.

At dawn heavy footsteps neared her cell. They tramp heavily on such occasions that the prisoner may not be waked with too shocking suddenness. With the guards came her lawyer.

Mata Hari dressed. She dressed as if for a soirée. She used the full resources of her toilette, put on her gayest garb. The onlookers stared. Did this woman know she was going to her death?

It was a question that many were to ask after her

execution. For when she faced the firing squad [illegible] the moat in Vincennes her airy good-by waved [illegible] world gave rise to a sensational rumor after the [illegible] squad had done its work.

She had been fooled, ran the rumor, wickedly [illegible] mercifully—according to the point of view—for [illegible] to her death. Some one had whispered to her [illegible] the report, that blank bullets instead of real [illegible] be used by the firing squad and that later the ' [illegible] would be smuggled out of the country. And that [illegible] why she could face those leveled rifles so gayly.

Pierre de Mortissac, one of her most influential adorers, and others were named in the plot to "rescue" Mata Hari. But when she lay inert on the ground before the moat, to the official query, "Does anyone claim this body?" nobody came forward.

Meanwhile her ghost went on raising trouble. The "Second Division" for reasons of their own—shameful reasons of political intrigue as events proved—gave out a statement at the time of Mata Hari's trial:

"A member of the Cabinet who signed himself 'M——y' wrote many love letters to Mata Hari."

General Nivelle and his colleagues needed badly an alibi for the collapse of the offensive of Champagne. They picked on Louis Malvy, Minister of the Interior, as the scapegoat.

"He is the only M——y in the Cabinet!" was the cry they raised. "He has betrayed us to the Germans through the dancer spy!"

Malvy was put on trial. Four French premiers tes-

his loyalty to France. But the military clique r his condemnation. They won. The Senate ed him to seven years' banishment from France. war finally came to an end. Peace struggled old in the hearts of men. Malvy was amnestied emier of France Herriot and given a place in abinet.

when Malvy faced the Chamber of Deputies a mic chant arose from the Opposition benches.

Mata Hari! Mata Hari! Mata Hari!"

Malvy tried in vain to deny that he had ever had anything to do with Mata Hari. The chant drowned him out. Seven years of disgrace and suffering had sapped Malvy's strength and suddenly he fell to the floor of the rostrum in a faint and was carried off.

In despair he finally resigned from the Cabinet, though his talents were badly needed there.

Then several years later a woman journalist wormed a confession out of one of the military clique who had driven Malvy from public life. It was General Messimy, Minister of War at the time the war broke out. He was an elderly incompetent whom the war forced out of office, an overdressed fop with the exaggerated mustaches of the man who feels the need of a virile mask.

Messimy confessed that he was the "M——y" who had written the love letters to Mata Hari.

SPIES WHO WON

There is in American baseball the "pinch hitter," the batsman whose performance is commonplace and even inferior so long as the situation in the game lacks tension. It takes danger to his team or the instant chance of victory to stimulate him, bring him out of obscurity into brilliant achievement. From baseball to war with cannon is a far cry. But war also brings out of obscurity the "pinch hitter," the man or woman whose nerves are keyed up to keenness by the very situations that paralyze or shatter the nerves of the majority of others. The psychological type that then comes into action is as clean-cut as a sword blade; the keenness and boldness with which they cut Gordian knots in desperate situations would in a more naïve age give rise to everlasting legends; and perhaps nowhere are such awakenings of personality more colorful with story than in the domain of spying.

For instance, in 1916 the situation for the British intrenched in a certain sector on the Picardy front became unendurable. They were being decimated by the Germans and if they did not want to be wholly wiped out they would either have to abandon terrain or blow the Germans out of theirs. The sector was

a keystone and if it fell it would mean the collapse of a considerable section of the Allied front. It was decided therefore to stake everything on an attempt to blast the German position.

The bombardment was set for the day to be known as "Z." "W" arrived and only "X" and "Y" were left in which to prepare for the great gamble. And yet certain information which the artillery vitally needed was still not available. The gunners had to know exactly where in the German trenches opposite them were certain batteries, gas cylinders, ammunition dumps, mine shafts, telephone and telegraph exchanges, nerve centers and vital parts of the German position.

Without that information the British attack might prove a boomerang. Already a high price had been paid in the effort to get it; air scouts had been shot down; several reconnoitering parties that tried at night to crawl across No-Man's Land had been wiped out by German sentries and machine guns; more air scouts and still more land scouts went the way of the others.

It looked as if the bombardment would have to be made blindly with little more than guesses to guide it. Then a young British officer—we will call him Saunders since his right name has not come out—came to his superior officer with a suggestion. Because of his knowledge of German, Saunders had been assigned to a "listening post," part of which consists of a combination telephone and microphone which—if luck coöperated—enabled those in one front-line

trench to hear an occasional snatch of talk in the trenches opposite.

"I just heard some German private name his captain," Saunders said. "Schmidt is the name."

The officer to whom Saunders reported this discovery looked puzzled. "Well, what about it?"

"I think, sir, it may help me obtain the information you want," Saunders said quietly. "I'd like your permission to go for a try in the German trenches."

The General looked Saunders over. He saw a slim, somewhat sedentary-looking man with very little that was striking in his appearance; he might belong to any blond European race; he certainly did not look the kind to succeed where scores of others, picked men, had died without avail. Nor did anything that the General knew about him promise better than his looks.

Saunders was a university man who had studied several years in Germany. In the war he had been of some use in questioning German prisoners in their own language. Outside of that he had been a good enough routine man and shone, if the word can be used, only as a routine man.

The plan he outlined to the General was a simple one. Saunders would dress as a German officer, try to sneak into their trenches, wander about and come back. Success, even his chance of survival, would depend on luck, more luck, the knowledge that there might be a Captain Schmidt in the trenches opposite —and Saunders' nerve.

The General wanted information badly enough to give him the permission he asked.

A tailor-soldier did a rush job altering a German officer's uniform to fit Saunders. The shoulder tabs and number of a regiment of German foot artillery, known to be in the trenches opposite, were sewed on the uniform. Some one else clipped Saunders' hair and mustache at his direction.

Then soon after midnight of "X" day, in the worst of a terrific downpour of rain, Saunders, with two raincoats over his German uniform, crawled out of his trench into the mud of No-Man's Land. To escape detection he burrowed his way through mud. Star-shells burst over him, but even by their glare of light Saunders was undistinguishable, so still he lay and so completely mired.

To divert German lookouts the British started some picayune fracas farther down the line, as if it were a German visit across No-Man's Land that was taking place. Meanwhile Saunders kept burrowing, guided by the very star-shells the Germans sent up.

It took him two hours to cross No-Man's Land and another hour to find the spot where he was willing to make his next gamble. The instant a star-shell died he pried apart two strands of barbed wire and slid headlong into a trench.

Gaining his feet he whisked off his outer mud-freighted coat and started down the duckboard.

"Halt, wer da!" a sentry rasped and a light fell on Saunders.

Even before the challenge was out Saunders himself snarled, in perfect guttural Prussian:

"I am looking for Captain Schmidt!"

The sentry noted the rank and the badge of the foot artillery on Saunders' uniform. The way in which Saunders had pounced on the challenge was so typical of the Prussian officer that the sentry snapped to attention.

"He is down at battalion headquarters, *Herr Leutnant!*"

"Good!" Then as if it was the sentry's fault, Saunders took from his pocket a postcard and thrust it into the man's hand. "This was in my mail! Some thickhead misdirected it. See that it doesn't happen again, understand? And you—have you forgotten the password?"

The sentry had been looking for an opening in which to ask Saunders for the password. But he was so taken aback by his onslaught that he blurted out eagerly:

"Schnapps, Herr Leutnant!"

"All right," Saunders growled, and with a surly salute went on down the trench, leaving the sentry feeling as if he had had a narrow escape.

"Wer da?" came another challenge.

This time and thereafter Saunders did not even stop.

"Schnapps!" was all he said.

All through the night and far into the morning Saunders hurried up and down the trenches with the

manner and look of a man on an urgent errand that left time for little more than the giving of a password.

Noon found him still hurrying, his eyes apparently seeing nothing but duckboards and mud holes. Several times he was stopped by sentries who wanted something more than a mere password. But Saunders' perfect Prussian manner discouraged questioning by a mere private. And the one time that an officer stopped him found Saunders equipped with satisfactory answers. For by this time he was beginning to learn things.

All that afternoon he kept on learning, although he still hurried and his eyes still had the look of a man intent on some objective just around the corner.

Night fell and again the rain. Saunders so managed it that midnight found him approaching the post where he had been first challenged the night before.

The challenge came again, and this time brought the required password—just as a new one was being issued for the succeeding twenty-four hours.

In the dark Saunders climbed out of the trench and made himself one with the mud of No-Man's Land. Where before he had only the Germans to fear he now had also British sentries to contend with. Starshells and Very lights slowed his progress almost literally to a snail's pace.

It was understood that when British sentries heard a certain low whistle approaching their trenches they were not to fire. But the drumming of the rain drowned the faint signal. And Saunders knew that

his only chance of escaping British bullets would be to get near enough to the front trench to be heard.

Before he had got that far he was seen. With a curse he realized that British bullets were sending up spurts of mud about him.

Then the firing by the British suddenly ceased. Saunders, who did not know why, had to make up his mind as to the reason. Did they think him dead and worth no more bullets? Or did the silence mean, "Welcome back"?

If the information he was bringing was to be of much good no more time could be lost in delivering it.

So out of his shell hole Saunders crawled, rose and dived forward as if he were a player on a football field.

From across the mass of mud the Germans began firing at the plunging, slipping, sliding figure. His very breath was almost choked with mud in mouth and nostrils. Two bullets ripped his coat. But at last Saunders slid down into the liquid mud of the British front-line trench.

And when on "Z" day British gunners began their bombardment they knew fairly well what they were firing at.

For some unknown reason Saunders escaped citation for the feat. His very name has dropped out of the records. All that is known is that he survived the war and merged into the great mass of men who lead inconspicuous civilian existences.

No one race or nationality monopolizes the "pinch hitter" type and an exploit similar to Saunders' with,

if possible, even more dash and color in it is to be recorded on the German side of the same war. Wolfgang Francks had spent years in the British colonies searching employment for talents which up to the time of our story had not distinguished him. He had tried sheep-ranching in Australia and lost money. He was in business in Bombay and failed. He had no better luck with a newspaper venture in Capetown.

Like Saunders he was of that indeterminate type that looks either British or German according to the cut of clothes or hair. And years in British colonies had given Francks a perfect command not only of English but also of several of its dialects.

Throughout it all Francks kept his love for his fatherland, and at the approach of war he hurried home and joined the army. Like Saunders he was characteristically a routine man. A virtue in any soldier, this quality gained for him in the German army promotion until he became major.

Then things began to go badly with the Turks, Germany's allies. The British in Asia Minor were shoving too hard. Francks, who had been plodding along in the artillery, got word of Germany's peril in Palestine. And, like Saunders, he went to his superior officer.

He knew the Jaffa-Jerusalem country, Francks told him, and suggested that he be transferred to the secret service in Asia Minor.

At his suggestion he was furnished with the uniform of a British officer and before several secret service

chiefs he gave a little theatrical performance. He enacted the part of a captain in the Australian contingent, letting an awkward squad have the full benefit of a sheep raiser's profanity. Then he strutted up and down in the manner of a "passed Staff College" colonel inspecting a rival officer's formation. With each masquerade went appropriate language.

The German Intelligence Service had intelligence enough to take Francks on. He took with him as equipment several British uniforms, tabs, "pips," numbers and other devices. When he got down to Palestine he was given several weeks in which to study the military situation there.

He was still studying it when word came that the British were planning a "big push" on the Jaffa-Jerusalem line. He was not ready for his venture into the British camp, but the rumored offensive made it a case of now or never. The Turks had to know what was being planned and they had to know it in a hurry.

To get into the British camp was the least of Francks' problems. It was not, as in Picardy, a question of wading through shell holes and mud, every inch of it closely watched by both sides. The British and the Turkish lines paralleled each other until they thinned out into a sort of neglected No-Man's Land in the sand. If one went far enough he could slip around the end of either line into the other camp. The problem was to remain in that camp long enough to learn anything—and get back safely.

But also the problem fired Francks to impatient

action. Instead of sneaking into the British camp around the end of the trench line, he went by way of the air. It was on a moonless night that a Fokker plane took him up and over the British lines. At the height of 15,000 feet Francks took a bundle under his arm, rose in his seat, then stepped off into space.

He dropped like a plummet for a thousand feet, then the parachute opened. Height, wind and direction had been calculated with German precision and the parachute landed Francks at just about the right distance behind the British lines. He dragged the parachute to a depression in the sand and buried it. Then with his bundle under his arm he cautiously went forward.

He was dressed in the uniform of a staff captain in the British army and the tabs were those of a division stationed farther down the Jaffa-Jerusalem line.

Even while he was falling through the air he had begun observation and by the time he landed he had something of a bird's-eye view to go by. He was now looking for a field telephone line and after considerable groping and some of the luck that favors the brainy he found a communicating wire.

The bundle he had brought along contained an outfit for tapping a telephone line. He cut the wire, spliced it to his apparatus, put the receiver to his ear and listened. He was rewarded by hearing a voice over the wire in the midst of a furious lecture to some one for not getting some report or other to General

Headquarters when here it was already two hours overdue.

"But Colonel Sims," protested the other end of the wire, "I've been given an extension of time for the report!"

"You didn't get it from me, Major Cochran!"

The colloquy did not last long; and as military men are instructed against dispensing important information over the telephone, Francks learned but little more than the two names and the fact that some report was overdue.

Then he proceeded to the business next in hand. With the sending part of the apparatus he rang up and, after a short wait, got on the wire the Major Cochran who had just been so roughly handled by Colonel Sims.

"Colonel Sims again speaking!" Francks said; and the imitation was excellent. "I forgot to say that Captain Edward Stenwick is on an inspection tour and is about due with you any moment now. You will extend to him every facility."

"Yes, sir."

"Good-by!"

Francks hung up the receiver, then took it off again.

He did not know the password and it was important, of course, that he should. He listened for some time in the hope that with luck some one would mention it over the telephone. But no one did and time was working against him. Finally he had to move on.

He detached his apparatus and buried it in the sand.

Then he replaced the telephone wire, put it back in its place and turned his face to the British camp.

The fact that he did not have the password made his situation there even more delicate. But he had brought along what he hoped would be a substitute. It was a monocle. As if the feel of it in his vest pocket reassured him, Francks strode along.

A sharp challenge stopped him. An electric torch lit up an excellent view of Francks, but gave him only a shadowy indication of the man behind the torch. What little Francks saw outlined a brawny six-footer; and the voice revealed that the man came from Australia.

The sentry was asking the password. He did not get it. Instead he saw a monocle brought out and screwed into the eye of a martinet and snob. As devastating a head-to-foot scrutiny of the sentry followed as any self-respecting human being had ever to endure.

Then the man behind the monocle began to speak. The English was that of a man of culture who had lived it down in the army. With ironic restraint at first the man invited the sentry to take a good look at his uniform and other indications of rank. Then he expressed his doubt as to whether this would do the sentry any good. For he went on to intimate that the sentry's eyes were crossed, that his intelligence was inferior to a half-wit's, that his mother was not married to his father and that the sentry himself was addicted to vices unmentionable, but which Francks proceeded not only to mention but to dilate upon.

The sentry began to get restive. At home that Australian was a master sheep raiser and his veneer of military discipline was not very thick. Francks' abuse was fast penetrating proud and sensitive flesh. The sentry's duty was not to answer Francks, but to call out for the corporal of the guard. But he had been wounded as a man and as a man he wanted his crack at this officer before the coming of the corporal should spoil his chance.

"Just a moment, sir, just a moment!" the sentry broke in. "I won't let Lord Kitchener himself talk to me that way!"

His voice was loud now, but Francks' topped it.

"Why, you blinking so-and-so!" he cried. "Another word from you and——"

Francks was doubly gratified; he had managed to put the sentry already in the wrong by arousing his temper and involving him in an altercation; and he was gratified to hear footsteps hurrying toward them.

Just then a neighboring sentry challenged the quickly approaching officers. Francks heard them say, "Highgate!" obviously the password. Francks did not stop his savage baiting of the sentry; indeed he was pressing for the culmination he was after. And he got the result he had been striving for. He got it on the point of his jaw, though some of the potency of the sentry's fist was lost because Francks had been expecting it.

A corporal and two superiors hurried up just in time to see the Australian strike a captain. A major

stepped between the two and in his face the sentry read the gravity of the offense he had committed.

The major snapped questions at the sentry, who tried to explain that he had asked the officer for the password and had received abuse which no self-respecting man could stand.

Francks in his turn answered with the crispness and competence of an officer who knew he had only to present his side.

"Major, I am Captain Stenwick. On inspection tour. Colonel Sims has telephoned your Major Cochran about me. My orderly is three miles back tinkering with my motor which broke down. When the sentry challenged me I said distinctly, 'Highgate!' Then he began to question me. I resented it and told him so, perhaps with undue heat. The rest you saw."

It was a complete triumph over the poor sentry. The latter, who had begun with a faultless case had he not been betrayed by his temper, was actually marched off under arrest. And to cap the climax the sentry saw Francks departing as an expected and important visitor.

And as such Francks continued. Major Cochran was summoned and acted as Francks' guide. The inspection was a hurried one, Francks said. But everyone saw to it that he got the most out of his short visit.

Commanding officers were roused out of bed to answer his questions. He was rushed around from one battery to another. Maps were placed at his disposal. Messengers were dispatched for additional information

he wanted. Summaries were typed off for him to take along and full reports promised the following day.

Then he was escorted to the next section of the line and handed over to other officers who did as well by him as their neighbors. In this way he worked through the night until he found himself not far from the end of the line.

Meanwhile Major Cochran on reflection discovered that he had made a slip in some of the calculations he had prepared for the "inspecting officer."

Greatly disturbed he telephoned ahead to get "Captain Stenwick" on the wire for a rectification of the error. He was having difficulty finding him. When last seen "Captain Stenwick" had asked his escort to "excuse him for a moment." That moment seemed to be extending indefinitely.

Major Cochran then rang up Colonel Sims and began explaining why. Colonel Sims cut him short.

"Major Cochran! I never heard of Captain Stenwick, and I certainly haven't spoken to you since our conversation about your delayed report. Furthermore I know of no one who is on inspection tour at this moment. You will at once investigate!"

Major Cochran lost no time. And in a short while the whole line was in an uproar.

But by that time Major Francks was safe on his own side of the fence.

And much as the British modified their "big push," though the outlay of effort was big the "push" did not get very far.

The exploit worked so well that Major Francks had the audacity to repeat it not one but several times in different parts of the battle line in Palestine and Mesopotamia; each time in different uniform, of course; but each time so successfully that finally there arose in British military camps a "Major Francks" scare. British officers with honorable histories and bound on legitimate errands were arrested and grilled until rescued.

But with the passing of the war there passed all public report of Major Francks.

Before the war and up to its outbreak there was stationed at Bushire on the Persian Gulf a young German consul by the name of Wassmuss. Germany had been working to extend its influence in Persia; so was, among other nations, Great Britain; and it was Wassmuss' job to make Germany liked by the Persians and Great Britain disliked. Until the war came his job was a fairly agreeable one. Most of it consisted of giving many and gorgeous receptions at the consulate to various Persian tribal headmen and dignitaries. With German thoroughness, aided by generous appropriations from his home office, Wassmuss went in for entertaining the natives.

Although only in his twenties, Wassmuss had already been in Persia long enough to acquire so thorough a knowledge of the country, its language and dialects, its manners and idiosyncrasies that he could easily have taught many natives things about their own land. Showering gifts and good times on the one

hand and showing profound insight and sympathy with the Persians on the other made Wassmuss—and through him his country—quite popular, especially throughout southern Persia.

Nevertheless until the war broke out there was little outstanding about Wassmuss, the individual. The moment you saw him you knew him for a German civil servant. Rather short and a bit corpulent, round bald head, round blunt features, round blue humorless eyes behind large spectacles, Wassmuss as the hero of a spy-romance in the Orient would have been astonishing, no less so to himself than to others.

For while he was able at his job—signally able—his success was less due to individuality than to the system, the German diplomatic service, whose policies and technique he carried out.

Then the world exploded into war and Wassmuss' job changed overnight. Its emphasis now shifted to making the Persians cordially dislike the British. Now, the British had kept up a more than paternal interest in Persia. Aside from its intrinsic value its situation so near to India and Mesopotamia made it important for Great Britain to see that no other European country gained a strategic position there.

Into Persia, therefore, marched British troops and more troops; and Wassmuss as the representative of Germany had to decide which he wanted to do: remain as the representative of Germany or make an undignified exit.

The regulation thing to do was to leave, as scores

of his fellow consuls did elsewhere. Until that time it was Wassmuss' nature to do the regulation thing. His superiors would have accepted his return to Germany as a matter of routine.

But for Wassmuss the situation in Persia developed that psychological pinch which cramps the vast majority of men and galvanizes the rare ones. He decided to stay on in Persia. But as the British moved into Bushire in considerable force Wassmuss decided that the wild hilly country inland would be better for his health.

He went there accompanied by his consular assistant, another typical German civil servant by the name of Brugmann; and a considerable amount of gold minted and stamped with the Imperial German eagle.

In the hills Wassmuss settled down to continue his job of making Germany liked by the Persians, and Great Britain, now more than ever, intensely disliked and hampered. "Settled down," I think is particularly pertinent here. For solely in the interest of doing his job thoroughly, his job of uniting the German people and the Persians, he selected the daughter of the most powerful of the Persian chiefs and married her.

The wedding was royal in splendor and exceedingly well attended. Every chieftain in southern Persia was there; his wives, his sisters, his cousins and his aunts; merchants and landed gentry; priests and politicians; and to make sure that no important class whatsoever in Persia was omitted Wassmuss had invited representatives of great strata of the common

people, shepherds and fishermen, porters and farmers, seamen and dock laborers, manual workers and even professional purveyors of pleasures who in most other circumstances would be but little honored.

It was not difficult for Wassmuss to be generous to his guests at the wedding, for the German government was paying for it all. Nor was there any secret about it in Berlin. Indeed there had been a special appropriation made for that purpose. But the item was allocated to the budget of the Imperial Secret Service.

For what had inspired Wassmuss was his vision of the opportunity before him to become the super-spy for Germany in the Orient. With India in back of him sending British reinforcements; with Mesopotamia immediately next door; with Turkey just as near; with the Suez Canal, that vitally strategic gate between Europe and Asia, also near to him, Wassmuss could use ten thousand eyes with considerable advantage to Germany.

That was why he had so many to his wedding. For with festivities Wassmuss combined the business of organizing his guests and their followers everywhere into a vast network with which to fish for information.

To his Teutonic gift for organization Wassmuss now added a delicacy of tact. And he needed it in the situation. For in the Orient where caste and hierarchy dominate Wassmuss had to organize both the mighty and the lowly, chief and scavenger, Brahman and pariah into a single interacting machine of espionage.

The wedding over, Wassmuss' guests left laden with gold and instructions. Wassmuss himself remained in the hills.

But had some giant eye looked down it would have seen soon what must have looked like a busy converging of ants from all over southern Persia, from the Gulf, from the cities, from the plains, from ports and littorals, even from as far as India and the coast of the Indian Ocean; bearers of information eager to bring it to Wassmuss.

In an Indian port a troopship was loading. Porters knew what was in the crates and bales and boxes they were taking on board. Some one among them was quietly compiling a list of these things. Now a runner was bringing the list to Wassmuss.

Regimental servants listened to their masters more keenly than before, not that they might obey the better, but in order to learn as much as possible of the movements of their masters' regiments. From military encampments and embarkation ports, from divisional headquarters and training camps, from officers' clubs and from ammunition depots, from shipyards and transportation centers came lists and figures, reports of conversation overheard at keyholes and copies of written reports surreptitiously obtained—a vast mass of data for any mind to organize.

But Wassmuss and Brugmann, both racially and individually, had the gifts necessary for the task. And when Wassmuss got through digesting, collating and

summarizing his reports he sent them on to Liman von Sanders, his nearest intelligence chief, at Constantinople.

It was not long before Great Britain began to feel decidedly restless because of Wassmuss.

"Get him!" went out word from on high to the British in Persia. "Pay £5,000 to anyone who will capture him!"

All Persia knew of the reward, which meant that Wassmuss was not the last to learn of it. His response was to extend his spying. Whereas before he had confined himself to engaging men to spy on the British, now he entered on a campaign of secret bribery of those who were known to be acting as spies for the British.

Along with his mysticism your Oriental has a firm streak of the realist in him, especially in his relation to the Occidental. Money is a very real thing to the Oriental and he can be induced to do much for it. If a native Persian was receiving so much from the British to act as a spy for them, Wassmuss' agents offered him a little more. And thereafter the man served one master ostentatiously, another actually.

"Get Wassmuss!" the word went out again from high British quarters. "To anyone who delivers him to us, £10,000!"

By this time Wassmuss had developed a third phase of his activity. Over the seas in innocent-looking freight boats ammunition and arms began to come, and caravans brought them to Wassmuss in the hills. He

in turn distributed beautifully new and shining rifles and revolvers to his friends, the Persian tribes.

Thereafter British troops in Persia not only had espionage to contend with, but also had Persian tribes to fight.

A British warship was sent to try to break up the overseas procession of ammunition ships routed for Persia. It did not do much good. Another warship was added without effecting any difference. A third and then a fourth warship was detailed to attend to Wassmuss.

But apparently the warships did not accomplish what they set out to do. For although they devoted themselves exclusively to an attempt to cut off the flow of ammunition to Wassmuss, months after their arrival the British government raised their offer for the delivery of Wassmuss. It was now £25,000.

The British Intelligence Service once every fortnight made out a map showing the distribution of enemy forces. Across one whole corner of this map of Persia there was printed in red ink the name WASSMUSS.

And because the map was so marked thousands of British troops had to be added to the four warships as the contingent Great Britain had to support in and about Persia just because one young German was hiding in the hills.

It was economy, therefore, as much as anything else that made England raise once more its bid for Wassmuss.

There was now a reward of £50,000—a quarter

of a million dollars—offered for the man dead or alive!

He seemed to continue very much alive, however, for from the hills came news to the British that he was gathering his chiefs for an attack on Bushire, which began to look something like major warfare.

And as if that were only a minor item in his plans, Wassmuss at the same time turned his eyes to India, Britain's great base. Like an architect's plan the scheme Wassmuss drew up for India began with a solid foundation, erected stories of structure, took into account masses and major strains, and worked out details even to the decorations Germany would pin on the breasts of the rajahs who should serve it well in the revolt of India.

To put this plan into execution Wassmuss assigned his lieutenant, Brugmann. A date was set when Brugmann was to leave the hills, go down to the coast and thence by water to India. With an artificial complexion, an appropriate treatment of the beard Brugmann had raised and with convincing papers and equipment, Wassmuss' lieutenant, looking in every way the elderly rug dealer of Shiraz, made his way to the coast.

At an officers' club near a British military encampment on the Persian gulf three cavalry captains and a member of the British secret service were playing tennis. A sprinkling of natives was looking on indifferently.

Another native, an elderly man, came up. A ball

bounded out of the tennis court and rolled near him. He picked it up and rolled it back to the players. A little later the same thing happened.

The secret service man after a set had gone to deuce for several games, mopped his face and called out, "Awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I'll have to quit. I don't seem to be as fit as I thought. I think I'd better go and lie down. Will you excuse me?"

The others did not urge him to stay and the secret service man walked off. When he got home he found waiting for him the elderly native who had returned the tennis balls. He was a British secret service agent who five days earlier was supposed to be a domestic working for Brugmann in the hills.

For the British secret service had not been altogether idle; and now the bringer of the news about Brugmann was given further instructions.

Brugmann made his way to the coast and boarded a small fishing smack that had been engaged by him. The whole crew consisted of five men, natives in his pay and presumably loyal. Nevertheless because he was a methodical man Brugmann examined his situation for weak spots. He did so as a matter of habit and not because anything in particular aroused his suspicion at this time. But from certain signs, little psychological indications he would have missed had he not been on the lookout, he began to wonder whether he could altogether trust his crew.

Like the careful man he was, Brugmann left nothing of importance to chance; and his mission, his very life

depended on the chance that the crew was in the pay of the British. He figured that if the British had bribed the crew to turn against him he in turn could bribe them to turn back to him. But being also frugal Brugmann decided to wait till he could save the situation by bribing one man instead of five.

Off the coast of India the fishing smack anchored and Brugmann and one of the crew got into a rowboat. It was night and Brugmann could not see the expression on the man who was rowing him to the shore. But he felt he did not need to see it.

"Listen, you!" he said to the man at the oars. "Whatever sum anybody may have offered you to serve him I will double. How much do I have to pay you?"

The man looked up startled, then continued rowing without a word. From the voluminous folds of his garments Brugmann took out a purse and shook it to make the coins sound. Then he took out a revolver.

"Which will you have, lead or gold?" he demanded.

The boatman decided for gold. Brugmann forced from him the confession that a British cavalry patrol was waiting for him at the spot where he was expected to land.

"Then I'll tell you where to land," Brugmann said.

The man turned the nose of the boat up the coast and landed Brugmann five miles away from where the patrol was impatiently awaiting him.

Through swamps and desert, through jungles and in peril of quicksand Brugmann made his way to the house of a friend.

But British secret service knew more about Brugmann than he dreamed. For soon after his arrival the house was suddenly surrounded by Indian troops and an English officer demanded admission.

Brugmann's host, in desperation, called out,

"You cannot enter, my women are in the house!"

"I'll give you five minutes to get them out," the officer replied.

At the end of five minutes the house was rushed, the door smashed in and with drawn weapons the officer and his men swarmed into the room where Brugmann was waiting for them. He could have shot several before they could stop him, for a loaded revolver was on the table by him. Instead he surrendered quietly; not because he hoped to gain anything thereby—he knew what a spy could expect in wartime—but because he considered himself so high a dignitary in the service of his country that to shoot a mere soldier or two seemed to him only a brawl unworthy of his station.

In turn the British—after the court-martial had found him guilty as a spy—paid him the tribute of treating him as too gallant and dashing an enemy to execute.

Meanwhile in Europe the fortunes of war were turning against Germany. Her resources were dwindling, the ring of enemies was closing in. The flow of gold and ammunition to Wassmuss stopped. In their place came bad news followed by worse.

When gold stopped coming Wassmuss paid his chiefs

and their men with promises to pay; and they went on fighting for him just the same, for they had faith in him and in his power to bring victory. But what would happen when they learned that Germany was losing?

Wassmuss met the situation in his own way. On a bulletin board at his headquarters in Ahram he pinned up a paper.

"German armies have landed in England! The King of England has been executed!"

For a time such desperate measures did service. But Wassmuss could not fight the whole war himself and inevitably the truth began to spread through Persia. Finally Wassmuss had to declare himself penniless. He had lost his fight. He had no more gold to bolster his cause.

And the British offer of £50,000 for him still stood!

What a hold the man had acquired over the Persians may be seen from the fact that when he could no longer pay them, they in their turn assigned to him a monthly salary of three hundred rupees! And the chiefs joined in a gift of a beautiful white Arab stallion that Wassmuss might ride in state.

The fact that not a Persian had availed himself of the British offer of reward was a tribute to the esteem in which he was held and explained why Wassmuss was not betrayed—so long as the reward for him was comparatively small.

But when it mounted to £10,000 and up a new reason appeared. Briefly, the Persians decided that no

merely human being could be worth that much money to anybody, and the offer therefore could not possibly be made seriously.

With the collapse of Germany's fighting in the Orient Wassmuss disappeared from the picture. He was never captured by the British. And he never again emerged into prominence.

Where are they now, these aces of espionage? Like their fighting fellow aces of the air now that their occupation is gone, gone, too, is their brilliant hour. The pinch of hazard and great stakes no longer comes to send the galvanic current through their being and without it they languish and grow commonplace, Othellos drowsing before peaceful hearths, swords rusting in their scabbards. Long may peace be their portion!

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